



THOMAS CAMPBELL

*From the Painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence*

OXFORD EDITION

THE COMPLETE  
POETICAL WORKS

OF

THOMAS CAMPBELL

EDITED WITH NOTES

BY

J LOGIE ROBERTSON M A



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## PREFACE

I RISE from a careful perusal of Campbell's poetry with a feeling of mingled surprise and indignation that he is at present so much neglected and with the conviction that a later generation will do more honour to his memory than we have done. It is not enough to say that he had his fame in his lifetime that he was well pensioned for what he did and that he lived to disappoint the hopes which he excited at the beginning of his career. One might reply that the services he rendered his country by his patriotic songs have not ceased or been superseded by any later master of the lyre and though he is by no means equal and his inequalities are far from microscopic yet the author little deserves neglect who has written such fine bold and varied poems as *Ye Mariners of England* *The Last Man* *Lines on Leaving a Scene in Batavia* *Hohenlinden* *To the Rainbow* *Napoleon and the British Sailor* *Lord Ullin's Daughter* *Ode to Winter* *The Soldier's Dream* *Lochiel's Warning* *The Downfall of Poland* *Ode to the Evening Star* *The Battle of the Baltic* it would be easy to prolong and even to amend the list. These and other such pieces will never be forgotten so long as the national heart responds to manly sentiment or the imagination is capable of feeling the charm and magic influence of genuine poetry.

Campbell came before the public at the age of twenty one with a metrical essay on *The Pleasures of Hope*. It was the last notable utterance of the eigh,



teenth-century school in the well-worn heroic couplet. His model was Pope, and there were echoes from Goldsmith, Thomson, Cowper, and others. If it had appeared with the introduction of the original MS (reproduced for the curiosity of the critic at p 41) it is safe to say the new poem would not have attracted the attention it did. There was, it is true, the graphic passage on the downfall of Poland, which was wonderfully effective when reached, and long continued to be a stock piece for the exercise of schoolboy eloquence—displacing even Norval on the Grampian Hills. But the bright and happy simile of the rainbow won admirers at once, and the poem became suddenly popular for merits of genuine and eloquent passion and description with which it is enriched. The text of Part I remains the same as it was when the poem was first printed, but Part II, which consisted originally of 326 lines, was enlarged in the fifth edition to 474. A few single lines from *The Pleasures of Hope* have become as proverbial as anything from Pope. For example —

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view  
 Like angel-visits, few and far between  
 It rolled not back when Canute gave command, &c

But it is not my intention to go through Campbell's works *seriatim*. Enough here to make a few remarks on my presentation and arrangement of the text. In the present edition I have divided the whole body of his verse, for conveniency of reference, under the following general heads. I His longer poems, viz *The Pleasures of Hope*, *Gertrude of Wyoming*, *Theodric*, and the *Pilgrim of Glencoe*, II Poems historical and legendary, III Songs of Battle, IV Miscellaneous poems, V Songs chiefly amatory, VI Translations chiefly from the Greek, and VII Juvenilia. And

I have arranged the pieces under each head so far in the order of their production but with this deviation that I have given where necessary precedence to the best known—which on the whole means the most deserving to be known

I have not printed everything metrical that Campbell wrote having a better regard for his reputation than to do that But this edition will be found to contain considerably more than any previous edition contains and at least nothing that deserved to be included has been omitted It may even be charged against me that I should have debarred much that I have admitted—such pieces for example as the punning epistle from Algiers and certain verses of the poet's boyhood These were at last suffered a place as showing (to no great advantage it is true) his versatility or the rate and measurement of his development or decay I could not refuse admittance to *The Pilgrim of Glencoe* which opens so disastrously—

The sunset sheds a horizontal smile  
O'er Highland frith and Hebridean isle

its very length precluded the idea and when all is said it is not utterly destitute of passages that are worth preservation It marks however with melancholy emphasis the decay unacknowledged by himself of his poetical powers I have not however admitted the long drawn out doggerel of *The Friars of Dijon* which the curious in these matters—the shortcomings of a man of taste and genius—will find in the *New Monthly Magazine* for 1821 and much good may its perusal do them A very few other pieces I have not collected for one good reason or another—either they were written when the poet was off his guard or when he attempted a style which nature denied him At all events whether written impromptu

or with deliberation, they are unworthy of his genius and his reputation, and I have left them in their oblivion. I have, however, put under *Juvenilia* some short pieces of his early work but only to show the dawn of a sun that was soon to dazzle and delight his countrymen. To portions of the fragmentary *Mobiade* I have also with some reluctance permitted a place they have a small biographical value, and they serve to show how unfitted he was for other than sublime and serious poetry.

I have been able to date the production of the great majority of Campbell's poems. Much the best of his work was done when he was young, and the worst when he was past middle age. But in youth, too, he wrote some indifferent verse. His precarious position and incessant pecuniary difficulties explain, and partly excuse, a good deal of hasty slipshod work from which his naturally fastidious taste would have saved him had he been of independent means.

The text of the present edition was, so far as known, the last to receive the author's revision but I have not hesitated to restore a reading from an earlier text where I have thought it desirable to do so. The text is, therefore, of course, in all cases Campbell's. The author's alterations, when not accepted for the text and their rejection is rare—are placed at the foot of the page to which they belong, where also the reader will find all important variations. I have retained in *Gertrude of Wyoming*, which is cast in the Spenserian measure, certain spellings which appeared in the earlier editions, recommended partly by their archaic form, suitable to the measure, and partly as being the form in fashion when Campbell wrote. I have kept 'Michagan', 'mocazin' or 'mocasın', 'Allegany', and one or two other early forms. but I have not

retained gulphs groupes controul' and other similar spellings just as I have not retained the long s which was still in use when Campbell began to write. The few notes which I have thought it necessary to add to Campbell's own by way of supplement are enclosed in square brackets.

An editorial difficulty in dealing with Campbell's text is the punctuation. His construction in *Gertrude of Wyoming* especially is frequently so involved or so loosely connected as to render his meaning obscure and the art of punctuation is sometimes taxed to its utmost limits to make his text intelligible to the reader. There is for example a passage in Stanza XIV of Part II which no device of punctuation perhaps can altogether make clear. Campbell himself never practised punctuation or only in a perfunctory or misleading fashion—with the result that his lines were sometimes senseless or even contradictory of his meaning. For instance in *The Wounded Hussar* the first two lines of the penultimate stanza were repeatedly printed—

Thou shalt live she replied   Heaven's mercy relieving  
Each anguishing wound shall forbid me to mourn

A similar mistake is to be found in most versions of *Napoleon and the British Sailor* the fourth stanza being usually printed with the semicolon again in the wrong place—

*His eye methinks pursued the flight*  
Of birds to Britain half way over  
With envy they could reach the white  
Dear cliffs of Dover

But the art of punctuation as Dr Beattie remarks was one of those mysteries which the Poet could never comprehend

The book from which I have derived most help in compiling the Chronology is Dr William Beattie's *Life and Letters of Campbell*, which must always remain the principal source of our knowledge of the poet's personality and history

J L R.

EDINBURGH,

October 5, 1907

# A CHRONOLOGY TO ELUCIDATE AND ILLUSTRATE THE LIFE AND TIMES OF CAMPBELL

- 1744 Alexander's *Pleasures of the Imagination* published
- 1756 Marriage of Alexander Campbell and Margaret Campbell  
the poet's parent
- 1759 Birth of Burns
- 1763 Birth of Rogers author of *The Pleasures of Memory*
- 1770 Wordsworth born
- 1771 Scott born
- 1772 Coleridge born
- 1774 Death of Goldsmith
- 1776 Johnson's *Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland*  
published American War of Independence begin
- 1777 July 24 birth of Thomas Campbell in his father's house  
in the High Street of Glasgow His father then sixty seven  
years of age had been a prosperous Virginia trader from 1754  
to 1775 but in the latter year on the outbreak of the American  
War had lost the bulk of his fortune about £20,000 his  
mother at the time of the poet's birth was forty one years of  
age He was the youngest of a family of eleven children  
eight sons and three daughters of whom the eldest of all  
Mary was born in 1750 and predeceased him by only one  
year The poet died at Boulogne on June 16 1844 near  
the close of his sixty seventh year
- 1779 Birth of Moore author of *Irish Melodies*
- 1780 In Oct Campbell entered the Grammar (now the High)  
School of Glasgow taught by Mr David Allison Read the  
Greek and Latin classics and practised verse translation in  
1780 is described as *optumae spei puer acutus spiritus et*  
*handome* and well liked by his companions in 1788 was  
already writing very passable couplets.
- Birth of John Wilson (Christopher North)
- 1788 Birth of Byron
- 1791-6 Campbell a student at the University of Glasgow for  
five continuous sessions of six months each beginning Nov 1  
1791 and finishing on Prize Day May 1 1796 Gained  
distinction above his fellows for translations in verse from

Aeschylus, Aristophanes, and Euripides, wrote also original prize poems—notably (while in the Moral Philosophy Class) 'On the Origin of Evil', over 200 lines, in the Popian couplet. His non-academic verse of this period includes a hymn beginning—

When Jordan hushed his waters still  
the first genuine fruit of his poetical genius. At Sunnyside, in the Island of Mull, in the summer vacation of 1795 as a domestic tutor here he made acquaintance with sea and mountain, Highland legends and the Highland character.

1796 On leaving the University went as domestic tutor to Downie, on the Argyleshire coast, near Lochalshhead. Here for one year. Read but wrote little, began *The Pleasures of Hope*—Death of Burns.

1797 At Edinburgh, employed in various lawyer's offices and reading with a view to 'the legal profession'. Here he was introduced to Dr. Anderson, author of *Life of the British Poets* who introduced him to Mundell the publisher for whom he did some hack-work. He now abandoned the study of law, and turned to chemistry and anatomy with a view to the medical profession. Supporting himself by private tuition. Thinks of emigrating to Virginia on the invitation of his brothers settled there.

1798 Idea of emigrating given up. 'And now, he says, "I lived in the Scottish metropolis by instructing pupils in Greek and Latin. But the Pleasures of Hope came over me. I took long walks about Arthur's Seat and, as my Pleasures of Hope got on my pupils fell off." His acquaintance at this time, in Edinburgh, included Jeffrey, Cockburn, Brougham, Leyden, and Scott. In November his parents came to live in Edinburgh. In the same month he sold the copyright of *The Pleasures of Hope* 'out and out for sixty pounds' to Mundell, on the advice of Dr. Anderson—*Lyrical Ballads*, by Coleridge and Wordsworth published.

1799 April 27, announcement of publication of *The Pleasures of Hope with Other Poems*—the dedication to Dr. Robert Anderson. The 'Other Poems' consisted of Specimens of a New Translation of the Medea of Euripides, an Elegy on Love and Madness, and three Songs—*The Wounded Hussar*, *Gilderoy*, and *The Harper*. The author was then 'exactly twenty-one years and nine months old'. The new poet became famous at once, he had now 'a general acquaintance in Edinburgh'. Among his new friends and patrons were Henry Mackenzie (who had 'discovered' Burns) Dugald Stewart,

Archibald Alison ( *The Man of Taste* ) and Telford the Engineer Dined with Scott

1800 Before the end of spring several large editions of *The Pleasures of Hope* were already sold and the demand was growing On June 1 Campbell embarked at Leith in a Hamburg trader on a literary pilgrimage to Germany Was introduced to Klopstock at Hamburg Thence to Ratisbon in Bavaria where he witnessed some of the horrors of war I stood with the good monks of St James to overlook a charge of Kleinau's cavalry upon the French This formed the most important epoch in my life in point of impressions but the impressions [of dead and dying] are so horrible to my memory that I study to banish them Charmed with the natural scenery of Bavaria writes the lines— Adieu the woods and waters side &c Left Ratisbon late in October and returned by Leipzig to Hamburg and Altona reaching Altona November 4 (The Battle of Hohenlinden fought December 3—six months after he had left Bavaria) I remained at Altona throughout the winter studying the language and filled with the idea of a poem he had planned under the title of *Queen of the North* (ceno Edinburgh)—to include descriptions of the views from the Castle-height Queen Street Arthur's Seat and historical episodes connected with Holyrood House the hall of the Scottish Kings and the College

1801 Writes *Ye Mariners of England*—published in *The Morning Chronicle*—March 6 Campbell hastily left Altona (on the Danish shore of the Elbe) on the alarm of war (About a month later was fought the Battle of the Baltic) Passed the Danish batteries at Clickstadt but the ship was chased out of its course for Leith into Yarmouth Roads by a Danish privateer From Yarmouth he went by the mail to London arriving April 7 where he was received by Perry editor of *The Morning Chronicle* to which he contributed verses Dined with Lord Holland at the King of Clubs where he met in all their glory and feather Mackintosh Rogers the Smiths Sydney and others Battl of Copenhagen News of his father's death communicated by Dr Anderson Returns to Edinburgh by sea— his heart throbbing at the sight of the old Castle Postpones *The Queen of the North* Prospects gloomy borrows money at high interest 20 per cent Engages in literary hack work During the meal mobs (riots owing to the scarcity of food) amused himself by writing a mock heroic *The Mobade* Introduced to Lord Minto by whose invitation he set out by land for London On the way at Liverpool meets



Roscoe and Currie (author of the first *Life of Burns*) Acts as secretary to Lord Minto—duties nominal Writes *Lochiel* and *Hohenlinden*

1802 Returns to Scotland as travelling companion to Lord Minto Most of the summer in Edinburgh At Minto in August, Scott also a visitor at the Castle Revising proof-sheets of new edition of his poems at Edinburgh in Nov and Dec, and compiling *Annals of Great Britain*, 3 vols, at £100 per vol—hack-work (a continuation of Smollett's *History*)

1803 Feb 6, takes a long leave of Scotland At Liverpool, on the way to London, again meets Roscoe, Currie, &c Visits the Potteries of Staffordshire Telford's guest in London, where still busy with the *Annals* and the New Edition of his Poems This Quarto, handsomely printed, and with engravings by Masquerier, the 7th ed of *The Pleasures of Hope*, printed by Bensley for the author, and containing some new pieces (*Verses on a Scene in Argyleshire*, *Ode to Winter*, *the Beech-tree's Petition*, *The Soldier's Dream*, *Stanzas to Painting*, *The Exile of Erin*, *German Drinking-Song*, *Lochiel's Warning*, and *Hohenlinden*), paged to 131, appeared early in June, and 'for the first time his Poems became a profitable concern for the author', and 'enabled him to shake off all his pecuniary difficulties' This summer falls in love with his cousin, Matilda Sinclair—'a beautiful, lively, and ladylike woman' Marriage Sept 10, settles in rooms in Pimlico Becomes a volunteer—'but, oh! what fagging work this volunteering is!'

1804 Applicant for a professorship at Wilna University—but withdraws on reflecting that he had written a certain passage on Poland in *The Pleasures of Hope* which might 'bring him to the knout or send him in a sledge to Kamschatka' Birth of a son, July 1 Scheme of settling in a cottage near Edinburgh scheme abandoned Connexion with the *Star* newspaper—four guineas a week At Michaelmas removes to a house on Sydenham Common, Kent, where he was to reside for the next seventeen years First poetical work here *Lord Ullin's Daughter* and *Battle of the Baltic*—the former sketched years before in Mull, the latter sent to Scott (in March, 1805) in its original form of twenty-seven stanzas entitled the *Battle of Copenhagen* Working at *The Annals*

1805 Proposals to 'the trade' of an edition, conjointly with Scott, of the *British Poets*, ancient and modern—terms £1,000 Scott to undertake the poets before Cowley, and he 'the moderns since Johnson', beginning with Allan Ramsay de-

- clined on the difference of terms *Specimens of English Poetry* by Campbell alone grew out of this larger proposal  
 Birth of his second son Ill health In the autumn gladdened by a pension from the Government (Fox's administration) of £ 00 a year (enjoyed for nearly forty years) A new Quarto edition of his Poems to subscribers proposed and warmly supported by Sydney Smith Horner &c — to place the poet and his family beyond the reach of future embarrassment — Pitt among the subscribers Hopes of a political appointment — defeated by the death of Fox in Sept 1806 — *Lady of the Last Minstrel* published — Battle of Trafalgar
- 1806 Death of Pitt in January Campbell dines at Holland House where he meets Fox (Lord Holland's uncle) What a proud day for me to shake hands with the Demosthenes of his time Attempts to revive joint work with Scott on an edition of the *British Poets* — declined by Scott
- 1807 Entertains at dinner a descendant of John Sobieski Visits for the sake of his health the Isle of Wight where he is invigorated by the sight of the sea and the British Navy Planning *Gertrude of Wyoming* busy with *Specimens* — Moore's *Irish Melodies* Part I published
- 1808 Dines at Holland House along with Sydney Smith — Scott's *Marmion* published also his Dryden *Life and Works*
- 1809 Busy with *Specimens from the British Poets* Battle of Coruña — reference to Sir John Moore's death in the lines written for the Highland Society it was the future hero of Coruña that introduced Campbell to Rogers in 1801 Publication of *Gertrude of Wyoming or the Pennsylvanian Cottage* in 4to with dedication to Lord Holland along with *Holendinden Ye Mariners of England* — a *Natal Ode Glenara Battle of the Baltic and Lord Ullin's Daughter* The new poems were well received everywhere Apologizes for one mistake in *Gertrude of Wyoming* — the branding of one of the characters as a monster who had in reality served the cause of honour and humanity the apology was made to the son of the injured man and the character of Brandt is now to be regarded as a pure fiction In the autumn writes *O Connor's Child* — Tennyson born — Byron's *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* published
- 1810 Visits Mrs Siddons Busy with literary drudgery — *The Specimens* preparation of Lecture occasional articles for the periodicals &c Death of his younger son — severely felt — Scott's *Lady of the Lake* published
- 1811 Campbell's portrait by Lawrence Preparing Lectures

- on Poetry —Death of James Grahame—an Edinburgh friend, author of *The Sabbath*
- 1812 Death of his mother on Feb 21, aged seventy-six Elder son seriously ill Gives his first Lecture on Poetry at the Royal Institution, April 21—a great success Introduced to the Princess of Wales, with whom he dances Scotch reels —Retreat of the French from Moscow —Byron's *Childe Harold* (Cantos I and II) published
- 1813 Meets Madame D'Arblay Praise from Madame de Staël—speaking of his poem, *The Pleasures of Hope*—‘Je pourrais le relire vingt fois sans en affaiblir l'impression’ Lecturing at the Royal Institution Southey made Poet Laureate Campbell recruiting at Brighton in Sept, where he meets Disraeli, Mrs Siddons, and Herschel the astronomer
- 1814 In Aug departs for France, visiting Dieppe, Rouen, Paris (where he meets Mrs Siddons, Madame de Staël, Cuvier, Schlegel, Humboldt, and is much impressed with the Louvre statuary and the paintings, especially the Apollo Belvedere two months in Paris) Working at Sydenham on his return at Lectures and the *Specimens* —*Bairdley* published
- 1815 Left a legacy, &c, of £5,000 by a Highland cousin, to himself in life-rent and to his children in fee Visits Edinburgh Distressed about his son At Kinniel, near Bo'ness, visits Dugald Stewart in Glasgow in May Returns to Sydenham in June —Battle of Waterloo —Busy at the *Specimens*
- 1816 Tutoring his son in Greek and Latin ‘some hours a day’ Scott's proposal of a professorship for Campbell at Edinburgh University (It is not known how Campbell received the proposal) Revising the *Specimens*
- 1817 Washington Irving visits Campbell, who gives him a letter of introduction to Scott Festival in honour of Kemble, June 27—for which Campbell writes an Ode Entertains at Sydenham Crabbe, Rogers, and Moore, in July In Nov death of the Princess Charlotte—writes a ‘Monody’
- 1818 In Oct begins a course of twelve Lectures on the Poets at the Liverpool Institution, for which he received over £340
- 1819 In Feb lectures in Birmingham meets James Watt *Specimens of the British Poets* published—very successful Receives invitation to repeat his lectures at Glasgow—declined On his return to Sydenham, visited in the early part of the summer by Byron Writes *Lines to the Rainbow*
- 1820 In May lectures at the Royal Institution, and under-

take the Editorship of *The New Monthly Magazine* Same month sets out with his wife and son, on a visit to Germany from Rotterdam, through Delft the Hague Leyden to Haerlem (where he heard the organ played by Summach—it was transporting!)—thence to Amsterdam at Bonn on June 8 where he discovers Schlegel and boards his son with a professor. Writes *Song of Roland* Arrives at Frankfort July 1, at Ratisbon August 1—my spirits rallied at sight of the Danube in Vienna where he forgot all his worldly sorrows in listening to the organ of St Stephens Back in London Nov 23 Begins his editorial duties—the salary £500 and the services of a sub-editor

1821 Leaves Sydenham for a residence in London His son returns home from Bonn having run away Writes for the magazine on almost every variety of subject Distressed on his covering that his son is the victim of melancholia—unmanageable and incapable of prosecuting his studies the youth was accordingly placed in a private asylum near Salisbury (in 1822)

1822. Removes to a small house in Seymour Street West Editorial work — Translates of Flaubert in *The London Magazine* Reviews *Italy* published

1823 Visits Cheltenham for his health Chief poem this year *The Last Man* —Lockhart's *Spanish Bards* published

1824 Finishes *Theodoric*—a domestic tale in heroic rime published in Nov To this year also belong *Peullura The Ister Bann* and *I Dream*—Byron died

1825 Feb 9 Campbell's letter to Brougham projecting a University in London appears in the *Tines*—the idea suggested by his recent visit to Germany Brougham and Humfray cooperated and the project was realized (The honour of originating the scheme was entirely Campbell's its accomplishment he said was the only important event in his life's little history) Sept. 10 embarks for Germany mainly to inspect the Berlin University system meets his old friend Anthony MacCann the Exile of Erin at Hamburg arrives in Berlin Sept 19 returns to England Oct. 28 Speaks at public meetings on Education Editorial work studying the Greek drama

1826 Ill health and ill news of his son pecuniary difficulties Nov 15 elected by the students of Glasgow Lord Rector of the University by an immense majority and against the wishes of the Professors—a sunburst of popular favour and the crowning honour of his life

- 1827 April 12, delivers Inaugural Address as Lord Rector  
Revisits old scenes in the neighbourhood of Glasgow Begins  
a series of Letters to the Students Offers medals for the  
best composition in English verse Battle of Navarino on  
Oct 20—writes poem on the victory Re-elected Lord Rector  
of Glasgow University Nov 14 Visits Dugald Stewart at  
Kinneil, and his sisters in Edinburgh On return journey to  
London loses 'a considerable sum of money' Ill-health —  
*Poems by Two Brothers* (the Tennysons) published
- 1828 Reversion of copyright of his *Poems* (after the lapse of  
28 years) to their author arranges for a new edition May 9,  
death of his wife In Nov elected for the third time Rector  
of Glasgow University—a rare honour, Scott, nominated,  
withdrew
- 1829 Foundation of a Students Campbell Club Leaves house  
in Seymour St West for a more central and larger one in  
Middle Scotland Yard, Whitehall Ill-health now chronic  
Forms the Literary Union—of which president till 1843  
Termination of Rectorship
- 1830 Collecting material for a Life of Sir Thomas Lawrence  
the painter In seclusion at Ashford, near Staines Enters  
tains Baron Cuvier Gives up Editorship of *The New Monthly*,  
abandons Life of Lawrence for want of material and being  
hurried by the publisher Embarrassed finances—ill-health—  
parts with his house in Whitehall—Moore's *Life of Byron*  
published
- 1831 In Jan letter of reconciliation to Moore Retires to  
his marine villa at St Leonards, near Hastings, in June,  
much benefited—'I have written more verses since I came here  
than I have written for many years in the same time' Visits  
Lord Dillon at Ditchley, Oxfordshire Collects material for  
a Life of Mrs Siddons Visits Derbyshire—Death of Henry  
Mackenzie, 'the Man of Feeling,' his old friend
- 1832 Dines with the Polish Prince Czartoryski In March  
the Polish Literary Association projected—Campbell perma-  
nent chairman Loosens his connexion with *The Metropolitan  
Magazine* to write the Life of Mrs Siddons Returns to  
London from Hastings Declines nomination for the repre-  
sentation of Glasgow in Parliament Meets the ex-King of  
Spain, Joseph Buonaparte—Passing of the Reform Bill
- 1833 Retires, for his health, to Dr Beattie's villa at Hampstead
- 1834 Declines to become a candidate for the chair of English  
Literature at Edinburgh University His *Life of Mrs Siddons*  
published in June On July 1 sets out for Paris public

dinner in his honour given by the Poles in Paris Leaves Paris Sept. 2 embarks at Toulon and arrives on the 18th in Algiers News from home of a legacy of £1 000 left to him —Death of Coleridge and Lamb —Sketches by Boz (Dickens) appear in *The Old Monthly Magazine*

1835 In May embarks for Europe passing through Paris is presented at the Tuileries to the citizen king Back in London in temporary good health and quarters himself in chambers in St. James's Street prepares his *Letters from the South* for *The New Monthly*

1836 Voyage in steamer to Scotland arriving at Leith on May 31 visits his sister Mary in Edinburgh At Glasgow and (near it) Blairbeth—his cousin Gray's residence In July a Highland tour—collecting materials for a new poem (*The Pilgrim of Glencoe*) Visit from John Wilson followed by a public dinner and the freedom of the city of Edinburgh At Paisley with Wilson Brougham Hall on his way south Returns to London after an absence of over three months—the happiest of his life

1837 In May writing his own Life—to oblige Dr Beattie (his future biographer) In early June at Richmond end of June in Edinburgh Living in chambers in Lincoln's-Inn Fields in Sept edits *The Scenic Annual*—containing his *Lines to Cora Linn* Declines to lecture at Brighton —Lockhart's *Life of Scott* published

1838 Undertakes an edition of *Shakespeare*. Presents a copy of his Poems to Queen Victoria—as a token of his loyalty and nothing more Visits his son—whose mental affection is still as decided as ever In June is presented to the Queen at her first levée by the Duke of Argyll In Scotland in July Back in London in Aug Charmed with Purcell's music in *The Tempest*

1839 Death of his old Edinburgh friend the Rev A Alison At Ramsgate in June Busy with *Petrarch* and *Shakespeare* Goes to Chatham Preparing the smaller illustrated edition of his Poems—expected to be the financial prop of his aged days

1840 Studying Spanish Witnesses a battle-ship launched at Chatham speaks at the ceremony and afterwards writes the *Lines to a First Rate*. Towards winter leases a house at Victoria Square Pimlico to be near Rogers and his club Finishes *Life of Petrarch*

1841 Flying visit to Glasgow to arrange about his niece coming as his housekeeper to Pimlico His love for beautiful children

almost a mania (advertises for one he had seen in the Park)  
In May enters his new house—his last residence in England  
Revising *The Pilgrim of Glencoe* Ill-health Runs off, without his purse, to the German baths knocked up at Aix-la-Chapelle, at Wiesbaden in Aug., meets Hallam on the Rhine Benefited by the waters of Wiesbaden, writes *The Child and Hind* His rheumatism returns on his way home arrives Sept 6

1842 *The Pilgrim of Glencoe and Other Poems* published, with dedication to Dr Beattie, but 'far from cordially received' Finds his monetary affairs in a critical position—'sale of his poems at its lowest ebb' Entertains at breakfast Rogers, Moore, and Milman forced gaiety—feeble and feeling cold Chief business education of his niece (housekeeper) July 19, at Dinan, back in London, to 'get this unlucky house off my hands', ill—in Dr Beattie's cottage at Hampstead Proposes a subscription edition of his Poems

1843 In April death of his sister Mary, aged 86 years In Edinburgh to attend her funeral, very ill Receives legacy of £800 Wordsworth made Laureate in April New issue of Campbell's poems successful up to his wish Visits Cheltenham in June and July, in July goes to Boulogne for health and economy Buys in London an annuity for £500—'nothing could have been more injudicious' In August returns to London to get rid of his lease, books and furniture sent to Boulogne Takes, in Oct., an old mansion-house in the upper town of Boulogne, 5 Rue St Jean, busy at a work on ancient Geography Health declining, affects a cheerfulness, but really home-sick Shuts himself up, sees no one, increasing debility

1844 May 8, by a codicil to his will, leaves to his niece 'all his moneys and personal effects', his son having been already competently provided for His death on Saturday, June 15, at 4 15 p.m., buried, on July 3, in Westminster Abbey, in the centre of Poets' Corner—Macaulay, Lockhart, Brougham, Sir Robert Peel, the Duke of Argyll, among others, present, also a guard of Polish nobles, one of whom sprinkled on the coffin a handful of earth from the grave of Kosciuszko

1849 *Life and Letters of Thomas Campbell*, by William Beattie, M.D., published.

## GENEALOGY OF THOMAS CAMPBELL

Cillespie-le-Camile first Norman lord of Lochawe

*Circa* 1360 Died Archibald Campbell lord and knight of Lochawe From Iver the youngest of his three sons sprang the Campbells of Kinnan in the vale of Glasgaw Argyleshire from whom the poet was descended on his father's side

Archibald Campbell the poet's grandfather lived in the House of Kinnan was bred to the law he married late in life Margaret Stuart of the Stuarts of Ascog in Bute widow of John MacArthur of Milton near Kinnan had issue three sons and died in Edinburgh

Robert the eldest son author of a life of the Duke of Argyle died in London *circa* 1614

Archibald the second son became a Presbyterian minister (D.D. of Edin Univ.) settled first in Jamaica and finally in Virginia U.S. (It was his grandson Frederick Campbell who became heir of entail in 1815 to Ascog and Kinnan and other Scottish estates)

1710 Birth of Alexander the third and youngest son of the aforeaid Archibald Campbell of Kinnan was trained to a mercantile life resident in Virginia when his clerical brother came there to settle returned to Glasgow where he became partner with a clansman Daniel Campbell and traded with Virginia

1706 Jan 1 married Margaret Campbell his partner's sister she being then in her twenty first year Their children were eleven in number of whom the poet was the youngest viz. —

Mary	born in Glasgaw Jan 19 1715
Isabella	in 1708
Archibald	1760
Alexander	1761
John	1763
Elizabeth	1765
Daniel	1767 (died in infancy)
Robert	1768
James	1770
Daniel	1773
Thomas	July 27 1777



- 1801 In March death of the poet's father, aged 91 years
- 1803 Sept 10, marriage of Thomas Campbell, the poet, and Matilda Sinclair, youngest daughter of Robert Sinclair, the poet's maternal cousin, at some time before this date provost of Greenock Their children were two in number, viz — Thomas Telford, born July 1, 1804, who became insane, and Alison (also a son), born June, 1805, who died of scarlet fever, July, 1810
- 1812 In Feb death of the poet's mother, aged 76
- 1828 May 9, death of Mrs Campbell, the poet's wife
- 1844 June 15, death of the Poet, at Boulogne July 3, his interment in Westminster Abbey

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# THE PLEASURES OF HOPE

(First published in 1899)

## ANALYSIS OF PART I

THE Poem opens with a comparison between the beauty of remote objects in a landscape and those ideal scenes of felicity which the imagination delights to contemplate. The influence of anticipation upon the other passions is next delineated. An allusion is made to the well known fiction in pagan tradition that when all the guardian deities of mankind abandoned the world Hope alone was left behind. The consolations of this passion in situations of distress—the seaman on his midnight watch—the soldier marching into battle—allusion to the interesting adventures of Byron.

The inspiration of Hope as it actuates the efforts of genius whether in the department of science or of taste—Domestic felicity how intimately connected with views of future happiness—Picture of a mother watching her infant when asleep—Pictures of the prisoner the maniac and the wanderer.

From the consolations of individual misery a transition is made to prospects of political improvement in the future state of society. The wide field that is yet open for the progress of humanizing arts among uncivilized nations. From these views of amelioration of society and the extension of liberty and truth over despotic and barbarous countries, by a melancholy contrast of ideas we are led to reflect upon the hard fate of a brave people recently conspicuous in the struggles for independence. Description of the capture of Warsaw of the last contest of the oppressors and the oppressed and the massacre of the Polish patriots at the bridge of Prague. Apostrophe to the self interested enemies of human improvement. The wrongs of Africa—The barbarous policy of Europeans in India—Prophecy in the Hindoo mythology of the expected descent of the Deity to redress the miseries of their race and to take vengeance on the violators of justice and mercy.

[The foregoing Analysis did not appear in the first edition.]

# THE PLEASURES OF HOPE<sup>1</sup>

## PART I

AT summer eve, when Heaven's ethereal bow  
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,  
Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,  
Whose sunbright summit mingles with the sky ?  
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear  
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near ?  
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,  
And robes the mountain in its azure hue

Thus, with delight we linger to survey  
The promised joys of life's unmeasured way ,  
Thus, from afar, each dim-discovered scene  
More pleasing seems than all the past hath been ,  
And every form, that Fancy can repair  
From dark oblivion, glows divinely there

What potent spirit guides the raptured eye  
To pierce the shades of dim futurity ?  
Can Wisdom lend, with all her heavenly power,  
The pledge of Joy's anticipated hour ?  
Ah, no ! she darkly sees the fate of man —  
Her dim horizon bounded to a span ,  
Or, if she hold an image to the view,  
'Tis Nature pictured too severely true

<sup>1</sup> [The original title-page read —

'THE PLEASURES OF HOPE, in two Parts with Other Poems by  
Thomas Campbell Edinburgh, printed for Mundell and Son,  
and for Longman and Rees, and J Wright, London 1799'

The 'Other Poems' were Specimens of a New Translation of  
the Medea, Love and Madness—an Elegy, The Wounded Hussar,  
Gilderoy, and The Harper ]

( 1 ethereal] aerial *first edition*

With thee sweet HOPE ' resides the heavenly light  
That pours remotest rapture on the sight  
Thine is the charm of life's bewildered way  
That calls each slumbering passion into play  
Waked by thy touch I see the sister band  
On tiptoe watching start at thy command  
And fly where'er thy mandate bids them steer  
To Pleasure's path or Glory's bright career 30

Primeval HOPE the Aonian Muses say  
When Man and Nature mourned their first decay  
When every form of death and every woe,  
Shot from malignant stars to earth below  
When Murder bared his arm and rampant War  
Yoked the red dragons of her iron car  
When Peace and Mercy banished from the plain  
Sprung on the viewless winds to heaven again  
All all forsook the friendless guilty mind  
But HOPE the charmer lingered still behind 40

Thus while Elijah's burning wheels prepare  
From Carmel's height to sweep the fields of air  
The prophet's mantle ere his flight began  
Dropt on the world—a sacred gift to man

Auspicious HOPE ' in thy sweet garden grow  
Wreaths for each toil a charm for every woe  
Won by their sweets in Nature's languid hour  
The way worn pilgrim seeks thy summer bower  
There as the wild bee murmurs on the wing  
What peaceful dreams thy handmaid spirits bring ' 50  
What viewless forms the Aeolian organ play  
And sweep the furrowed lines of anxious thought  
away '

Angel of life ' thy glittering wings explore  
Earth's loneliest bounds and Ocean's wildest shore 55



Lo ! to the wintry winds the pilot yields  
His bark careering o'er unfathomed fields ,  
Now on the Atlantic waves he rides afar ,  
Where Andes, giant of the western star ,  
With meteor-standaid to the winds unfurled  
Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half the world 60

Now far he sweeps, where scarce a summer  
smiles  
On Behring's rocks, or Greenland's naked isles  
Cold on his midnight watch the breezes blow  
From wastes that slumber in eternal snow,  
And waft, across the wave's tumultuous roar,  
The wolf's long howl from Oonalaska's shore

Poor child of danger, nursing of the storm,  
Sad are the woes that wreck thy manly form !  
Rocks, waves, and winds the shattered bark delay ,  
Thy heart is sad, thy home is far away 70

But HOPE can here her moonlight vigils keep,  
And sing to charm the spirit of the deep  
Swift as yon streamer lights the starry pole,  
Her visions warm the watchman's pensive soul ,  
His native hills that rise in happier climes,  
The grot that heard his song of other times,  
His cottage home, his bark of slender sail,  
His glassy lake, and broomwood-blossomed vale,  
Rush on his thought , he sweeps before the wind,  
Treads the loved shore he sighed to leave behind , 80  
Meets at each step a friend's familiar face,  
And flies at last to Helen's long embrace ,  
Wipes from her cheek the rapture-speaking tear,  
And clasps, with many a sigh, his children dear !  
While, long neglected, but at length caressed,  
His faithful dog salutes the smiling guest,

Joins to his master's eyes (where'er they roam)  
His wistful face and whines a welcome home

Friend of the brave! in peril's darkest hour  
Intrepid Virtue looks to thee for power 90  
To thee the heart its trembling homage yields  
On stormy floods and carnage covered fields  
When front to front the bannered hosts combine  
Halt ere they close and form the dreadful line  
When all is still on Death's devoted soil  
The march worn soldier mingles for the toil  
As rings his glittering tube he lifts on high  
The dauntless brow and spirit speaking eye  
Hails in his heart the triumph yet to come  
And hears thy stormy music in the drum! 100

And such thy strength inspiring aid that bore  
The hardy Byron to his native shore  
In horrid climes where Chloë's tempests sweep  
Tumultuous murmurs o'er the troubled deep  
Twas his to mourn misfortune's rudest shock  
Scourged by the winds and cradled on the rock  
To wake each joyless morn and search again  
The famished haunts of solitary men  
Whose race unyielding as their native storm  
Know not a trace of Nature but the form 110  
Yet at thy call the hardy tar pursued  
Pale but intrepid sad but unsubdued  
Pierced the deep woods and hailing from afar  
The moon's pale planet and the northern star  
Paused at each dreary cry unheard before  
Hyenas in the wild and mermaids on the shore  
Till led by thee o'er many a cliff sublime  
He found a warmer world a milder clime  
A home to rest a shelter to defend  
Peace and repose a Briton and a friend! 120

Congenial HOPE ' thy passion-kindling power,  
 How bright, how strong, in youth's untroubled hour '  
 On yon proud height, with Genius hand in hand,  
 I see thee light, and wave thy golden wand  
 ' Go, child of Heaven ' ' thy winged words proclaim,  
 ' 'Tis thine to search the boundless fields of fame '  
 Lo ' Newton, priest of nature, shines afar,  
 Scans the wide world, and numbers e'ery star '  
 Wilt thou, with him, mysterious rites apply  
 And watch the shine with wonder-beaming eye ? 130  
 Yes, thou shalt mark, with magic art profound,  
 The speed of light, the circling march of sound ,  
 With Franklin grasp the lightning's fiery wing,  
 Or yield the lyre of Heaven another string

' The Swedish sage admires, in yonder bowers,  
 His wingèd insects, and his rosy flowers ,  
 Calls from their woodland haunts the savage train  
 With sounding horn, and counts them on the plain  
 So once, at Heaven's command, the wanderers came  
 To Eden's shade, and heard their various name 140

' Far from the world, in yon sequestered clime '  
 Slow pass the sons of Wisdom more sublime ,  
 Calm as the fields of Heaven his sapient eye  
 The loved Athenian lifts to realms on high ,  
 Admiring Plato, on his spotless page,  
 Stamps the bright dictates of the Father sage  
 " Shall nature bound to earth's diurnal span  
 The fire of God, the immortal soul of man ? "

' Turn, child of Heaven, thy rapture-lightened eye  
 To Wisdom's walks , the sacred Nine are nigh 150  
 Hark ' from bright spires that gild the Delphian height  
 From streams that wander in eternal light,  
 Ranged on their hill, Harmonia's daughters swell  
 The mingling tones of horn, and harp and shell

Deep from his vaults the Loxian murmurs flow  
And Pythia's awful organ peals below

Beloved of Heaven ! the smiling Muse shall shed  
Her moonlight halo on thy beauteous head  
Shall swell thy heart to rapture unconfined  
And breathe a holy madness o'er thy mind 160  
I see thee roam her guardian power beneath  
And talk with spirits on the midnight heath  
Inquire of guilty wanderers whence they came  
And ask each blood stained form his earthly name  
Then weave in rapid verse the deeds they tell  
And read the trembling world the tales of hell

When Venus throned in clouds of rosy hue  
Flings from her golden urn the vesper dew  
And bids fond man her glimmering noon employ  
Sacred to love and walks of tender joy 170  
A milder mood the goddess shall recall  
And soft as dew thy tones of music fall  
While Beauty's deeply pictured smiles impart  
A pang more dear than pleasure to the heart—  
Warm as thy sighs shall flow the Lesbian strain  
And plead in Beauty's ear nor plead in vain

Or wilt thou Orphean hymns more sacred deem  
And steep thy song in Mercy's mellow stream  
To pensive drops the radiant eye beguile—  
For Beauty's tears are lovelier than her smile 180  
On Nature's throbbing anguish pour relief  
And teach impassioned souls the joy of grief ?

Yes to thy tongue shall seraph words be given  
And power on earth to plead the cause of Heaven  
The proud the cold untroubled heart of stone  
That never mused on sorrow but its own

Unlocks a generous store at thy command,  
 Like Horeb's rocks beneath the prophet's hand  
 The living lumber of his kindred earth,  
 Charmed into soul, receives a second birth, 160  
 Feels thy dread power another heart afford,  
 Whose passion-touched harmonious strings accord  
 True as the circling spheres to Nature's plan,  
 And man, the brother, lives the friend of man

' Brought as the pillar rose at Heaven's command  
 When Israel marched along the desert land,  
 Blazed through the night on lonely wilds afar,  
 And told the path,—a never-setting star,  
 So, heavenly Genius, in thy course divine,  
 HOPE is thy star, her light is ever thine ' 200

Propitious Power ! when rankling cares annoy  
 The sacred home of Hymenean joy,  
 When, doomed to Poverty's sequestered dell  
 The wedded pair of love and virtue dwell  
 Unpitied by the world, unknown to fame,  
 Their woes, then wishes, and then hearts the same—  
 Oh, there, prophetic HOPE ! thy smile bestow,  
 And chase the pangs that worth should never know  
 There, as the parent deals his scanty store  
 To friendless babes, and weeps to give no more, 210  
 Tell that his manly race shall yet assuage  
 Their father's wrongs, and shield his latter age  
 What though for him no Hybla sweets distil,  
 Nor bloomy vines wave purple on the hill ?  
 Tell that when silent years have passed away,  
 That when his eye grows dim his tresses grey  
 These busy hands a lovelier cot shall build,  
 And deck with fairer flowers his little field,  
 And call from Heaven propitious dews to breathe  
 Arcadian beauty on the barren heath, 220

Till that while Love's spontaneous smile endears  
The days of peace the sabbath of his years  
Health shall prolong to many a festive hour  
The social pleasures of his humble bower

Lo ! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps  
Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps  
She while the lovely babe unconscious lies  
Smiles on her slumbering child with pensive eyes  
And weaves a song of melancholy joy—

Sleep image of thy father sleep my boy 30  
No lingering hour of sorrow shall be thine  
No sigh that rends thy father's heart and mine  
Bright as his manly sire the son shall be  
In form and soul but ah ! more blest than he !  
Thy fame thy worth thy filial love at last  
Shall soothe his aching heart for all the past—  
With many a smile my solitude repay  
And chase the world's ungenerous scorn away

And say when summoned from the world and thee  
I lay my head beneath the willow tree 40  
Wilt thou sweet mourner ! at my stone appear  
And soothe my parted spirit lingering near ?  
Oh wilt thou come at evening hour to shed  
The tears of Memory o'er my narrow bed  
With aching temples on thy hand reclined  
Muse on the last farewell I leave behind  
Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low  
And think on all my love and all my woe ?

So speaks affection ere the infant eye  
Can look regard or brighten in reply 50  
But when the cherub lip hath learnt to claim  
A mother's ear by that endearing name

Soon as the playful innocent can prove  
 A tear of pity, or a smile of love,  
 Or cons his murmuring task beneath her care,  
 Or lisps with holy look his evening prayer,  
 Or gazing, mutely pensive, sits to hear  
 The mournful ballad warbled in his ear,  
 How fondly looks admiring Hope the while  
 At every artless tear, and every smile ' 269  
 How glows the joyous parent to descry  
 A guileless bosom, true to sympathy '

Where is the troubled heart consigned to share  
 Tumultuous toils, or solitary care,  
 Unblest by visionary thoughts that stray  
 To count the joys of Fortune's better day?  
 Lo, nature, life, and liberty relume  
 The dim-eyed tenant of the dungeon gloom,  
 A long-lost friend, or hapless child restored  
 Smiles at his blazing hearth and social board 270  
 Warm from his heart the tears of rapture flow  
 And virtue triumphs o'er remembered woe

Chide not his peace, proud Reason! nor destroy  
 The shadowy forms of uncreated joy  
 That urge the lingering tide of life, and pour  
 Spontaneous slumber on his midnight hour

Hark! the wild maniac sings, to chide the gale  
 That wafts so slow her lover's distant sail  
 She, sad spectatress, on the wintry shore  
 Watched the rude surge his shroudless corse that bore,  
 Knew the pale form, and, shrieking in amaze, 281  
 Clasped her cold hands, and fixed her maddening gaze  
 Poor widowed wretch! 'twas there she wept in vain,  
 Till memory fled her agonizing brain,

But Mercy gave to charm the sense of woe  
Ideal peace that truth could ne'er bestow  
Warm on her heart the joys of Fancy beam  
And aimless HOPE delights her darkest dream

Oft when yon moon has climbed the midnight sky  
And the lone sea bird wakes its wildest cry 20  
Piled on the steep her blazing faggots burn  
To hail the bark that never can return  
And still she waits but scarce forbears to weep  
That constant love can linger on the deep

And mark the wretch whose wanderings never  
knew  
The world's regard that soothes though half untrue  
Whose erring heart the lash of sorrow bore  
But found not pity when it erred no more  
Yon friendless man at whose dejected eye  
The unfeeling proud one looks—and passes by 30  
Condemned on Penury's barren path to roam  
Scorned by the world and left without a home—  
Even he at evening should he chance to stray  
Down by the hamlet's hawthorn-scented way  
Where round the cot's romantic glade are seen  
The blossomed bean-field and the sloping green  
Leans o'er its humble gate and thinks the while—

Oh! that for me some home like this would smile  
Some hamlet shade to yield my sickly form  
Health in the breeze and shelter in the storm! 310  
*There should my hand no stinted boon assign*  
To wretched hearts with sorrow such as mine!  
That generous wish can soothe unpitied care  
And HOPE half mingles with the poor man's prayer

HOPE! when I mourn with sympathizing mind  
The wrongs of fate the woes of human kind



Thy blissful omens bid my spirit see  
 The boundless fields of rapture yet to be ,  
 I watch the wheels of Nature's mazy plan,  
 And learn the future by the past of man 320

Come, bright Improvement ! on the car of Time,  
 And rule the spacious world from clime to clime ,  
 Thy handmaid arts shall every wild explore,  
 Trace every wave, and culture every shore  
 On Erie's banks, where tigers steal along,  
 And the dread Indian chants a dismal song,  
 Where human fiends on midnight errands walk,  
 And bathe in brains the murderous tomahawk  
 There shall the flocks on thymy pasture stray,  
 And shepherds dance at Summer's opening day, 330  
 Each wandering genius of the lonely glen  
 Shall start to view the glittering haunts of men,  
 And Silence watch, on woodland heights around,  
 The village curfew as it tolls profound

In Libyan groves, where damnèd rites are done,  
 That bathe the rocks in blood, and veil the sun,  
 Truth shall arrest the murderous arm profane ,  
 Wild Obi flies—the veil is rent in twain

Where barbarous hordes on Scythian mountains  
 roam,  
 Truth, Mercy, Freedom, yet shall find a home 340  
 Where'er degraded Nature bleeds and pines,  
 From Guinea's coast to Sibir's dreary mines,  
 Truth shall pervade the unfathomed darkness there  
 And light the dreadful features of despair  
 Hark ! the stern captive spurns his heavy load,  
 And asks the image back that Heaven bestowed  
 Fierce in his eye the fire of valour burns,  
 And, as the slave departs, the man returns

335 Libyan] Lybian *first edition*

Oh ! sacred Truth ! thy triumph ceased awhile  
And HOPE thy sister ceased with thee to smile 350  
When leagued Oppression poured to Northern wars  
Her whiskered pandours and her fierce hussars  
Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn  
Pealed her loud drum and twanged her trumpet  
horn

Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van  
Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man !

Warsaw's last champion from her height surveyed  
Wide o'er the fields a waste of ruin laid

Oh ! Heaven ! he cried ' my bleeding country save !  
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave ? 360  
Yet though destruction sweep these lovely plains  
Rise fellow men ! our country yet remains !  
By that dread name we wave the sword on high  
And swear for her to live !—with her to die !

He said and on the rampart heights arrayed  
His trusty warriors few but undismayed  
Firm paced and slow a horrid front they form  
Still as the breeze but dreadful as the storm  
Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly  
Revenge or death—the watch word and reply 370  
Then pealed the notes omnipotent to charm,  
And the loud tocsin tolled their last alarm !

In vain alas ! in vain ye gallant few !  
From rank to rank your volleyed thunder flew  
Oh bloodiest picture in the book of Time  
Sarmatia fell unwept without a crime  
Found not a generous friend a pitying foe  
Strength in her arms nor mercy in her woe !  
Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear  
Closed her bright eye and curbed her high career —

HOPE, for a season, bade the world farewell, 381  
And Freedom shrieked—as Kosciusko fell '

The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there  
Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air,  
On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,  
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below,  
The storm prevails, the rampart yields a way,  
Bursts the wide cry of horror and dismay '  
Hark ' as the smouldering piles with thunder fall,  
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call ' 390  
Earth shook, red meteors flashed along the sky,  
And conscious Nature shuddered at the cry '

Oh ' righteous Heaven ' ere Freedom found a grave,  
Why slept the sword omnipotent to save ?  
Where was thine arm, O Vengeance ' where thy rod,  
That smote the foes of Zion and of God,  
That crushed proud Ammon, when his iron car  
Was yoked in wrath, and thundered from afar ?  
Where was the storm that slumbered till the host  
Of blood-stained Pharaoh left their trembling coast,  
Then bade the deep in wild commotion flow, 401  
And heaved an ocean on their march below ?

Departed spirits of the mighty dead '  
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled '  
Friends of the world ' restore your swords to man,  
Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van '  
Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,  
And make her arm puissant as your own '  
Oh ' once again to Freedom's cause return  
The patriot Tell—the Bruce of Bannockburn ' 410

Yes ' thy proud lords, unpitied land ' shall see  
That man hath yet a soul—and dare be free '  
(

A little while along thy saddening plains  
The starless night of desolation reigns  
Truth shall restore the light by Nature given  
And like Prometheus bring the fire of Heaven '  
Prone to the dust Oppression shall be hurled  
Her name her nature withered from the world '

Ye that the rising morn invidious mark  
And hate the light—because your deeds are dark 40  
Ye that expanding truth invidious view  
And think or wish the song of HOPE untrue—  
Perhaps your little hands presume to span  
The march of Genius and the powers of man  
Perhaps ye watch at Pride's unhallowed shrine  
Her victims newly slain and thus divine—  
Here shall thy triumph Genius cease and here  
Truth Science Virtue close your short career

Tyrants ' in vain ye trace the wizard ring  
In vain ye limit Mind's unwearied spring 430  
What ' can ye lull the winged winds asleep  
Arrest the rolling world or chain the deep ?  
No '—the wild wave contemns your sceptred hand  
It rolled not back when Canute gave command '

Man ' can thy doom no brighter soul allow '  
Still must thou live a blot on Nature's brow ?  
Shall War's polluted banner ne'er be furled ?  
Shall crimes and tyrants cease but with the world ?  
What ' are thy triumphs sacred Truth belied ?  
Why then hath Plato lived—or Sydney died ? 440

Ye fond adorers of departed fame  
Who warm at Scipio's worth or Tully's name '  
Ye that in fancied vision can admire  
The sword of Brutus and the Theban lyre '

Rapt in historic ardour, who adore  
Each classic haunt, and well-remembered shore,  
Where Valour tuned, amid her chosen throng,  
The Thracian trumpet and the Spartan song,  
Or, wandering thence, behold the later charms  
Of England's glory, and Helvetia's arms ' 450  
See Roman fire in Hampden's bosom swell,  
And fate and freedom in the shaft of Tell '  
Say, ye fond zealots to the worth of yore,  
Hath Valour left the world—to live no more ?  
No more shall Brutus bid a tyrant die,  
And sternly smile with vengeance in his eye ?  
Hampden no more, when suffering Freedom calls,  
Encounter Fate, and triumph as he falls ?  
Nor Tell disclose, through peril and alarm,  
The might that slumbers in a peasant's arm ? 460

Yes ' in that generous cause for ever strong,  
The patriot's virtue and the poet's song,  
Still, as the tide of ages rolls away,  
Shall charm the world, unconscious of decay '

Yes ' there are hearts, prophetic HOPE may trust,  
That slumber yet in uncreated dust,  
Ordaired to fire the adoring sons of earth  
With every charm of wisdom and of worth ,  
Ordaired to light, with intellectual day,  
The mazy wheels of Nature as they play, 470  
Or, warm with Fancy's energy, to glow,  
And rival all but Shakespeare's name below '

And say, supernal Powers ' who deeply scan  
Heaven's dark decrees, unfathomed yet by man,  
When shall the world call down, to cleanse her  
shame,  
( That embryo spirit, yet without a name,—

That friend of Nature whose avenging hands  
Shall burst the Libyan & adamantine bands ?  
Who sternly marking on his native soil  
The blood the tears the anguish and the toil 480  
Shall bid each righteous heart exult to see  
Peace to the slave and vengeance on the free !

Yet yet degraded men ! the expected day  
That breaks your bitter cup is far away  
Trade wealth and fashion ask you still to bleed  
And holy men give Scripture for the deed  
Scourged and debased no Briton stoops to save  
A wretch a coward yes because a slave !

Eternal Nature ! when thy giant hand  
Had heaved the floods and fixed the trembling  
land 490

When life sprung startling at thy plastic call  
Endless her forms and man the lord of all !  
Say was that lordly form inspired by thee  
To wear eternal chains and bow the knee ?  
Was man ordained the slave of man to toil  
Yoked with the brutes and fettered to the soil  
Weighed in a tyrant's balance with his gold ?  
No !—Nature stamped us in a heavenly mould !  
She bade no wretch his thankless labour urge  
Nor trembling take the pittance and the scourge ! 500  
No homeless Libyan on the stormy deep  
To call upon his country's name and weep !

Lo ! once in triumph on his boundless plain  
The quivered chief of Congo loved to reign  
With fires proportioned to his native sky  
Strength in his arm and lightning in his eye  
Scoured with wild feet his sun illumined zone  
The spear the lion and the woods his own

On led the combat, bold without a plan,  
An artless savage, but a fearless man !

310

The plunderer came !—alas ! no glory smiles  
For Congo's chief on yonder Indian isles ,  
For ever fallen ! no son of Nature now,  
With Freedom chartered on his manly brow !  
Faint, bleeding, bound, he weeps the night away  
And, when the sea-wind wafts the dewless day  
Starts, with a bursting heart, for evermore  
To curse the sun that lights then guilty shore !

The shrill horn blew , at that alarm knell  
His guardian angel took a last farewell !  
That funeral dirge to darkness hath resigned  
The fiery grandeur of a generous mind !  
Poor fettered man ! I hear thee whispering low  
Unhallowed vows to Guilt, the child of Woe !  
Friendless thy heart , and canst thou harbour there  
A wish but death—a passion but despair ?

320

The widowed Indian, when her lord expires,  
Mounts the dread pile, and braves the funeral fires !  
So falls the heart at Thralldom's bitter sigh !  
So Virtue dies, the spouse of Liberty !

330

But not to Libya's barren climes alone,  
To Chili, or the wild Siberian zone,  
Belong the wretched heart and haggard eye,  
Degraded worth, and poor misfortune's sigh !  
Ye orient realms, where Ganges' waters run !  
Prolific fields ! dominions of the sun !  
How long your tribes have trembled and obeyed !  
How long was Timour's iron sceptre swayed !  
Whose marshalled hosts, the lions of the plain,  
From Scythia's northern mountains to the main

340

Raged o'er your plundered shrines and altars bare  
With blazing torch and gory scimitar —  
Stunned with the cries of death each gentle gale  
And bathed in blood the verdure of the vale  
Yet could no pang the immortal spirit tame  
When Brahma's children perished for his name  
The martyr smiled beneath avenging power  
And braved the tyrant in his torturing hour

When Europe sought your subject realms to gain  
And stretched her giant sceptre o'er the main  
Taught her proud barks their winding way to  
hapse

And braved the stormy spirit of the Cape  
Children of Brahma! then was mercy nigh  
To wash the stain of blood's eternal dye  
Did Peace descend to triumph and to save  
When freeborn Britons crossed the Indian wave  
Ah no! — to more than Rome's ambition true  
The Nurse of Freedom gave it not to you  
She the bold route of Europe's guilt began  
And in the march of nations led the van

560

Rich in the gems of India's gaudy zone  
And plunder piled from kingdoms not their own  
Degenerate Trade! thy minions could despise  
The heart-born anguish of a thousand cries  
Could lock with impious hands their teeming store  
While famished nations died along the shore  
Could mock the groans of fellow men and bear  
The curse of kingdoms peopled with despair  
Could stamp disgrace on man's polluted name  
And barter with their gold eternal shame

560

But hark! as bowed to earth the Bramin knelt  
From heavenly climes propitious thunder peal



Of India's fate her guardian spirits tell,  
 Prophetic murmurs breathing on the shell,  
 And solemn sounds that awe the listening mind,  
 Roll on the azure paths of every wind

'Foes of mankind' her guardian spirits say,  
 'Revolving ages bring the bitter day,  
 When Heaven's unerring arm shall fall on you,  
 And blood for blood these Indian plains bedew , 580  
 Nine times have Brama's wheels of lightning hurled  
 His awful presence o'er the alarm'd world ,  
 Nine times hath Guilt, through all his giant frame,  
 Convulsive trembled, as the Mighty came ,  
 Nine times hath suffering Mercy spared in vain  
 But Heaven shall burst her starry gates again '  
 He comes ! dread Brama shakes the sunless sky  
 With murmuring wrath, and thunders from on high ,  
 Heaven's fiery horse, beneath his warrior form,  
 Paws the light clouds, and gallops on the storm ' 590  
 Wide waves his flickering sword , his bright arms glow  
 Like summer suns, and light the world below '  
 Earth, and her trembling isles in Ocean's bed,  
 Are shook, and Nature rocks beneath his tread '

'To pour redress on India's injured realm,  
 The oppressor to dethrone, the proud to whelm ,  
 To chase destruction from her plundered shore  
 With arts and arms that triumphed once before,  
 The tenth Avatai comes ! at Heaven's command  
 Shall Seriswattee wave her hallowed wand ' 600  
 And Camdeo bright, and Ganesa sublime  
 Shall bless with joy their own propitious clime '  
 Come, Heavenly Powers ! primeval peace restore '  
 Love !—Mercy !—Wisdom !—rule for evermore '

## ANALYSIS OF PART II

As-trophe to the power of Love—Its intimate connexion with generous and social Sensibility—Allusion to that beautiful passage in the beginning of the book of Genesis which represents the happiness of Paradise itself incomplete till love was superadded to it—other blessings—The dreams of future felicity which a lively imagination is apt to cherish when Hope is animated by refined attachment—This disposition to combine in one imaginary scene of residence all that is pleasing in our estimate of happiness compared to the skill of the great artist who personified perfect beauty in the picture of Venus by an assemblage of the most beautiful features he could find—A summer and winter evening described as they may be supposed to arise in the mind of one who wishes with enthusiasm, for the union of friendship and retirement.

Hope and imagination inseparable agents—Even in those contemplative moments when our imagination wanders beyond the boundaries of this world our minds are not unattended with an impression that we shall some day have a wider and distinct prospect of the universe instead of the partial glimpse we now enjoy

The last and most sublime influence of Hope is the concluding topic of the poem—The predominance of a belief in a future state over the terrors attendant on dissolution—The baneful influence of that sceptical philosophy which bars us from such comforts—Allusion to the fate of a suicide—Episode of Conrad and Ellenore—Conclusion

[The foregoing Analysis did not appear in the first edition published in 1799]

## PART II

In joyous youth what soul hath never known  
 Thought feeling taste harmonious to its own?  
 Who hath not paused while Beauty's pensive eye  
 Asked from his heart the homage of a sigh?  
 Who hath not owned with rapture smitten frame  
 The power of grace the magic of a name?

There be perhaps who barren hearts avow  
 Cold as the rocks on Torneo's hoary brow

There be, whose loveless wisdom never failed,  
 In self-adoring pride securely mailed, — 10  
 But, triumph not, ye peace-enamoured few !  
 Fire, Nature, Genius, never dwelt with you !  
 For you no fancy consecrates the scene  
 Where rapture uttered vows and wept between,  
 'Tis yours, unmoved, to sever and to meet,  
 No pledge is sacred, and no home is sweet !

Who that would ask a heart to dullness wed,  
 The waveless calm, the slumber of the dead !  
 No the wild bliss of Nature needs allow  
 And fear and sorrow fan the fire of joy ! 20  
 And say, without our hopes, without our fears  
 Without the home that plighted love endears  
 Without the smile from partial beauty won,  
 Oh ! what were man ?—a world without a sun !

Till Hymen brought his love-delighted hour  
 There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bower !  
 In vain the viewless seraph, lingering there  
 At starry midnight charmed the silent air  
 In vain the wild bird carolled on the steep  
 To hail the sun, slow wheeling from the deep 30  
 In vain, to soothe the solitary shade,  
 Aerial notes in mingling measure played—  
 The summer wind that shook the spangled tree,  
 The whispering wave, the murmur of the bee,  
 Still slowly passed the melancholy day,  
 And still the stranger wist not where to stray,  
 The world was sad ! the garden was a wild !  
 And man, the hermit, sighed—till woman smiled !

True, the sad power to generous hearts may bring  
 Delirious anguish on his fiery wing, 40  
 Barred from delight by Fate's untimely hand,  
 By wealthless lot, or pitiless command ,

Or doomed to gaze on beauties that adorn  
The smile of triumph or the frown of scorn  
While Memory watches o'er the sad review  
Of joys that faded like the morning dew  
Peace may depart and life and nature seem  
A barren path a wildness and a dream'

But can the noble mind for ever brood  
The willing victim of a weary mood 50  
On heartless cares that squander life away  
And cloud young Genius brightening into day ?  
Shame to the coward thought that e'er betrayed  
The noon of manhood to a myrtle shade '  
If HOPE's creative spirit cannot raise  
One trophy sacred to thy future days  
Scorn the dull crowd that haunt the gloomy shrine  
Of hopeless love to murmur and repine '  
But should a sigh of milder mood express  
Thy heart warm wishes true to happiness 60  
Should Heaven's fair harbinger delight to pour  
Her blissful visions on thy pensive hour  
No tear to blot thy *memory's* pictured page  
No fears but such as fancy can assuage  
Though thy wild heart some hapless hour may miss  
The peaceful tenor of unvaried bliss  
(For love pursues an ever devious race  
True to the winding lineaments of grace) —  
Yet still may HOPE her talisman employ  
To snatch from Heaven anticipated joy 70  
And all her kindred energies impart  
That burn the brightest in the purest heart

When first the Rhodian's mimic art arrayed  
The queen of Beauty in her Cyprian shade  
The happy master mingled on his piece  
Each look that charmed him in the fair of Greece ,

To faultless nature true, he stole a grace  
From every finer form and sweeter face,  
And, as he sojourned on the Aegean isles,  
Woo'd all their love, and treasured all their smiles, so  
Then glowed the tints, pure, precious, and refined,  
And mortal charms seemed heavenly when combined '—  
Love on the picture smiled '—Expression poured  
Her mingling spirit there—and Greece adored '—

So thy fair hand, enamoured Fancy '—gleans  
The treasured pictures of a thousand scenes  
Thy pencil traces on the lover's thought  
Some cottage-home, from towns and toil remote,  
Where love and lore may claim alternate hours,  
With peace embosom'd in Idalian bowers '— 90  
Remote from busy life's bewildered way,  
O'er all his heart shall taste and beauty sway '—  
Free on the sunny slope, or winding shore,  
With hermit steps to wander and adore,  
There shall he love, when genial morn appears,  
Like pensive Beauty smiling in her tears,  
To watch the brightening roses of the sky,  
And muse on Nature with a poet's eye '—  
And when the sun's last splendour lights the deep,  
The woods and waves, and murmuring winds asleep',  
When fairy harps the Hesperian planet hail, 101  
And the lone cuckoo sighs along the vale,  
His path shall be where streamy mountains swell  
Their shadowy grandeur o'er the narrow dell,  
Where mouldering piles and forests intervene,  
Mingling with darker tints the living green,—  
No circling hills his ravished eye to bound,  
Heaven, Earth, and Ocean, blazing all around

The moon is up—the watch-tower dimly burns—  
And down the vale his sober step returns, 110

But pauses oft as winding rocks convey  
The still sweet fall of music far away  
And oft he lingers from his home awhile  
To watch the dying notes '—and start and smile '

Let Winter come ' let polar spirits sweep  
The darkening world and tempest troubled deep '  
Though boundless snows the withered heath deform  
And the dim sun scarce wanders through the storm  
Yet shall the smile of social love repay  
With mental light the melancholy day ' 10  
And when its short and sullen noon is o'er  
The ice chained waters slumbering on the shore  
How bright the faggots in his little hall  
Blaze on the hearth and warm the pictured wall '

How blest he names in love's familiar tone  
The kind fair friend by nature marked his own  
And in the waveless mirror of his mind  
Views the fleet years of pleasure left behind  
Since Anna's empire o'er his heart began '  
Since first he called her his before the holy man ' 130

Trim the gay taper in his rustic dome,  
And light the wintry paradise of home '  
And let the half uncurtained window hail  
Some way worn man benighted in the vale '  
Now while the moaning night wind rages high  
As sweep the shot stars down the troubled sky  
While fiery hosts in Heaven's wide circle play  
And bathe in lurid light the milky way  
Safe from the storm the meteor and the shower  
Some pleasing page shall charm the solemn hour— 140  
With pathos shall command and wit beguile  
A generous tear of anguish or a smile

Thy woes, Arion ! and thy simple tale,  
 O'er all the heart shall triumph and prevail ' \*  
 Charmed as they read the verse too sadly true  
 How gallant Albert, and his weary crew  
 Heaved all their guns, their foundering bark to save,  
 And toiled—and shrieked—and perished on the wave !

Yes, at the dead of night, by Lonna's steep,  
 The seaman's cry was heard along the deep , 150  
 There, on his funeral waters, dark and wild,  
 The dying father blessed his darling child '  
 ' Oh ! Mercy, shield her innocence,' he cried,  
 Spent on the prayer his bursting heart, and died !

Or they will learn how generous worth sublimes  
 The robber Moor, and pleads for all his crimes '  
 How poor Amelia kissed, with many a tear,  
 His hand blood-stained, but ever, ever dear '  
 Hung on the tortured bosom of her lord,  
 And wept, and prayed perdition from his sword ' 160  
 Nor sought in vain ' at that heart-piercing cry  
 The strings of Nature cracked with agony '  
 He, with delirious laugh, the dagger hurled,  
 And burst the ties that bound him to the world '

Turn from his dying words, that smite with steel  
 The shuddering thoughts, or wind them on the wheel—  
 Turn to the gentler melodies that suit  
 Thalia's harp, or Pan's Arcadian lute ,  
 Or, down the stream of Truth's historic page  
 From clime to clime descend, from age to age ' 170

Yet there, perhaps, may darker scenes obtude  
 Than Fancy fashions in her wildest mood  
 There shall he pause with horrent brow to rate  
 What millions died—that Caesar might be great !

Or learn the fate that bleeding thousands bore  
 Marched by their Charles to Dneiper's swampy shore  
 Faint in his wounds and shivering in the blast  
 The Swedish soldier sunk—and groaned his last '  
*File after file the stormy showers benumb*  
 Freeze every standard sheet and hush the drum ' 180  
 Horseman and horse confessed the bitter pang  
 And arms and warriors fell with hollow clang '  
 Yet ere he sunk in Nature's last repose  
 Fre life's warm torrent to the fountain froze  
 The dying man to Sweden turned his eye  
 Thought of his home and closed it with a sigh '  
 Imperial Pride looked sullen on his plight  
 And Charles beheld—nor shuddered at the sight

<sup>1</sup> Above below in Ocean Earth and Sky  
 Thy fairy worlds Imagination lie 190  
 And HOPE attends companion of the way  
 Thy dream by night thy visions of the day '  
 In yonder pensile orb and every sphere  
 That gems the starry girdle of the year  
 In those unmeasured worlds she bids thee tell  
 Pure from their God created millions dwell  
 Whose names and natures unrevealed below  
 We yet shall learn and wonder as we know  
 For as Iona's saint a giant form  
 Throned on her towers conversing with the storm 200  
 (When o'er each Runic altar weed entwined  
 The vesper clock tolls mournful to the wind)  
 Counts every wave worn isle and mountain hoar  
 From Kilda to the green Ierne's shore  
 So when thy pure and renovated mind  
 Thus perishable dust hath left behind  
 Thy seraph eye shall count the starry train  
 Like distant isles embosomed in the main —

<sup>1</sup> [Lines 189-212 did not appear in the first edition]



Rapt to the shrine where motion first began,  
And light and life in mingling torrents ran, 210  
From whence each bright rotundity was hurled  
The throne of God,—the centre of the world '

Oh ' vainly wise, the moral Muse hath sung  
That suasive HOPE hath but a Syren tongue '  
True , she may sport with life's untutored day,  
Nor heed the solace of its last decay,  
The guileless heart her happy mansion spurn,  
And part like Ajut—never to return '

But yet, methinks, when Wisdom shall assuage  
The griefs and passions of our greener age, 220  
Though dull the close of life, and far away  
Each flower that hailed the dawning of the day ,  
Yet o'er her lovely hopes, that once were dear,  
The time-taught spirit, pensive, not severe,  
With milder griefs her agèd eye shall fill,  
And weep their falsehood, though she love them  
still '

Thus, with forgiving tears, and reconciled,  
The king of Judah mourned his rebel child '  
Musing on days, when yet the guiltless boy  
Smiled on his sire, and filled his heart with joy ' 230  
' My Absalom ! ' the voice of Nature cried  
' Oh ! that for thee thy father could have died '  
For bloody was the deed, and rashly done,  
That slew my Absalom !—my son !—my son ! '

Unfading HOPE ! when life's last embers burn,  
When soul to soul, and dust to dust return '  
Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour '  
Oh ! then thy kingdom comes, immortal Power '  
What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly  
The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye ' 240

Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey  
The morning dream of life's eternal day—  
Then then the triumph and the trance begin  
And all the phoenix spirit burns within<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Oh! deep enchanting prelude to repose  
The dawn of bliss the twilight of our woes<sup>1</sup>  
Yet half I hear the panting spirit sigh  
It is a dread and awful thing to die<sup>1</sup>  
Mysterious worlds untravell'd by the sun<sup>1</sup>  
Where Time's far wandering tide has never run 30  
From your unfathomed shades and viewless spheres  
A warning comes unheard by other ears  
Tis Heaven's commanding trumpet long and loud  
Like Sinai's thunder pealing from the cloud<sup>1</sup>  
While Nature hears with terror mingled trust  
The shock that hurls her fabric to the dust  
And like the trembling Hebrew when he trod  
The roaring waves and call'd upon his God  
With mortal terrors clouds immortal bliss  
And shrieks and hovers o'er the dark abyss<sup>1</sup> 60

Daughter of Faith awake arise illumine  
The dread unknown the chaos of the tomb<sup>1</sup>  
Melt and dispel y<sup>e</sup> spectre doubts that roll  
Cimmerian darkness on the parting soul<sup>1</sup>  
Fly like the moon-eyed herald of dismay  
Chased on his night steed by the star of day<sup>1</sup>  
The strife is o'er—the pangs of Nature close  
And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes  
Hark! as the spirit eyes with eagle gaze  
The noon of Heaven undazzled by the blaze 0  
On heavenly winds that waft her to the sky  
Float the sweet tones of star-born melody

<sup>1</sup> [Lines 24–374 did not appear in the first edition.]

Wild as that hallowed anthem sent to hail  
 Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,  
 When Jordan hushed his waves, and midnight still  
 Watched on the holy towers of Zion hill !

Soul of the just ! companion of the dead !  
 Where is thy home, and whither art thou fled ?  
 Back to its heavenly source thy being goes,  
 Swift as the comet wheels to whence he rose , 280  
 Doomed on his airy path awhile to burn,  
 And doomed, like thee, to travel, and return  
 Hark ! from the world's exploding centre driven,  
 With sounds that shook the firmament of Heaven,  
 Careers the fiery giant, fast and far,  
 On bickering wheels, and adamantine car ,  
 From planet whirled to planet more remote,  
 He visits realms beyond the reach of thought,  
 But wheeling homeward, when his course is run,  
 Curbs the red yoke, and mingles with the sun ! 290  
 So hath the traveller of earth unfurled  
 Her trembling wings, emerging from the world ,  
 And o'er the path by mortal never trod,  
 Sprung to her source, the bosom of her God !

Oh ! lives there, Heaven ! beneath thy dread  
 expanse,  
 One hopeless, dark idolater of Chance,  
 Content to feed, with pleasures unrefined  
 The lukewarm passions of a lowly mind ,  
 Who, mouldering earthward, 'reft of every trust,  
 In joyless union wedded to the dust, 300  
 Could all his parting energy dismiss,  
 And call this barren world sufficient bliss ?  
 There live, alas ! of heaven-directed men,  
 Of cultured soul, and sapient eye serene,

Who hail thee Man ! the pilgrim of a day  
 Spouse of the worm and brother of the clay  
 Frail as a leaf in Autumn's yellow bower  
 Dust in the wind or dew upon the flower  
 A friendless slave a child without a sire  
 Who e mortal life and momentary fire 31  
 Lights to the grave his chance created form  
 As ocean wrecks illuminate the storm  
 And when the gun's tremendous flash is o'er  
 To night and silence sink for evermore !

Are these the pompous tidings ye proclaim  
 Lights of the world and demi gods of Fame ?  
 Is this your triumph—this your proud applau  
 Children of Truth and champions of her cause ?  
 For this hath Science searched on weary wing  
 By shore and sea each mute and living thing 32  
 Launched with Iberia's pilot from the steep  
 To worlds unknown and isles beyond the deep  
 Or round the cope her living chariot driven  
 And wheeled in triumph through the signs of Heaven !  
 Oh ! star-eyed Science hast thou wandered there  
 To waft us home the message of despair ?  
 Then bind the palm thy sage's brow to suit  
 Of blasted leaf and death distilling fruit !  
 Ah me ! the laurelled wreath that Murder rears  
 Blood nursed and watered by the widow's tears 33  
 Seems not so foul so tainted and so dread  
 As waves the night shade round the sceptic's head  
 What is the bigot's torch the tyrant's chain ?  
 I smile on death if heavenward HOPE remain  
 But if the warring winds of Nature's strife  
 Be all the faithless charter of my life  
 If Chance awaked inexorable power  
 This frail and feverish being of an hour

Doomed o'er the world's precarious scene to sweep  
 Swift as the tempest travels on the deep, 31  
 To know Delight but by her parting smile,  
 And toil, and wish, and weep a little while,  
 Then melt, ye elements, that formed in vain  
 This troubled pulse, and visionary brain!  
 Fade, ye wild flowers, memorials of my doom,  
 And sink, ye stars, that light me to the tomb!  
 Truth, ever lovely,—since the world began  
 The foe of tyrants, and the friend of man,  
 How can thy words from balmy slumber start  
 Reposing Virtue, pillowed on the heart? 35  
 Yet, if thy voice the note of thunder rolled,  
 And that were true which Nature never told,  
 Let Wisdom smile not on her conquered field,  
 No rapture dawns, no treasure is revealed!  
 Oh! let her read, nor loudly, nor elate,  
 The doom that bars us from a better fate,  
 But, sad as angels for the good man's sin,  
 Weep to record, and blush to give it in!

And well may Doubt, the mother of Dismay  
 Pause at her martyr's tomb, and read the lay 36  
 Down by the wilds of yon deserted vale  
 It darkly hints a melancholy tale!  
 There, as the homeless madman sits alone,  
 In hollow winds he hears a spirit moan!  
 And there, they say, a wizard orgie crowds,  
 When the moon lights her watch-tower in the clouds  
 Poor lost Alonzo! Fate's neglected child!  
 Mild be the doom of Heaven—as thou wert mild!  
 For oh! thy heart in holy mould was cast,  
 And all thy deeds were blameless, but the last 37  
 Poor lost Alonzo! still I seem to hear  
 The clod that struck thy hollow-sounding bier!

When Friendship paid in speechless sorrow drowned  
Thy midnight rites but not on hallowed ground !

Cease every joy to glimmer on my mind  
But leave oh ! leave the light of Hope behind !  
What though my winged hours of bliss have been  
Like angel visits few and far between !  
Her musing mood shall every pang appease  
And charm—when pleasures lose the power to please !  
Yes ! let each rapture dear to Nature flee  
Close not the light of Fortune's stormy sea—  
Mirth Music Friendship Love's propitious smile  
Chase every care and charm a little while  
Ecstatic throbs the fluttering heart employ  
And all her strings are harmonized to joy !  
But why so short is Love's delighted hour !  
Why fades the dew on Beauty's sweetest flower !  
Why can no hymned charm of music heal  
The sleepless woes impassioned spirits feel !  
Can Fancy's fairy hands no veil create  
To hide the sad realities of fate !

No ! not the quaint remark the sapient rule  
Nor all the pride of Wisdom's worldly school  
Have power to soothe unaided and alone  
The heart that vibrates to a feeling tone !  
When stepdame Nature every bliss recalls  
Fleet as the meteor o'er the desert falls  
When 'rest of all yon widowed sire appears  
A lonely hermit in the vale of years  
Say can the world one joyous thought bestow  
To Friendship weeping at the couch of Woe !  
No ! but a brighter soothes the last adieu —  
Souls of impassioned mould she speaks to you !  
We part she says at Nature's transient pain  
Congenial spirits part to meet again !

What plaintive sobs thy filial spirit drew,  
What sorrow choked thy long and last adieu,  
Daughter of Conrad ! when he heard his knell,  
And bade his country and his child farewell ! 410  
Doomed the long isles of Sydney Cove to see,  
The martyr of his crimes, but true to thee  
Thrice the sad father tore thee from his heart,  
And thrice returned, to bless thee, and to part ,  
Thrice from his trembling lips he murmured low  
The plaint that owned unutterable woe ,  
Till Faith, prevailing o'er his sullen doom,  
As bursts the morn on night's unfathomed gloom,  
Lured his dim eye to deathless hopes sublime,  
Beyond the realms of Nature and of Time ! 420

' And weep not thus,' he cried, ' young Ellenore ,  
My bosom bleeds, but soon shall bleed no more !  
Short shall this half-extinguished spirit burn,  
And soon these limbs to kindred dust return !  
But not, my child, with life's precarious fire,  
The immortal ties of Nature shall expire ,  
These shall resist the triumph of decay,  
When time is o'er, and worlds have passed away !  
Cold in the dust this perished heart may lie,  
But that which warmed it once shall never die ! 430  
That spark unburied in its mortal frame,  
' With living light, eternal, and the same,  
Shall beam on Joy's interminable years,  
Unveiled by darkness, unassuaged by tears !

' Yet, on the barren shore and stormy deep,  
One tedious watch is Conrad doomed to weep ,  
But when I gain the home without a friend,  
And press the uneasy couch where none attend,  
This last embrace, still cherished in my heart,  
' Shall calm the struggling spirit ere it part , 440

Thy darling form shall seem to hover nigh  
And hush the groan of life's last agony !

Farewell ! when strangers lift thy father's bier  
And place my nameless stone without a tear  
When each returning pledge hath told my child  
That Conrad's tomb is on the desert piled  
And when the dream of troubled fancy sees  
Its lonely rank grass waving in the breeze  
Who then will soothe thy grief when mine is o'er ?  
Who will protect thee helpless Ellenore ? 450  
Shall secret scenes thy filial sorrows hide  
Scorned by the world to factious guilt allied ?  
Ah ! no methinks the generous and the good  
Will woo thee from the shades of solitude !  
O'er friendless grief compassion shall awake  
And smile on innocence for mercy's sake !

Inspiring thought of rapture yet to be  
The tears of love were hopeless but for thee !  
If in that frame no deathless spirit dwell  
If that faint murmur be the last farewell 460  
If fate unite the faithful but to part  
Why is their memory sacred to the heart ?  
Why does the brother of my childhood seem  
Restored awhile in every pleasing dream ?  
Why do I joy the lonely spot to view  
By artless friendship blessed when life was new ?

Eternal Hope ! when yonder spheres sublime  
Pealed their first notes to sound the march of Time  
Thy joyous youth began—but not to fade  
When all the sister planets have decayed 470  
When wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow  
And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below  
Thou undismayed shalt o'er the ruin smile  
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile !



## NOTES TO THE PLEASURES OF HOPE

[For Original Introduction to this Poem see end of the (Notes)]

## PART I

## NOTE TO LINE 101

*And such thy strength-inspiring and that bore  
The hardy Byron to his native shore*

The following picture of his own distress given by Byron in his simple and interesting narrative, justifies the description on page 5

After relating the barbarity of the Indian cacique to his child, he proceeds thus — 'A day or two after we put to sea again, and crossed the great bay I mentioned we had been at the bottom of when we first hauled away to the westward. The land here was very low and sandy, and something like the mouth of a river which discharged itself into the sea, and which had been taken no notice of by us before, as it was so shallow that the Indians were obliged to take everything out of their canoes and carry them over land. We rowed up the river four or five leagues, and then took into a branch of it that ran first to the eastward, and then to the northward. Here it became much narrower, and the stream excessively rapid, so that we gained but little way, though we wrought very hard. At night we landed upon its banks, and had a most uncomfortable lodging, it being a perfect swamp, and we had nothing to cover us, though it rained excessively. The Indians were little better off than we, as there was no wood here to make their wigwams, so that all they could do was to prop up the bark, which they carry in the bottom of their canoes, and shelter themselves as well as they could to the leeward of it. Knowing the difficulties they had to encounter here, they had provided themselves with some seal, but we had not a morsel to eat, after the heavy fatigues of the day, excepting a sort of root we saw the Indians make use of, which was very disagreeable to the taste. We laboured all next day against the stream, and fared as we had done the day before. The next day brought us to the carrying place. Here was plenty of wood, but nothing to be got for sustenance. We passed this night as we had frequently done, under a tree, but what we suffered at this time is not easy to be expressed. I had been three days at the oar without any kind of nourishment except the wretched root above mentioned. I had no shirt, for it had rotted off by bits. All my clothes consisted

of a short girdle ( something like a bear skin) a piece of red cloth which had once been a waistcoat and a ragged pair of trousers without shoes or stockings

## NOTE TO LINE 100

*A Briton and a friend* Don Patricio Gedd a Scotch physician in one of the Spanish settlements hospitably relieved Byron and his wretched associates, of which the Commodore speaks in the warmest term of gratitude

## NOTE TO LINE 131

*Another string* The seven strings of Apollo's larp were the symbolical representations of the seven planet Herschel by discovering an eighth, might be said to add another string to the instrument.

## NOTE TO LINE 13.

*The Swedish sage* Linnaeus

## NOTE TO LINE 140

*Father Sage* Socrates

## NOTE TO LINE 1

*The Loxian murmurs* Loxias is a name frequently given to Apollo by Greek writers it is met with more than once in the Choephora of Aeschylus.

## NOTE TO LINE 189

See Exodus chap xvii 3 & 6

## NOTE TO LINE 338

*W'ld Obi flies* Among the negroes of the West Indies Obi or Obiah is the name of a magical power which is believed by them to affect the object of its malignity with dismal calamities Such a belief must undoubtedly have been deduced from the superstitious mythology of their kinsmen on the coast of Africa I have therefore personified Obi as the evil spirit of the African although the history of the African tribes mention the evil spirits of their religious creed by a different appellation

## NOTE TO LINE 340

*Siber's dreary miles* Mr Bell of Antermoney in his *Travels through Siberia* informs us that the name of the country universally pronounced Siber by the Russians

## NOTE TO LINE 376

*Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man !*

The history of the partition of Poland, of the massacre in the suburbs of Warsaw, and on the bridge of Prague, the triumphant entry of Suwarrow into the Polish capital, and the insult offered to human nature by the blasphemous thanks offered up to Heaven for victories obtained over men fighting in the sacred cause of liberty, by murderers and oppressors, are events generally known.

[In the first edition there appears here a long quotation of several pages from the *New Annual Register*, 1794.]

## NOTE TO LINE 519

*The shrill horn blew*

The negroes in the West Indies are summoned to their morning work by a shell or horn.

## NOTE TO LINE 538

*How long was Timour's iron sceptre suayed ?*

To elucidate this passage, I shall subjoin a quotation from the preface to *Letters from a Hindoo Rajah* a work of elegance and celebrity —

‘The impostor of Mecca had established, as one of the principles of his doctrine, the merit of extending it either by persuasion, or the sword, to all parts of the earth. How steadily this injunction was adhered to by his followers, and with what success it was pursued, is well known to all who are in the least conversant in history.

‘The same overwhelming torrent which had inundated the greater part of Africa, burst its way into the very heart of Europe and covering many kingdoms of Asia, with unbounded desolation, directed its baneful course to the flourishing provinces of Hindostan. Here these fierce and hardy adventurers, whose only improvement had been in the science of destruction, who added the fury of fanaticism to the ravages of war, found the great end of their conquest opposed by objects which neither the ardour of their persevering zeal, nor savage barbarity, could surmount. Multitudes were sacrificed by the cruel hand of religious persecution, and whole countries were deluged in blood in the vain hope, that by the destruction of a part, the remainder might be persuaded, or terrified, into the profession of Mahomedism. But all these sanguinary efforts were ineffectual, and at length, being fully convinced, that though they might extirpate, they could never

hope to convert any number of the Hindoos they relinquished the impracticable idea with which they had entered upon their career of conquest and contented themselves with the acquirement of the civil dominion and almost universal empire of Hindostan —(*Letters from a Hindoo Rajah* by Eliza Hamilton)

## NOTE TO LINE 552

*The stormy spirit of the Cape* See the description of the Cape of Good Hope translated from Camoens by Mickle

## NOTE TO LINE 566

*While famished nations died along the shore*

The following account of British conduct and its consequences in Bengal, will afford a sufficient idea of the fact alluded to in this passage

After describing the monopoly of salt betel nut and tobacco the historian proceeds thus — Money in this current came but by drops it could not quench the thirst of those who waited in India to receive it An expedient such as it was remained to quicken its pace The natives could live with little salt but could not want food Some of the agents saw themselves well situated for collecting the rice into stores they did so They knew the Gentoos would rather die than violate the principles of their religion by eating flesh The alternative would therefore be between giving what they had or dying The inhabitants sunk —they that cultivated the land and saw the harvest at the disposal of others planted in doubt scarcity ensued Then the monopoly was easier managed—sickness ensued In some districts the land living left the bodies of their numerous dead unburied —*Short History of the English Transactions in the East Indies* p 145

## NOTE TO LINE 581

*Nine times have Brahma's wheels of lightning hurled  
His awful presence o'er the alarmed world*

Among the sublime fictions of the Hindoo mythology it is one article of belief that the Deity Brahma has descended nine times upon the world in various forms and that he is yet to appear a tenth time in the figure of a warrior upon a white horse to cut off all incorrigible offenders Avatar is the word used to express his descent.

## NOTE TO LINE 601

*Camdeo bright, &c* Camdeo is the God of Love in the mythology of the Hindoos. Ganesa and Sriswattie correspond to the pagan deities Janus and Minerva.

## PART II

## NOTE TO LINE 51

*The noon of manhood, &c* 'Sacred to Venus is the myrtle shade'—Dryden

## NOTE TO LINE 143

*Thy woes, Arion!* Falconer in his poem, *The Shipwreck*, speaks of himself by the name of Arion. See Falconer's *Shipwreck* Canto III. [In the first edition of his poem Campbell gives a long quotation here from Falconer.]

## NOTE TO LINE 156

*The robber Moor* See Schiller's tragedy of *The Robbers*, Scene v. [Here in the first edition Campbell gives a long quotation from Schiller.]

## NOTE TO LINE 174

*What millions died, &c* The carnage occasioned by the wars of Julius Caesar has been usually estimated at two millions of men.

## NOTE TO LINE 175

*Or learn the fate that bleeding thousands bore,  
Marched by their Charles to Dnieper's swampy shore*

'In this extremity', says the biographer of Charles XII of Sweden, speaking of his military exploits before the battle of Pultowa, 'the memorable winter of 1709, which was still more remarkable in that part of Europe than in France, destroyed numbers of his troops, for Charles resolved to brave the seasons as he had done his enemies, and ventured to make long marches during this mortal cold. It was in one of these marches that two thousand men fell down dead with cold before his eyes.'

## NOTE TO LINE 199

*As Iona's saint* The natives of the island of St. Iona have an opinion that on certain evenings every year the tutelary saint Columba is seen on the top of the church spires, counting the surrounding islands, to see that they have not been sunk by the power of witchcraft. [This note is not in the first edition.]

## NOTE TO LINE 218

*Part like Ajut* See the history of Ajut and Auningat in *The Pambler*

ORIGINAL MS INTRODUCTION TO THE  
PLEASURES OF HOPE

[First printed soon after the author's death in *The Edinburgh Advertiser*]

SEVEN lingering moons have crossed the starry line  
Since Beauty's form or Nature's face divine  
Had power the sombre of my soul to turn  
Had power to wake my strings and bid them burn

The charm dissolves ! What Genius bade me go  
To search the unfathomed mine of human woe  
The wrongs of man to man of crime to crime  
Since Nature yoked the fiery steeds of time  
The tales of death since cold on Eden's plain  
The beauteous mother clasped her Abel slain  
Ambition's guilt since Carthage wept her doom  
The Patriot's fate since Brutus fell with Rome

The charm dissolves ! My kindling fancy dream  
Of brighter forms inspired by gentler themes  
Joy and her rosy flowers attract my view  
And Mirth can please and Music charm anew  
And Hope the harbinger of golden hours  
The light of life the fire of Fancy's powers  
Returns ! Again I lift my trembling gaze  
And bless the smiling guest of other days

So when the Northern in the lonely gloom  
Where Hekla's fires the polar night illumine  
Hails the glad summer to his Lulean shores  
And bowed to earth his circling suns adore

So when Cimmerian darkness wakes the dead  
And hideous Nightmare haunts the curtained bed  
And scowls her wild eye on the maddening brain,  
What speechless horrors thrill the slumbering swain  
When shapeless fiends inhale his tortured breath  
Immure him living in the vaults of death  
Or lead him lonely through the charnelled aisles  
The roaring floods the dark and swampy vales

When rocked by winds he wanders on the deep,  
Climbs the tall spire, or scales the breasting steep,  
His life-blood freezing to the central urn,  
No voice can call for aid, no limb can turn,  
Till eastern shoot the harbinger of day,  
And Night and all her spectres fade away

If then some wandering huntsman of the morn  
Wind from the hill his murmuring bugle-horn,  
The shrill sweet music wakes the slumberer's ear,  
And melts his blood, and bursts the bands of fear,  
The vision fades—the shepherd lifts his eye  
And views the lark that carols to the sky

GERTRUDE OF WYOMING  
OR  
THE PENNSYLVANIAN COTTAGE

(First published in 1809)





# GERTRUDE OF WYOMING

## PART I

### I

ON Susquehanna's side fair Wyoming '  
Although the wild flower on thy ruined wall  
And roofless homes a sad remembrance bring  
Of what thy gentle people did befall  
Yet thou wert once the loveliest land of all  
That see the Atlantic wave their morn restore  
Sweet land ' may I thy lost delights recall  
And paint thy Gertrude in her bowers of yore  
Whose beauty was the love of Pennsylvania's shore '

### II

Delightful Wyoming ' beneath thy skies  
The happy shepherd swains had nought to do  
But feed their flocks on green declivities  
Or skim perchance thy lake with light canoe  
From morn till evening's sweeter pastime grew  
With timbrel when beneath the forests brown  
Thy lovely maidens would the dance renew  
And aye those sunny mountains half way down  
Would echo flageolet from some romantic town

I 1 Susquehanna s] Susquehanna s *first edition*

II 9 flageolet] flageolet *first to seventh edition*

## III

Then, where of Indian hills the daylight takes  
 His leave, how might you the flamingo see  
 Disporting like a meteor on the lakes,  
 And playful squirrel on his nut-grown tree  
 And every sound of life was full of glee,  
 From merry mock-bird's song, or hum of men ,  
 While hearkening, fearing nought their revelry,  
 The wild-deer arched his neck from glades, and then  
 Unhunted sought his woods and wilderness again

## IV

And scarce had Wyoming of war or crime  
 Heard, but in transatlantic story rung,  
 For here the exile met from every clime,  
 And spoke in friendship every distant tongue  
 Men from the blood of warring Europe sprung  
 Were but divided by the running brook ,  
 And happy where no Rhenish trumpet sung,  
 On plains no sieging mine's volcano shook,  
 The blue-eyed German changed his sword to pruning-  
 hook

## V

Nor far some Andalusian saraband  
 Would sound to many a native roundelay ,  
 But who is he that yet a dearer land  
 Remembers, over hills and far away ?  
 Green Albin ' what though he no more survey  
 Thy ships at anchor on the quiet shore,  
 Thy pellochs rolling from the mountain bay,  
 Thy lone sepulchral cairn upon the moor,  
 And distant isles that hear the loud Corbrechtan roar ?

v, 2 roundelay] rondelay *first edition*

## VI

Alas ! poor Caledonia's mountuneer  
That wants stern edict e'er and feudal grief  
Had forced him from a home he loved so dear !  
Yet found he here a home and glad relief  
And plied the beverage from his own fair sheaf  
That fired his Highland blood with mickle glee  
And England sent her men of men the chief  
*Who taught those sires of Empire yet to be*  
To plant the tree of life —to plant fair Freedom's tree

## VII

Here was not mingled in the city's pomp  
Of life's extremes the grandeur and the gloom  
Judgement awoke not here her dismal tromp  
Nor sealed in blood a fellow creature's doom  
Nor mourned the captive in a living tomb  
One venerable man beloved of all  
Sufficed where innocence was yet in bloom  
To sway the strife that seldom might befall  
And Albert was their judge in patriarchal hall

## VIII

How reverend was the look serenely aged  
He bore this gentle Pennsylvanian sire  
Where all but kindly fervours were assuaged  
Undimmed by weakness shade or turbid ire !  
And though amidst the calm of thought entire  
Some high and haughty features might betray  
A soul impetuous once 'twas earthly fire  
That fled composure's intellectual ray  
As Etna's fires grow dim before the rising day ,

## IX

I boast no song in magic wonders rife,  
 But yet, O Nature ' is there nought to prize,  
 Familiar in thy bosom scenes of life ?  
 And dwells in daylight truth's salubrious skies  
 No form with which the soul may sympathize ?—  
 Young, innocent, on whose sweet forehead mild  
 The parted ringlet shone in simplest guise,  
 An inmate in the home of Albert smiled,  
 Or blest his noonday walk, she was his only child

## X

The rose of England bloomed on Gertrude's cheek  
 What though these shades had seen her birth ? her sire  
 A Briton's independence taught to seek  
 Far western worlds, and there his household fire  
 The light of social love did long inspire,  
 And many a halcyon day he lived to see  
 Unbroken but by one misfortune dire,  
 When fate had reft his mutual heart but she  
 Was gone, and Gertrude climbed a widowed father's  
 knee—

## XI

A loved bequest ' and I may half impart  
 To them that feel the strong paternal tie,  
 How like a new existence to his heart  
 That living flower uprose beneath his eye,  
 Dear as she was, from cherub infancy,  
 From hours when she would round his garden play,  
 To time when, as the ripening years went by,  
 Her lovely mind could culture well repay,  
 And more engaging grew from pleasing day to day

11, 2, 3 in the *first edition*—

But yet, familiar is there nought to prize,

O Nature ' in thy bosom scenes of life ?

( 11, 4 Uprose that living flower *first edition*

## XII

I may not paint those thousand infant charms  
(Unconscious fascination undesigned)  
The orison repeated in his arms  
For God to bless her sire and all mankind  
The book the bosom on his knee reclined  
Or how sweet fairy lore he heard her con  
(The playmate ere the teacher of her mind)  
All unaccompanied else her heart had gone  
Till now in Gertrude's eyes their ninth blue summer  
shone

## XIII

And summer was the tide and sweet the hour  
When sire and daughter saw with fleet descent  
An Indian from his bark approach their bower  
Of buskined limb and swarthy lineament  
The red wild feathers on his brow were blent  
And bracelets bound the arm that helped to light  
A boy who seemed as he beside him went  
Of Christian vesture and complexion bright  
Led by his dusky guide like morning brought by  
night

## XIV

Yet pensive seemed the boy for one so young—  
The dimple from his polished cheek had fled  
When leaning on his forest bow unstrung  
The Oneyda warrior to the planter said  
And laid his hand upon the stripling's head  
Peace be to thee ' my words this belt approve  
The paths of peace my steps have hither led  
This little nursling take him to thy love  
And shield the bird unfledged since gone the parent  
dove

XII 8 heart] years for 1 edition

## XV

' Christian ' I am the foeman of thy foe ,  
 Our wampum league thy brethren did embrace  
 Upon the Michagan, three moons ago,  
 We launched our pirogues for the bison chace,  
 And with the Hurons planted for a space,  
 With true and faithful hands, the olive-stalk ,  
 But snakes are in the bosoms of their race,  
 And though they held with us a friendly talk  
 The hollow peace-tree fell beneath their tomahawk

## XVI

' It was encamping on the lake's far port  
 A cry of Areouski broke our sleep,  
 Where stormed an ambushed foe thy nation's fort,  
 And rapid, rapid whoops came o'er the deep ,  
 But long thy country's war-sign on the steep  
 Appeared through ghastly intervals of light,  
 And deathfully their thunders seemed to sweep,  
 Till utter darkness swallowed up the sight,  
 As if a shower of blood had quenched the fiery fight

## XVII

' It slept it rose again—on high their tower  
 Sprung upwards like a torch to light the skies ,  
 Then down again it rained an ember shower,  
 And louder lamentations heard we rise  
 As, when the evil Manitou that dies  
 The Ohio woods consumes them in his ire,  
 In vain the desolated panther flies,  
 And howls amidst his wilderness of fire  
 Alas ! too late, we reached and smote those Hurons  
 dire !

xv, 4 pirogues] quivers *first edition*

9 tomahawk] tomohawk *first edition* , Webster gives 'tamoh-  
 hecan' as the Delaware form

## XVIII

But as the fox beneath the nobler hound  
So died their warriors by our battle brand  
And from the tree we with her child unbound  
A lonely mother of the Christian land —  
Her lord—the captain of the British band—  
Amidst the slaughter of his soldiers lay  
Scarcely knew the widow our delivering hand  
Upon her child she sobbed and swooned away  
Or shrieked unto the God to whom the Christians  
    pray

## XIX

Our virgins fed her with their kindly bowls  
Of fever balm and sweet saganuts  
But she was journeying to the land of souls  
And lifted up her dying head to pray  
That we should bid an ancient friend convey  
Her orphan to his home of England's shore  
And take she said this token far away  
To one that will remember us of yore  
When he beholds the ring that Waldegrave's Julia  
    wore

## XX

And I the eagle of my tribe have rushed  
With this lorn dove —A sage's self command  
Had quelled the tears from Albert's heart that gushed  
But yet his cheek—his agitated hand  
That showered upon the stranger of the land  
No common boon—in grief but ill beguiled  
A soul that was not wont to be unmanned  
And stay he cried dear pilgrim of the wild  
Preserver of my old my boon companion's child!—



## XXI

' Child of a race whose name my bosom warms,  
On earth's remotest bounds how welcome here '  
Whose mother oft, a child, has filled these arms  
Young as thyself, and innocently dear ,  
Whose grandsire was my early life's compeer  
Ah, happiest home of England's happy clime '  
How beautiful e'en now thy scenes appear,  
As in the noon and sunshine of my prime '  
How gone like yesterday these thrice ten years of  
time '

## XXII

' And, Julia ' when thou wert like Gertrude now,  
Can I forget thee, favourite child of yore ?  
O! thought I, in thy father's house when thou  
Wert lightest-hearted on his festive floor,  
And first of all his hospitable door  
To meet and kiss me at my journey's end—  
But where was I when Waldegrave was no more ?  
And thou didst, pale, thy gentle head extend  
In woes, that e'en the tribe of deserts was thy friend ' '

## XXIII

He said—and strained unto his heart the boy  
Far differently the mute Oneyda took  
His calumet of peace and cup of joy ,  
As monumental bronze unchanged his look ,  
A soul that pity touched, but never shook ,  
Trained from his tree-rocked cradle to his bier  
The fierce extremes of good and ill to brook  
Impassive—fearing but the shame of fear  
A stoic of the woods—a man without a tear

## XXIV

Yet deem not goodness on the savage stock  
 Of Outalissi's heart disdained to grow  
 As lives the oak unwithered on the rock  
 By storms above and barrenness below  
 He scorned his own who felt another's woe  
 And ere the wolf skin on his back he flung  
 Or laced his moccasins in act to go  
 A song of parting to the boy he sung  
 Who slept on Albert's couch nor heard his friendly  
     tongue

## XXV

Sleep wearied one ' and in the dreaming land  
 Shouldst thou to-morrow with thy mother meet  
 Oh ' tell her spirit that the white man's hand  
 Hath plucked the thorns of sorrow from thy feet  
 While I in lonely wilderness shall greet  
 Thy little foot-prints—or by traces know  
 The fountain where at noon I thought it sweet  
 To feed thee with the quarry of my bow  
 And poured the lotus horn or slew the mountain roe

## XXVI

Adieu ' sweet scion of the rising sun '  
 But should affliction's storms thy blossom mock  
 Then come again my own adopted one '  
 And I will graft thee on a noble stock  
 The crocodile the condor of the rock  
 Shall be the pastime of thy sylvan wars  
 And I will teach thee in the battle's shock  
 To pay with Huron blood thy father's scars  
 And gratulate his soul rejoicing in the stars '

xxv 2 to-morrow with      meet] the spirit of      greet fir t  
*ed tion*

3 tell her spirit] say to-morrow *first edition*

o greet] meet *first edition*

## XXVII

So finished he the rhyme (howe'er uncouth)  
That true to nature's fervid feelings ran  
(And song is but the eloquence of truth)  
Then forth uprose that lone wayfaring man,  
But, dauntless, he nor chart nor journey's plan  
In woods required, whose trained eye was keen  
As eagle of the wilderness to scan  
His path by mountain, swamp, or deep ravine,  
Or ken far friendly huts on good savannas green

## XXVIII

Old Albert saw him from the valley's side—  
His pique launched, his pilgrimage begun,  
Far like the red-bird's wing he seemed to glide;  
Then dived, and vanished in the woodlands dun  
Oft, to that spot by tender memory won,  
Would Albert climb the promontory's height,  
If but a dim sail glimmered in the sun,  
But never more, to bless his longing sight,  
Was Outalissi hailed, with bark and plumage bright

## PART II

## I

A VALLEY from the river shore withdrawn  
Was Albert's home, two quiet woods between,  
Whose lofty verdure overlooked his lawn,  
And waters to their resting-place serene  
Came freshening, and reflecting all the scene  
(A mirror in the depth of flowery shelves)  
So sweet a spot of earth, you might (I ween)  
Have guessed some congregation of the elves,  
To sport by summer moons, had shaped it for them-  
selves

XXVIII, 9 with] his *first edition*

## II

Yet wanted not the eye far scope to muse  
Nor vistas opened by the wandering stream  
Both where at evening Allegany views  
Through ridges burning in her western beam  
Lake after lake interminably gleam  
And past those settlers' haunts the eye might roam  
Where earth's unliving silence all would seem  
Save where on rocks the beaver built his dome  
Or buffalo remote loved far from human home

## III

But silent not that adverse eastern path  
Which saw Aurora's hills the horizon crown  
There was the river heard in bed of wrath  
(A precipice of foam from mountains brown)  
Like tumults heard from some far distant town  
But softening in approach he left his gloom  
And murmured pleasantly and laid him down  
To kiss those easy curving banks of bloom  
That lent the windward air an exquisite perfume

## IV

It seemed as if those scenes sweet influence had  
On Gertrude's soul and kindness like their own  
Inspired those eyes affectionate and glad  
That seemed to love whatever they looked upon—  
Whether with Hebe's mirth her features shone  
Or if a shade more pleasing them o'ercast  
(As if for heavenly musing meant alone)  
Yet so becomingly the expression passed  
That each succeeding look was lovelier than the last

## V

Nor, guess I, was that Pennsylvanian home  
With all its picturesque and balmy grace,  
And fields that were a luxury to roam,  
Lost on the soul that looked from such a face '  
Enthusiast of the woods ' when years apace  
Had bound thy lovely waist with woman's zone,  
The sunrise path at morn I see thee trace  
To hills with high magnolia overgrown,  
And joy to breathe the groves, romantic and alone

## VI

The sunrise drew her thoughts to Europe forth,  
That thus apostrophized its viewless scene  
' Land of my father's love, my mother's birth '  
The home of kindred I have never seen '  
We know not other—oceans are between  
Yet say, far friendly hearts ' from whence we came,  
Of us does oft remembrance intervene ?  
My mother sure—my sire a thought may claim ,  
But Gertrude is to you an unregarded name

## VII

' And yet, loved England ' when thy name I trace  
In many a pilgrim's tale and poet's song,  
How can I choose but wish for one embrace  
Of them, the dear unknown, to whom belong  
My mother's looks, perhaps her likeness strong ?  
Oh, parent ' with what reverential awe  
From features of thine own related throng  
An image of thy face my soul could draw,  
And see thee once again whom I too shortly saw ' '

## VIII

Yet deem not Gertrude sighed for foreign joy  
 To soothe a father's couch her only care  
 And keep his reverend head from all annoy —  
 For thus methinks her homeward steps repair  
 Soon as the morning wreath had bound her hair  
 While yet the wild deer trod in spangling dew  
 While boatman carolled to the fresh blown air  
 And woods a horizontal shadow threw  
 And early fox appeared in momentary view

## IX

Apart there was a deep untrodden grot  
 Where oft the reading hours sweet Gertrude wore  
 Tradition had not named its lonely spot  
 But here methinks might India's sons explore  
 Their fathers' dust or lift perchance of yore  
 Their voice to the great Spirit — rocks sublime  
 To human art a sportive semblance bore  
 And yellow lichens coloured all the clime  
 Like moonlight battlements and towers decayed by  
 time

## X

But high in amphitheatre above  
 His arms the everlasting aloes threw  
 Breathed but an air of heaven and all the grove  
 As if instinct with living spirit grew  
 Rolling its verdant gulfs of every hue  
 And now suspended was the pleasing din  
 Now from a murmur faint it swelled anew  
 Like the first note of organ heard within  
 Cathedral aisles — ere yet its symphony begin

ix 1 Apart] At times *first ed t on*

x 2 So in the first edition altered to the more general and  
 therefore less effective Gay tinted woods their massy foliage  
 threw Aloes is used as a singular noun

4 in tinted with] with instinct *first ed t on*

## XI

It was in this lone valley she would charm  
 The lingering noon, where flowers a couch had strown ,  
 Her cheek reclining, and her snowy arm,  
 On hillock by the palm-tree half o'ergrown  
 And aye that volume on her lap is thrown  
 Which every heart of human mould endears ,  
 With Shakespeare's self she speaks and smiles alone,  
 And no intruding visitation fears  
 To shame the unconscious laugh or stop her sweetest  
 tears

## XII

And nought within the grove was seen or heard  
 But stock-doves 'plaining through its gloom profound  
 Or winglet of the fairy humming-bird,  
 Like atoms of the rainbow fluttering round ,  
 When, lo ! there entered to its inmost ground  
 A youth, the stranger of a distant land ,  
 He was, to weet, for eastern mountains bound ,  
 But late the equator suns his cheek had tanned,  
 And California's gales his roving bosom fanned

## XIII

A steed, whose rein hung loosely o'er his arm,  
 He led dismounted , ere his leisure pace,  
 Amid the brown leaves, could her ear alarm,  
 Close he had come, and worshipped for a space  
 Those downcast features —she her lovely face  
 Uplift on one whose lineaments and frame  
 Were youth and manhood's intermingled grace  
 Iberian seemed his boot his robe the same,  
 And well the Spanish plume his lofty looks became

XII, 1, 2 For, save her presence, scarce an ear had heard  
 The stock-dove—*first edition*

5 When lo ! there entered] Till chance had ushered *first edition*

6 The stranger guest of many a distant clime *first edition*

## XIV

For Albert's home he sought—her finger fair  
 Has pointed where the father's mansion stood  
 Returning from the copse he soon was there  
 And soon has Gertrude hied from dark green wood  
 Nor joyless by the converse understood  
 Between the man of age and pilgrim young  
 That gay congeniality of mood  
 And early liking from acquaintance sprung  
 Full fluently conversed their guest in England's  
 tongue

## XV

And well could he his pilgrimage of taste  
 Unfold and much they loved his fervid strain  
 While he each fair variety retraced  
 Of climes and manners o'er the eastern main—  
 Now happy Switzer's hills romantic Spain  
 Gay hied fields of France or more refined  
 The soft Ausonia's monumental reign  
 Nor less each rural image he designed  
 Than all the city's pomp and home of human kind

## XVI

Anon some wilder portraiture he draws  
 Of Nature's savage glories he would speak  
 The loneliness of earth that overawes  
 Where resting by some tomb of old Cacique  
 The lama driver on Peruvia's peak  
 Nor living voice nor motion marks around—  
 But storks that to the boundless forest shriek  
 Or wild cane arch high flung o'er gulf profound  
 That fluctuates when the storms of El Dorado sound

XVI a lama driver] so in the first and subsequent edition. The modern form is llama. Peruvian for flock. The Tibetan word lama means high priest.

( living voice nor motion] voice nor living motion *first edition*.



## XVII

Pleased with his guest, the good man still would ply  
 Each earnest question, and his converse court,  
 But Gertrude, as she eyed him, knew not why  
 A strange and troubling wonder stopt her short  
 ‘ In England thou hast been,—and, by report,  
 An orphan’s name,’ quoth Albert, ‘ mayst have  
     known

Sad tale !—When latest fell our frontier fort,  
 ‘ One innocent one soldier’s child—alone  
 Was spared, and brought to me, who loved him as my  
     own —

## XVIII

‘ Young Henry Waldegrave ’ Three delightful years  
 These very walls his infant sports did see .  
 But most I loved him when his parting tears  
 Alternately bedewed my child and me  
 His sorest parting, Gertrude, was from thee ,  
 Nor half its grief his little heart could hold  
 By kindred he was sent for o’er the sea ,  
 They tore him from us when but twelve years old,  
 And scarcely for his loss have I been yet consoled ! ’

## XIX

His face the wanderer hid—but could not hide  
 A tear, a smile, upon his cheek that dwell ,  
 And ‘ Speak ’ mysterious stranger ! ’ Gertrude cried,  
 ‘ It is !—it is !—I knew I knew him well ! ’  
 ‘Tis Waldegrave’s self, of Waldegrave come to tell ! ’  
 A burst of joy the father’s lips declare ,  
 But Gertrude speechless on his bosom fell  
 At once his open arms embraced the pair  
 Was never group more blest in this wide world of care

## XX

And will ye pardon then    replied the youth  
Your Waldegrave's feigned name and false attire ?  
I durst not in the neighbourhood in truth  
The very fortunes of your house inquire  
Lest one that knew me might some tidings due  
Impart and I my weakness all betray  
For had I lost my Gertrude and my sire  
I meant but o'er your tombs to weep a day —  
Unknown I meant to weep unknown to pass away

## XXI

But here ye live — ye bloom in each dear face  
The changing hand of time I may not blame  
For there it hath but shed more reverend grace  
And here of beauty perfected the frame  
And well I know your hearts are still the same—  
They could not change—ye look the very way  
As when an orphan first to you I came  
And have ye heard of my poor guide I pray ?  
Nay wherefore weep ye friends on such a joyous  
day ?

## XXII

And art thou here ? or is it but a dream ?  
And wilt thou Waldegrave wilt thou leave us  
more ? —

No never ! thou that yet dost lovelier seem  
Than aught on earth—than e'en thyself of yore—  
I will not part thee from thy father's shore  
But we shall cherish him with mutual arms  
And hand in hand again the path explore  
Which every ray of young remembrance warms  
While thou shalt be my own with all thy truth and  
charms !

## XXIII

At morn, as if beneath a galaxy  
Of over-arching groves in blossoms white,  
Where all was odorous scent and harmony  
And gladness to the heart, nerve, ear, and sight  
There, if, O gentle love ! I read aught  
The utterance that sealed thy sacred bond,  
'Twas, listening to these accents of delight  
She hid upon his breast those eyes, beyond  
Expression's power to paint all languishingly fond

## XXIV

' Flower of my life, so lovely, and so lone '  
Whom I would rather in this desert meet,  
Scorning and scorned by fortune's power, than own  
Her pomp and splendours lavished at my feet '  
Turn not from me thy breath, more exquisite  
Than odours cast on heaven's own shrine to please ,  
Give me thy love, than luxury more sweet,  
And more than all the wealth that loads the barge  
When Coromandel's ships return from Indian seas '

## XXV

Then would that home admit them—happier far  
Than grandeur's most magnificent saloon,  
While, here and there, a solitary star  
Flushed in the darkening firmament of June ,  
And silence brought the soul-felt hour full soon,  
Ineffable, which I may not portray ,  
For never did the hymenean moon  
A paradise of hearts more sacred sway  
'In all that slept beneath her soft voluptuous ray

## PART III

## I

O LOVE ' in such a wilderne s as this  
Where transport and security entwine  
Here is the empire of thy perfect bliss  
And here thou art a god indeed divine  
Here shall no forms abridge no hours confine  
The views the walks that boundless joy inspire '  
Roll on ye days of raptured influence shine '  
Nor blind with ecstasies celestial fire  
Shall love behold the spark of earth born time expire

## II

Three little moons how short ' amidst the grove  
And pastoral savannas they consume '  
While she beside her buskined youth to rove  
Delights in fancifully wild costume  
Her lovely brow to shade with Indian plume  
And forth in hunter seeming vest they fare  
But not to chase the deer in forest gloom  
Tis but the breath of heaven—the blessed air—  
And interchange of hearts unknown unseen to share

## III

What though the sportive dog oft round them note  
Or fawn or wild bird bursting on the wing  
Yet who in love s own presence would devote  
To death those gentle throats that wake the spring  
Or writhing from the brook its victim bring ?  
No '—nor let fear one little warbler rouse  
But fed by Gertrude s hand still let them sing  
Acquaintance of her path amidst the boughs  
That shade even now her love and witnessed first  
her vows

## IV

Now labyrinths, which but themselves can pierce,  
 Methinks, conduct them to some pleasant ground,  
 Where welcome hills shut out the universe,  
 And pines their lawny walk encompass round,  
 There, if a pause delicious converse found,  
 'Twas but when o'er each heart the idea stole  
 (Perchance awhile in joy's oblivion drowned)  
 That come what may, while life's glad pulses roll,  
 Indissolubly thus should soul be knit to soul

## V

And, in the visions of romantic youth,  
 What years of endless bliss are yet to flow '  
 But, mortal pleasure, what art thou in truth ?  
 The torrent's smoothness ere it dash below '  
 And must I change my song ? and must I show,  
 Sweet Wyoming ! the day when thou wert doomed,  
 Guiltless, to mourn thy loveliest bowers laid low '  
 When, where of yesterday a garden bloomed,  
 Death overspread his pall, and blackening ashes  
     gloomed

## VI

Sad was the year, by proud oppression driven,  
 When Transatlantic Liberty arose,  
 Not in the sunshine and the smile of heaven,  
 But wrapt in whirlwinds and begirt with woes,  
 Amidst the strife of fratricidal foes,  
 Her birth star was the light of burning plains,  
 Her baptism is the weight of blood that flows  
 From kindred hearts—the blood of British veins,  
 And famine tracks her steps, and pestilential pains

## VII

Yet ere the storm of death had raged remote  
Or siege unseen in heaven reflects its beams  
Who now each dreadful circumstance shall note  
That fills pale Gertrude's thoughts and nightly  
dreams ?

Dismal to her the forge of battle gleams  
Portentous light ' and music's voice is dumb  
Save where the fife its shrill reveille screams  
Or midnight streets re-echo to the drum  
That speaks of maddening strife and bloodstained  
fields to come

## VIII

It was in truth a momentary pang  
Yet how comprising myriad shapes of woe  
First when in Gertrude's ear the summons rang  
A husband to the battle doomed to go '  
Nay meet not thou she cries thy kindred foe '  
But peaceful let us seek fair England's strand '  
Ah Gertrude ! thy beloved heart I know  
Would feel like mine the stigmatising brand  
Could I forsake the cause of Freedom's holy band '

## IX

But shame but flight a recreant's name to prove  
To hide in exile ignominious fears—  
Say even if this I brooked the public love  
Thy father's bosom to his home endears  
And how could I his few remaining years  
My Gertrude sever from so dear a child ?  
So day by day her boding heart he cheers  
At last that heart to hope is half beguiled  
And pale through tears suppressed the mournful  
beauty smiled

## X

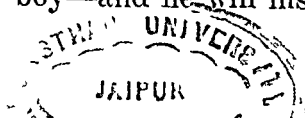
Night came, and in their lighted bower full late  
 The joy of converse had endured—when, hark !  
 Abrupt and loud a summons shook their gate ,  
 And, heedless of the dog's obstreperous bark,  
 A form has rushed amidst them from the dark.  
 And spread his arms,—and fell upon the floor  
 Of aged strength his limbs retained the mark ,  
 But desolate he looked, and famished poor,  
 As ever shipwrecked wretch lone left on desert shore

## XI

Uprisen, each wondering brow is knit and arched  
 A spirit from the dead they deem him first  
 To speak he tries , but quivering, pale, and parched,  
 From lips, as by some powerless dream accursed,  
 Emotions unintelligible burst ,  
 And long his filmèd eye is red and dim ,  
 At length the pity-proffered cup his thirst  
 Had half assuaged, and nerved his shuddering limb  
 When Albert's hand he grasped,—but Albert knew  
 not him !

## XII

' And hast thou then forgot,' he cried forlorn,  
 And eyed the group with half indignant air,  
 ' Oh ! hast thou, Christian chief, forgot the morn  
 When I with thee the cup of peace did share ?  
 Then stately was this head, and dark this hair  
 That now is white as Appalachia's snow ,  
 But, if the weight of fifteen years' despair  
 And age hath bowed me, and the torturing foe,  
 Bring me my boy—and he will his deliverer know ' '



## XIII

It was not long with eyes and heart of flame  
Ere Henry to his loved Oneyda flew  
Bless thee my guide ' —but backward as he came  
The chief his old bewildered head withdrew  
And grasped his arm and looked and looked him  
through  
Twas strange—nor could the group a smile control—  
The long the doubtful scrutiny to view  
At last delight o'er all his features stole  
It is—my own he cried and clasped him to his soul

## XIV

Yes! thou recall'st my pride of years for then  
The bowstring of my spirit was not slack  
When spite of woods and floods and ambushed men  
I bore thee like the quiver on my back  
Fleet as the whirlwind hurries on the rack  
Nor foeman then nor cougar's crouch I feared  
For I was strong as mountain cataract  
And dost thou not remember how we cheered  
Upon the last hill top when white men's huts  
appeared?

## XV

Then welcome be my death song and my death!  
Since I have seen thee and again embraced  
And longer had he spent his toil worn breath  
But with affectionate and eager haste  
Was every arm outstretched around their guest  
To welcome and to bless his aged head  
Soon was the hospitable banquet placed  
And Gertrude's lovely hands a balsam shed  
On wounds with fevered joy that more profusely bled



## XVI

‘ But this is not a time,’—he started up,  
And smote his breast with woe-denouncing hand—  
‘ This is no time to fill the joyous cup—  
The Mammoth comes ! the foe ! the Monster Brandt,  
With all his howling, desolating band !  
These eyes have seen their blade and burning pine  
Awake at once, and silence half your land  
Red is the cup they drink , but not with wine  
Awake, and watch to-night, or see no morning shine !

## XVII

‘ Scorning to wield the hatchet for his bribe,  
’Gainst Brandt himself I went to battle forth  
Accursèd Brandt ! he left of all my tribe  
Nor man, nor child, nor thing of living birth  
No ! not the dog that watched my household hearth  
Escaped that night of blood upon our plains !  
All perished ! I alone am left on earth !  
To whom nor relative nor blood remains,  
No !—not a kindred drop that runs in human veins !

## XVIII

‘ But go !—and rouse your warriors , for, if right  
These old bewildered eyes could guess, by signs  
Of striped and starred banners, on yon height  
Of eastern cedars, o’er the creek of pines,  
Some fort embattled by your country shines  
Deep roars the innavigable gulf below  
Its squared rock, and palisaded lines  
Go ! seek the light its warlike beacons show ,  
Whilst I in ambush wait for vengeance and the foe ! ’

## XIX

Scarce had he uttered when Heaven's verge extreme  
Reverberates the bomb's descending star  
And sounds that mingled laugh and shout and  
scream

To freeze the blood in one discordant jar  
Rung to the pealing thunderbolts of war  
Whoop after whoop with rack the ear assailed  
As if unearthly fiends had burst their bar  
While rapidly the marksman's shot prevailed —  
And ye as if for death some lonely trumpet wailed

## XX

Then looked they to the hills where fire o'erhung  
The bandit groups in one Vesuvian glare  
Or swept far seen the tower whose clock unring  
Told legible that midnight of despair  
She faints—she falters not—the heroic fair!  
As he the sword and plume in haste arrayed  
One short embrace he clasped his dearest care—  
But hark! what nearer war drum shakes the glade?  
Joy joy! Columbia's friends are trampling through  
the shade!

## XXI

Then came of every race the mingled swarm  
Far rung the groves and gleamed the midnight grass  
With flambeau javelin and naked arm  
As warriors wheeled their culverins of brass  
Sprung from the woods a bold athletic mass  
Whom virtue fires and liberty combines  
And first the wild Moravian yagers pass  
His plumed host the dark Iberian joins  
And Scotia's sword beneath the Highland thistle  
shines

## XXII

And in the buskined hunters of the deer  
 To Albert's home with shout and cymbal throng  
 Roused by their warlike pomp, and mirth, and cheer,  
 Old Outalissi woke his battle-song,  
 And, beating with his war-club cadence strong,  
 Tells how his deep-stung indignation smarts,  
 Of them that wrapt his house in flames, ere long  
 To whet a dagger on their stony hearts,  
 And smile avenged ere yet his eagle spirit parts

## XXIII

Calm opposite the Christian father rose  
 Pale on his venerable brow its rays  
 Of martyr-light the conflagration throws,  
 One hand upon his lovely child he lays,  
 And one the uncovered crowd to silence sways,  
 While, though the battle flash is faster driven,  
 Unawed, with eye unstartled by the blaze,  
 He for his bleeding country prays to Heaven,  
 Prays that the men of blood themselves may be  
     forgiven

## XXIV

Short time is now for gratulating speech  
 And yet, belovèd Gertrude, ere began  
 Thy country's flight, yon distant towers to reach,  
 Looked not on thee the rudest partisan  
 With brow relaxed to love? And murmurs ran,  
 As round and round their willing ranks they drew  
 From beauty's sight to shield the hostile van  
 Grateful, on them a placid look she threw,  
 Nor wept, but as she bade her mother's grave adieu!

## XXX

Past was the flight and welcome seemed the tower  
 That like a giant standard bearer frowned  
 Defiance on the roving Indian power  
 Beneath each bold and promontory mound  
 With embrasure embossed and armour crowned  
 And arrowy frise and wedged ravelin  
 Wove like a diadem its tracery round  
 The lofty summit of that mountain green  
 Here stood secure the group and eyed a distant  
 scene—

## XXXI

A scene of death ! where fires beneath the sun  
 And blended arms and white pavilions glow  
 And for the business of destruction done  
 Its requiem the war horn seemed to blow  
 There sad spectators of her country's woe  
 The lovely Gertrude safe from present harm  
 Had laid her cheek and clasped her hands of snow  
 On Waldegrave's shoulder half within his arm  
 Enclosed that felt her heart and hushed its wild  
 alarm

## XXXII

But short that contemplation—sad and short  
 The pause to bid each much loved scene adieu !  
 Beneath the very shadow of the fort  
 Where friendly swords were drawn and banners flew  
 Ah ! who could deem that foot of Indian crew  
 Was near ?—yet there with lust of murderous deeds  
 Gleamed like a basilisk from woods in view  
 The ambushed foeman's eye ! his volley speeds  
 And Albert—Albert—falls ! the dear old father  
 bleeds !

[xxx    arrowy frise = *cléaux de Frise*]

## XXVIII

And tranced in giddy horror Gertrude swooned ,  
Yet, while she clasps him lifeless to her zone,  
Say, burst they, borrowed from her father's wound,  
These drops ?—Oh, God ! the life-blood is her own !  
And faltering, on her Waldegrave's bosom thrown—  
' Weep not, O Love ! ' she cries, ' to see me bleed—  
Thee, Gertrude's sad survivor, thee alone  
Heaven's peace commiserate , for scarce I heed  
These wounds , yet thee to leave is death, is death  
indeed !

## XXIX

' Clasp me a little longer on the brink  
Of fate ! while I can feel thy dear caress  
And when this heart hath ceased to beat oh ! think  
And let it mitigate thy woe's excess,  
That thou hast been to me all tenderness,  
And friend to more than human friendship just  
Oh ! by that retrospect of happiness,  
And by the hopes of an immortal trust,  
God shall assuage thy pangs—when I am laid in dust !

## XXX

' Go, Henry, go not back, when I depart,  
The scene thy bursting tears too deep will move,  
Where my dear father took thee to his heart,  
And Gertrude thought it ecstasy to love  
With thee, as with an angel, through the grove  
Of peace, imagining her lot was cast  
In heaven , for ours was not like earthly love  
And must this parting be our very last ?  
No ! I shall love thee still, when death itself is past

## XXVI

Half could I bear methinks to leave this earth —  
And thee more loved than aught beneath the sun  
If I had lived to smile but on the birth  
Of one dear pledge —but shall there then be none  
In future times—no gentle little one  
To clasp thy neck and look resembling me?  
Yet seems it even while life's last pulses run  
A sweetness in the cup of death to be  
Lord of my bosom's love ' to die beholding thee '

## XXVII

Hushed were his Gertrude's lips ' but still their bland  
And beautiful expression seemed to melt  
With love that could not die ' and still his hand  
She presses to the heart no more that felt  
Ah heart ' where once each fond affection dwelt  
And features yet that spoke a soul more fair  
Mute gazing agonizing as he knelt —  
Of them that stood encircling his despair  
He heard some friendly words but knew not what  
they were

## XXVIII

For now to mourn their judge and child arrives  
A faithful band With solemn rites between  
Twas sung how they were lovely in their lives  
And in their deaths had not divided been  
Touched by the music and the melting scene  
Was scarce one tearless eye amidst the crowd  
Stern warriors resting on their swords were seen  
To veil their eyes as passed each much loved shroud  
While woman's softer soul in woe dissolved aloud

## XXXIV

Then mournfully the parting bugle bid  
Its farewell o'er the grave of worth and truth,  
Prone to the dust, afflicted Waldegrave bid  
His face on earth,—him watched in gloomy ruth  
His woodland guide, but words had none to soothe  
The grief that knew not consolation's name  
Casting his Indian mantle o'er the youth,  
He watched, beneath its folds, each burst that  
          came  
Convulsive, ague-like, across his shuddering frame '

## XXXV

' And I could weep '—the Oneyda chieft  
His descant wildly thus begun,  
' But that I may not stain with grief  
The death-song of my father's son,  
Or bow this head in woe '  
For by my wrongs, and by my wrath '  
To-morrow Arcouski's breath  
(That fires yon heaven with storms of death)  
Shall light us to the foe  
And we shall share, my Christian boy,  
The foeman's blood, the avenger's joy '

## XXXVI

' But thee, my flower, whose breath was given  
By milder genn o'er the deep,  
The spirits of the white man's heaven  
Forbid not thee to weep —  
Nor will the Christian host,  
Nor will thy father's spirit grieve,

To see thee on the battle s eve  
 Lamenting take a mournful leave  
 Of her who loved thee most  
 She was the rainbow to thy sight '  
 Thy sun—thy heaven—of lost delight '

## XXXVII

To morrow let us do or die '  
 But when the bolt of death is hurled  
 Ah ' whither then with thee to fly  
 Shall Outalissi roam the world ?  
 Seek we thy once loved home ?  
 The hard is gone that cropt its flowers  
 Unheard their clock repeats its hours '  
 Cold is the hearth within their bowers '  
 And should we thither roam  
 Its echoes and its empty tread  
 Would sound like voices from the dead '

## XXXVIII

Or shall we cross yon mountains blue  
 Whose streams my kirdred nation quaffed ?  
 And by my side in battle true  
 A thousand warriors drew the shaft ?  
 Ah ' there in desolation cold  
 The desert serpent dwells alone  
 Where grass o ergrows each mouldering bone  
 And stones themselves to ruin grown  
 Like me are death like old  
 Then seek we not their camp—for there  
 The silence dwells of my despair '



## XXXIX

' But hark, the trump '—to-morrow thou  
In glory's fires shalt dry thy tears  
Even from the land of shadows now  
My father's awful ghost appears  
Amidst the clouds that round us roll,  
He bids my soul for battle thirst - -  
He bids me dry the last—the first—  
The only tears that ever burst  
From Outalissi's soul,  
Because I may not stain with grief  
The death-song of an Indian chief ' '

## NOTES TO GERTRUDE OF WYOMING

## NOTE TO STANZA II PART I

[The text of this stanza in the first edition was as follows —

It was beneath thy skies that but to prune  
His Autumn fruits or skim the light canoe  
Perchance along that river calm at noon  
The happy shepherd swain had nought to do  
From morn till evening's sweeter pastime grew  
Their tambrel in the dance of forests brown  
When lovely maidens pranked in floweret new  
And aye those sunny mountains half way down  
Would echo flagelet from some romantic town.]

## NOTE TO STANZA III PART I

*From merry mock bird's song*

The mocking bird is of the form but larger than the thrush and the colours are a mixture of black white and grey. What is said of the nightingale by its greatest admirers, what may with more propriety apply to this bird who in a natural state sings with very superior taste. Toward evening I have heard one begin softly resuming its breath to swell certain notes which by this means had a most astonishing effect. A gentleman in London had one of these birds for six years. During the space of a minute he was heard to imitate the woodlark, haffinch, blackbird, thrush and sparrow. In this country (America) I have frequently known the mocking birds so enaged in this mimicry that it was with much difficulty I could ever obtain an opportunity of hearing their own natural note. Some go so far as to say that they have neither peculiar note nor favourite imitation. This may be denied. Their few natural notes resemble those of the (European) nightingale. Their song however has a greater compass and volume than the nightingale and they have the faculty of varying all intermediate notes in a manner which is truly delightful. —Ashe's *Traels in America* vol II p. 3

## NOTES TO STANZA V, PART I

*And distant isles that hear the loud Corbrachtan roar'*

The Corbrachtan, or Corbrechtan, is a whirlpool on the western coast of Scotland, near the island of Jura, which is heard at a prodigious distance. Its name signifies the whirlpool of the Prince of Denmark, and there is a tradition that a Danish prince once undertook, for a wager, to cast anchor in it. He is said to have used woollen, instead of hempen ropes, for greater strength, but perished in the attempt. On the shores of Argyleshire I have often listened with great delight to the sound of this vortex at the distance of many leagues. When the weather is calm, and the adjacent sea is scarcely heard on these picturesque shores, its sound, which is like the sound of innumerable chariots, creates a magnificent and fine effect.

*Albin* Scotland

*Pellochs* The Gaelic appellation for the porpoise. [Not noted in first edition.]

## NOTE TO STANZA XIII, PART I

*Of bushied limb, and swarthy lineament*

'In the Indian tribes there is a great similarity in their colour, stature, &c. They are all, except the Snake Indians, tall in stature, straight, and robust. It is very seldom they are deformed, which has given rise to the supposition that they put to death their deformed children. Their skin is of a copper colour, their eyes large, bright, black, and sparkling, indicative of a subtle and discerning mind, their hair is of the same colour, and prone to be long, seldom or never curled. Their teeth are large and white. I never observed any decayed among them, which makes their breath as sweet as the air they inhale'—*Travels through America by Capts. Lewis and Clarke, in 1804-5-6*

[This note is not in the first edition.]

## NOTES TO STANZA XIV, PART I

*Peace be to thee! my words this belt approve*

'The Indians of North America accompany every formal address to strangers, with whom they form or recognize a treaty of amity, with a present of a string, or belt, of wampum. "Wampum," says Cadwalladar Colden, "is made of the large whelk shell, *Buccinum*, and shaped like long beads. It is the current money of the Indians"'—*History of the five Indian Nations*, p. 34. New York edition.

*The paths of peace my steps have I ther led*

In relating an interview of Mohawk Indians with the Governor of New York Colden quotes the following passage as a specimen of their metaphorical manner — Where shall I seek the chair of peace ? where shall I find it but upon our path and whither doth our path lead us but unto this house ?

#### NOTES TO STANZA XV PART I

*Our wampum league thy brethren d d embrace*

When they solicit the alliance offensive or defensive of a whole nation they send an embassy with a large belt of wampum and a bloody hatchet inviting them to come and drink the blood of their enemies. The wampum made use of on the e and other occasion before their acquaintance with the Europeans was nothing but small shells which they picked up by the sea-coasts and on the banks of the lakes and now it is nothing but a kind of cylindrical beads made of shells white and black which are esteemed among them as silver and gold are among us. The black they call the most valuable and both together are their greatest riches and ornaments the e among them answering all the end that money does amongst us. They have the art of stringing twisting and interweaving them into their belts collars blankets and mocazins &c in ten thousand different sizes forms and figures so as to be ornaments for every part of dress and expressive to them of all their important transactions. They dye the wampum of various colours and shades and mix and dispose them with great ingenuity and order and so as to be significant among them elve of almost everything they please so that by these their words are kept and the r thoughts ommunicated to one another s ourz are by writing. The belts that pass from one nation to another in all treaties declarations and important transactions are very carefully pre erved in the cabins of the r chiefs and serve not only as a kind of record or h story but as a public treasure — Major Rogers s *Account of North America*

[This note is not in the first edition]

#### NOTE TO STANZA XVI PART I

*Areouski* The Indian god of war

#### NOTE TO STANZA XVII PART I

*As when the evil Manitou* It is certain the Indian acknowledge one Supreme Being or Giver of Life who presides over all

things, that is, the Great Spirit, and they look up to him as the source of good, from whence no evil can proceed. They also believe in a bad Spirit, to whom they ascribe great power, and suppose that through his power all the evils which befall mankind are inflicted. To him, therefore, they pray in their distresses, begging that he would either avert their troubles, or moderate them when they are no longer avoidable.

‘They hold, also, that there are good Spirits of a lower degree, who have their particular departments, in which they are constantly contributing to the happiness of mortals. These they suppose to preside over all the extraordinary productions of Nature, such as those lakes, rivers, and mountains that are of an uncommon magnitude, and likewise the beasts, birds, fishes, and even vegetables or stones, that exceed the rest of their species in size or singularity’—Clarke’s *Travels among the Indians*

[The foregoing note is not in the first edition.]

Everything which they cannot comprehend the cause of is called by them Spirit. There are two orders of spirits, the good and the bad. The good is the spirit of dreams, and of all things innocent and inconceivable. The bad is the thunder, the hail, the tempest, and conflagration. The Supreme Spirit of good is called by the Indians ‘Kitchi Manitou’, and the Spirit of evil ‘Matchi Manitou’.

#### NOTE TO STANZA XIX, Part I

##### *Fever-balm and sweet sagamité*

The fever-balm is a medicine used by these tribes, it is a decoction of a bush called the Fever Tree. Sagamite is a kind of soup administered to their sick.

#### NOTES TO STANZA XX, PART I

*And I, the eagle of my tribe, have rushed with this torn dove*

The testimony of all travellers among the American Indians who mention their hieroglyphics authorises me in putting this figurative language in the mouth of Outalissi. The dove is among them, as elsewhere, an emblem of meekness, and the eagle that of a bold, noble, and liberal mind. When the Indians speak of a warrior who soars above the multitude in person and endowments, they say, ‘he is like the eagle, who destroys his enemies, and gives protection and abundance to the weak of his own tribe’—

The Indians are distinguished both personally and by tribes by the name of particular animals whose qualities they affect to resemble either for cunning strength swiftness or other qualities as the eagle the serpent the fox or bear [Footnote in first edition]

## NOTES TO STANZA XXIII PART I

*Far differently the mute Onejda took &c*

They are extremely circumspect and deliberate in every word and action nothing hurries them into any intemperate wrath but that inveteracy to their enemies which is rooted in every Indian's breast In all other instances they are cool and deliberate taking care to suppress the emotions of the heart If an Indian has discovered that a friend of his is in danger of being cut off by a lurking enemy he does not tell him of his danger in direct terms as though he were in fear but he first coolly asks him which way he is going that day and having his answer with the same indifference tells him that he has been informed that a noxious beast lies on the route he is going This hint proves sufficient and his friend avoids the danger with as much caution as though every design and motion of his enemy had been pointed out to him

If an Indian has been engaged for several days in the chase and by accident continued long without food when he arrives at the hut of a friend where he knows that his wants will be immediately supplied he takes care not to show the least symptoms of impatience or betray the extreme hunger that he is tortured with but on being invited in sits contentedly down and smokes his pipe with as much composure as if his appetite was cloyed and he was perfectly at ease He does the same if among strangers This custom is strictly adhered to by every tribe as they esteem it a proof of fortitude and think the reverse would entitle them to the appellation of old women

If you tell an Indian that his children have greatly signalized themselves against an enemy have taken many scalps and brought home many prisoners he does not appear to feel any strong emotions of pleasure on the occasion his answer generally is—they have done well and he makes but very little inquiry about the matter on the contrary if you inform him that his children are slain or taken prisoners he makes no complaints he only replies It is unfortunate —and for some time asks no questions about how it happened —Lewis and Clarke's *Travels*

[This note is not in the first edition]

*His calumet of peace, &c*

'Nor is the calumet of less importance or less revered than the wampum in many transactions relative both to peace and war. The bowl of this pipe is made of a kind of soft red stone, which is easily wrought and hollowed out, the stem is of cane, alder, or some kind of light wood, painted with different colours, and decorated with the heads, tails, and feathers of the most beautiful birds. The use of the calumet is to smoke either tobacco or some bark, leaf, or herb, which they often use instead of it, when they enter into an alliance or any serious occasion or solemn engagements, this being among them the most sacred oath that can be taken, the violation of which is esteemed most infamous, and deserving of severe punishment from Heaven. When they treat of war, the whole pipe and all its ornaments are red—sometimes it is red only on one side, and by the disposition of the feathers, &c, one acquainted with their customs will know at first sight what the nation who presents it intends or desires. Smoking the calumet is also a religious ceremony on some occasions, and in all treaties is considered as a witness between the parties, or rather as an instrument by which they invoke the sun and moon to witness their sincerity, and to be as it were a guarantee of the treaty between them. This custom of the Indians, though to appearance somewhat ridiculous, is not without its reasons, for as they find that smoking tends to disperse the vapours of the brain, to raise the spirits, and to qualify them for thinking and judging properly, they introduced it into their councils, where, after their resolves, the pipe was considered as a seal of their decrees, and, as a pledge of their performance thereof, it was sent to those they were consulting, in alliance or treaty with,—so that smoking among them at the same pipe is equivalent to our drinking together and out of the same cup'—Major Rogers's *Account of North America*, 1766

[The foregoing note is not in the first edition.]

'To smoke the calumet or pipe of peace with any person is a sacred token of amity among the Indians. The lighted calumet is also used among them for a purpose still more interesting than the expression of social friendship. The austere manners of the Indians forbid any appearance of gallantry between the sexes in day-time, but at night the young lover goes a calumetting, as his courtship is called. As these people live in a state of equality, and without fear of internal violence or theft in their own tribes, they leave their doors open by night as well as by day. The lover takes advantage of this liberty, lights his calumet, enters the

cabin of his mistress and gently presents it to her. If she extinguishes it she admits his addresses but if she suffer it to burn unnoticed he retires with a disappointed and throbbing heart —*Ashe's Travels*

*Trained from his tree rocked cradle to his bier*

An Indian child, as soon as he is born is swathed with clothes or skins and being laid on his back, is bound down on a piece of thick board spread over with soft moss. The board is somewhat larger and broader than the child and bent pieces of wood like pieces of hoops are placed over its face to protect it so that if the machine were suffered to fall the child probably would not be injured. When the women have any business to transact at home they hang the board on a tree if there be one at hand and set them a swiveling from side to side like a pendulum in order to exercise the children —*Weld vol. ii p. 246*

*The fierce extremes of good and ill to brook  
Impassive—*

Of the active as well as passive fortitude of the Indian character the following is an instance related by Adair in his *Travels* —

A party of the Senekah Indians came to war against the Katakba bitter enemies to each other. In the woods the former discovered a sprightly warrior belonging to the latter hunting in their usual light dress on his perceiving them he sprang off for a hollow rock four or five miles distant, as they intercepted him from running homeward. He was so extremely swift and skilful with the gun as to kill seven of them in the running fight before they were able to surround and take him. They carried him to their country in sad triumph but though he had filled them with uncommon grief and shame for the loss of so many of their kindred yet the love of martial virtue induced them to treat him during their long journey with a great deal more civility than if he had acted the part of a coward. The women and children when they met him at their several towns beat him and whipped him in as severe a manner as the occasion required according to their law of justice and at last he was formally condemned to die by the fiery torture. It might reasonably be imagined that what he had for some time gone through by being fed with a scanty hand a tedious march lying at night on the bare ground exposed to the changes of the weather with his arms and legs extended in a pair of rough stocks and suffering such punishment on his entering into their hostile towns as a prelude to those sharp torment for



which he was destined, would have so impaired his health and affected his imagination as to have sent him to his long sleep, out of the way of any more sufferings. Probably this would have been the case with the major part of white people under similar circumstances, but I never knew this with any of the Indians and this cool-headed, brave warrior, did not deviate from their rough lessons of martial virtue, but acted his part so well as to surprise and sorely vex his numerous enemies for when they were taking him, unopposed, in their wild parade, to the place of torture, which lay near to a river, he suddenly dashed down those who stood in his way, sprung off, and plunged into the water, swimming underneath like an otter, only rising to take breath, till he reached the opposite shore. He now ascended the steep bank, but though he had good reason to be in a hurry, as many of the enemy were in the water, and others running, very like bloodhounds, in pursuit of him, and the bullets flying round him from the time he took to the river, yet his heart did not allow him to leave them abruptly, without taking leave in a formal manner, in return for the extraordinary favors they had done, and intended to do him. After slapping a part of his body, in defiance to them,' continues the author, 'he put up the shrill war-whoop, as his last salute, till some more convenient opportunity offered, and darted off in the manner of a beast broke loose from its torturing enemies. He continued his speed, so as to run by about midnight of the same day as far as his eager pursuers were two days in reaching. There he rested till he happily discovered five of those Indians who had pursued him—he lay hid a little way off their camp, till they were sound asleep. Every circumstance of his situation occurred to him, and inspired him with heroism. He was naked, torn, and hungry, and his enraged enemies were come up with him,—but there was now everything to relieve his wants and a fair opportunity to save his life, and get great honour and sweet revenge by cutting them off. Resolution, a convenient spot, and sudden surprise, would effect the main object of all his wishes and hopes. He accordingly crept, took one of their tomohawks, and killed them all on the spot,—clothed himself, took a choice gun, and as much ammunition and provisions as he could well carry in a running march. He set off afresh with a light heart, and did not sleep for several successive nights, only when he reclined, as usual, a little before day, with his back to a tree. As it were by instinct, when he found he was free from the pursuing enemy, he made directly to the very place where he had killed seven of his enemies and was taken by them for the fiery torture. He dugged them up, burnt their bodies to ashes, and went home in safety with

singular triumph. Other pursuing enemies came on the evening of the second day to the camp of their dead people when the sight gave them a greater shock than they had ever known before. In their chilled war council they concluded that as he had done such surprising things in his defence before he was captivated and since that in his naked condition and now was well armed if they continued the pursuit he would spoil them all for he surely was an enemy wizard—and therefore they returned home.—Adair *General Observations on the American Indians* p. 394

It is surprising says the same author to see the long continued speed of the Indian. Though some of us have often ran the swiftest of them out of sight for about the distance of twelve miles yet afterwards without any seeming toil they would stretch on leave us out of sight and outwind any horse.—*Ibid* p. 318

If an Indian were driven out into the extensive woods with only a knife and a tomohawk or a small hatchet it is not to be doubted but he would fatten even where a wolf would starve. He would soon collect fire by rubbing two dry pieces of wood together make a bark hut earthen vessel and a bow and arrow then kill wild game f h fresh water tortoises gather a plentiful variety of vegetable and live in affluence.—*Ibid* p. 410

[The foregoing quotation from Adair are not in the first edition.]

#### NOTE TO STANZA XXIV PART I

*Or laced /is moccasins* Moccasins are a sort of Indian buskins

[The modern form of the word is mocca in or mocazin from the Algonquin *mashin* a sh o of deerskin.]

#### NOTE TO STANZA XXV PART I

*Sleep wearied one! and in the dreaming land  
Shouldst thou to-morrow with thy mother meet*

There is nothing says Charvoix in which these barbarians carry their superstitions farther than in what regards dream but they vary greatly in their manner of explaining themselves on this point. Sometimes it is the reasonable soul which ranges abroad while the sensitive continues to animate the body. Sometimes it is the familiar genius who gives salutary counsel with

respect to what is going to happen. Sometimes it is a visit made by the soul of the object of which he dreams. But in whatever manner the dream is conceived, it is always looked upon as a thing sacred, and as the most ordinary way in which the gods make known their will to men. Filled with this idea, they cannot conceive how we should pay no regard to them. For the most part they look upon them either as a desire of the soul, inspired by some genius, or an order from him, and in consequence of this principle they hold it a religious duty to obey them. An Indian having dreamt of having a finger cut off, had it really cut off as soon as he awoke, having first prepared himself for this important action by a feast. Another having dreamt of being a prisoner, and in the hands of his enemies, was much at a loss what to do. He consulted the jugglers, and by their advice caused himself to be tied to a post, and burnt in several parts of the body.—Charlevoix's *Journal of a Voyage to North America*

[The foregoing note is not in the first edition.]

*The lotus-horn* From a flower shaped like a horn which Chateaubriant presumes to be of the lotus kind, the Indians in their travels through the desert often find a draught of dew purer than any other water. [Footnote in first edition.]

#### NOTE TO STANZA XXVI, PART I

##### *The crocodile, the condor of the rock*

'The alligator, or American crocodile, when full grown,' says Bertram, 'is a very large and terrible creature, and of prodigious strength, activity, and swiftness in the water. I have seen them twenty feet in length, and some are supposed to be twenty-two or twenty-three feet in length. Their body is as large as that of a horse, their shape usually resembles that of a lizard, which is flat, or cuneiform, being compressed on each side, and gradually diminishing from the abdomen to the extremity, which, with the whole body, is covered with horny plates, of squamæ, impenetrable when on the body of the live animal, even to a rifle-ball, except about their head, and just behind their fore-legs or arms, where, it is said, they are only vulnerable. The head of a full-grown one is about three feet, and the mouth opens nearly the same length. Their eyes are small in proportion, and seem sunk in the head, by means of the prominency of the brows, the nostrils are large, inflated, and prominent on the top, so that the head on the water resembles, at a distance, a great chunk of wood floating about. Only the upper jaw moves, which they raise almost perpen-

dicular so as to form a right angle with the lower one. In the fore part of the upper jaw on each side just under the nostrils are two very large thick strong teeth or tusks not very sharp but rather the shape of a cone these are as white as the finest polished ivory and are not covered by any skin or lips but always in sight which gives the creature a frightful appearance in the lower jaw are holes opposite to these teeth to receive them when they clap their jaws together it causes a surprising noise like that which is made by forcing a heavy plank with violence upon the ground and may be heard at a great distance — But what is yet more surprising to a stranger is the incredibly loud and terrifying roar which they are capable of making especially in breeding time. It most resembles very heavy distant thunder not only shaking the air and waters but causing the earth to tremble and when hundreds are roaring at the same time you can scarcely be persuaded but that the whole globe is violently and dangerously agitated. An old champion who perhaps absolute sovereign of a little lake or lagoon (when fifty less than himself are obliged to content themselves with swelling and roaring in little coves round about) darts forth from the reedy coverts all at once on the surface of the waters in a right line at first seemingly as rapid as lightning but gradually more slowly until he arrives at the centre of the lake where he stops. He now swells himself by drawing in wind and water through his mouth which causes a loud sonorous rattling in the throat for near a minute but it is immediately forced out again through his mouth and nostrils with a loud noise brandishing his tail in the air and the vapour running from his nostrils like smoke. At other times when swollen to an extent ready to burst his head and tail lifted up he spins or twirls round on the surface of the water. He acts his part like an Indian chief when rehearsing his feats of war — *Bertram's Travels in North America* [This note is not in the first edition.]

## NOTE TO STANLEY XXVII PART I

*Then forth uprose that lone wayfaring man*

They discover an amazing sagacity and acquire with the greatest readiness anything that depends upon the attention of the mind. By experience and an acute observation they attain many perfections to which Americans are strangers. For instance they will cross a forest or a plain which is two hundred miles in breadth so as to reach with great exactness the point at which they intend to arrive keeping during the whole of that space in

a direct line, without any material deviations, and this they will do with the same ease, let the weather be fair or cloudy. With equal acuteness they will point to that part of the heavens the sun is in, though it be intercepted by clouds or fogs. Besides this, they are able to pursue, with incredible facility, the traces of man or beast, either on leaves or grass, and on this account it is with great difficulty they escape discovery. They are indebted for these talents not only to nature, but to an extraordinary command of the intellectual qualities, which can only be acquired by an unremitted attention, and by long experience. They are, in general, very happy in a retentive memory. They can recapitulate every particular that has been treated of in council, and remember the exact time when they were held. Their belts of wampum preserve the substance of the treaties they have concluded with the neighbouring tribes for ages back, to which they will appeal and refer with as much perspicuity and readiness as Europeans can to their written records.

‘The Indians are totally unskilled in geography, as well as all the other sciences, and yet they draw on their birch-bark very exact charts or maps of the countries they are acquainted with. The latitude and longitude only are wanting to make them tolerably complete.

‘Their sole knowledge in astronomy consists in being able to point out the polar star, by which they regulate their course when they travel in the night.

‘They reckon the distance of places not by miles or leagues, but by a day’s journey, which, according to the best calculation I could make, appears to be about twenty English miles. These they also divide into halves and quarters, and will demonstrate them in their maps with great exactness by the hieroglyphics just mentioned, when they regulate in council their war-parties, or their most distant hunting excursions’—Lewis and Clarke’s *Travels*.

‘Some of the French missionaries have supposed that the Indians are guided by instinct, and have pretended that Indian children can find their way through a forest as easily as a person of maturer years, but this is a most absurd notion. It is unquestionably by a close attention to the growth of the trees, and position of the sun, that they find their way. On the northern side of a tree there is generally the most moss, and the bark on that side, in general, differs from that on the opposite one. The branches towards the south are, for the most part, more luxuriant than those on the other sides of trees, and several other distinctions also subsist between the northern and southern sides, conspicuous to Indians, being taught from their infancy to attend to them.

which a common observer would perhaps never notice. Being accustomed from their infancy likewise to pay great attention to the position of the sun they learn to make the most accurate allowance for its apparent motion from one part of the heaven to another and in every part of the day they will point to the part of the heavens where it is although the sky be obscured by clouds or mists.

An instance of their dexterity in finding their way through an unknown country came under my observation when I was at Staunton situated behind the Blue Mountain Virginia. A number of the Creek nation had arrived at that town on their way to Philadelphia whither they were going upon some affairs of importance and had stopped there for the night. In the morning some circumstance or other which could not be learned induced one half of the Indians to set off without their companions who did not follow until some hours afterward. When these last were ready to pursue their journey several of the towns people mounted their horses to escort them part of the way. They proceeded along the high road for some miles but all at once hastily turning aside into the woods though there was no path the Indians advanced confidently forward. The people who accompanied them surprised at this movement informed them that they were quitting the road to Philadelphia and expressed their fear lest they should miss their companions who had gone on before. They answered that they knew better that the way through the woods was the shortest to Philadelphia and that they knew very well that their companions had entered the wood at the very place where they did. Curiosity led some of the horsemen to go on and to their astonishment for there was apparently no track they overtook the other Indians in the thickest part of the wood. But what appeared most singular was that the route which they took was found on examining a map to be as direct for Philadelphia as if they had taken the bearings by a mariner's compass. From others of their nation who had been at Philadelphia at a former period they had probably learned the exact direction of that city from their villages and had never lost sight of it although they had already travelled three hundred miles through the woods and had upwards of four hundred miles more to go before they could reach the place of their destination.—Of the exactness with which they can find out a strange place to which they have been once directed by their own people a striking example is furnished I think by Mr. Jefferson in his account of the Indian graves in Virginia. These graves are nothing more than large mounds of earth in the wood which on being opened are found to contain skeletons.

in an erect posture the Indian mode of sepulture has been too often described to remain unknown to you. But to come to my story. A party of Indians that were passing on to some of the sea-ports on the Atlantic, just as the Creeks, above mentioned, were going to Philadelphia, were observed, all on a sudden to quit the straight road by which they were proceeding, and without asking any questions, to strike through the woods in a direct line, to one of these graves, which lay at the distance of some miles from the road. Now very near a century must have passed over since the part of Virginia, in which this grave was situated, had been inhabited by Indians, and the Indian travellers who were to visit it by themselves had unquestionably never been in that part of the country before. they must have found their way to it simply from the description of its situation that had been handed down to them by tradition.—*Wells's Travels in North America*, Vol. II.

#### NOTE TO STANZA IX, PART II

*Their fathers' dust* It is a custom of the Indian tribes to visit the tombs of their ancestors in the cultivated parts of America, who have been buried for upwards of a century. [Footnote in first edition.]

#### NOTE TO STANZA XII, PART II

[The first line is sometimes misprinted, to the destruction of the rhyme — 'And nought within the grove was heard or seen']

#### NOTES TO STANZA XVI, PART II

*Wild-cane arch high flung* The bridges over narrow streams in many parts of Spanish America are said to be built of cane, which, however strong to support the passenger, are yet waved in the agitation of the storm, and frequently add to the effect of a mountainous and picturesque scenery. [Footnote in first edition.]

*The Mammoth comes* That I am justified in making the Indian chief allude to the mammoth as an emblem of terror and destruction, will be seen by the authority quoted below. Speaking of the mammoth, or big buffalo, Mr Jefferson states that a tradition is preserved among the Indians of that animal still existing in the northern parts of America —

'A delegation of warriors from the Delaware tribe having visited the governor of Virginia during the revolution, on matters

of business the governor asked them some questions relative to their country and among others what they knew or had heard of the animal whose bones were found at the Saltlicks on the Ohio. Their chief speaker immediately put himself into an attitude of oratory and with a pomp suited to what he conceived the elevation of his subject informed him that it was a tradition handed down from their fathers that in ancient times a herd of these tremendous animals came to the Buck bone-lick and began an universal destruction of the bear deer elk buffalo and other animals which had been created for the use of the Indians. That the Great Man above looking down and seeing this was so enraged that he seized his lightning descended on the earth seated himself on a neighbouring mountain on a rock of which he sat and the prints of his feet are still to be seen and hurled his bolts among them till the whole were slaughtered except the big bull who presenting his forehead to the shaft shook them off as they fell but missing one at length it wounded him in the side whereon springing round he bounded over the Ohio over the Wabash the Illinois and finally over the great lake where he is living at this day —Jefferson's *Notes on Virginia*

## NOTE TO STANZA VI PART III

Alluding to the miseries that attended the American Civil War  
[Footnote in first edition]

## NOTE TO STANZA XIV PART III

*Cougar* The American tyger [Footnote in first edition]

## NOTES TO STANZA XVII PART III

*Scorning to wield the hatchet for his bribe  
Gadst Brandt himself I went to battle forth*

I took the character of Brandt in the poem of *Certrude* from the common Histories of England all of which represented him as a bloody and bad man (even among savages) and chief agent in the horrible desolation of Wyoming. Some years after this poem appeared the son of Brandt a most interesting and intelligent youth came over to England and I formed an acquaintance with him on which I still look back with pleasure. He appealed to my sense of honour and justice on his own part and on that of his father to retract the unfair aspersions which unconsciously of their unfairness I had cast on his father's memory.



He then referred me to documents which completely satisfied me that the common accounts of Brandt's cruelties at Wyoming, which I had found in books of Travels and in Adolphus's and similar Histories of England, were gross errors, and that, in point of fact, Brandt was not even present at that scene of desolation.

It is, unhappily, to Britons and Anglo-Americans that we must refer the chief blame in this horrible business. I published a letter expressing this belief in the *New Monthly Magazine*, in the year 1822, to which I must refer the reader—if he has any curiosity on the subject—for an antidote to my fanciful description of Brandt. Among other expressions to young Brandt, I made use of the following words:—‘Had I learnt all this of your father when I was writing my poem, he should not have figured in it as the hero of mischief.’ It was but bare justice to say thus much of a Mohawk Indian, who spoke English eloquently, and was thought capable of having written a history of the Six Nations. I ascertained also that he often strove to mitigate the cruelty of Indian warfare. The name of Brandt, therefore, remains in my poem a pure and declared character of fiction.

[The foregoing note, needless to say, did not appear in the first edition. The note in the first edition, which it cancelled, was as follows:—]

This Brandt was a warrior of the Mohawk nation, who was engaged to allure by bribes, or to force by threats, many Indian tribes to the expedition against Pennsylvania. His blood, I believe, was not purely Indian, but half German. He disgraced, however, his European descent by more than savage ferocity. Among many anecdotes which are given of him, the following is extracted from a traveller in America already quoted: ‘With a considerable body of his troops he joined the troops under the command of Sir John Johnson. A skirmish took place with a body of American troops, the action was warm, and Brandt was shot by a musket-ball in his heel, but the Americans in the end were defeated, and an officer with sixty men were taken prisoners. The officer, after having delivered up his sword, had entered into conversation with Sir John Johnson, who commanded the British troops, and they were talking together in the most friendly manner, when Brandt, having stolen slyly behind them, laid the American officer low with a blow of his tomohawk. The indignation of Sir John Johnson, as may be readily supposed, was roused by such an act of treachery, and he resented it in the warmest terms. Brandt listened to him unconcernedly, and, when he had finished, told him that he was sorry for his displeasure, but that, indeed, his heel was extremely painful at the moment, and he could not help revenging himself

on the only chief of the party that he saw taken Since he had killed the officer he added his heel was much less painful to him than it had been before —*Weld's Travels* vol ii p 29

*To whom nor relative nor blood remains*

*No!—not a kindred drop that runs in human veins!*

Every one who recollects the specimen of Indian eloquence given in the speech of Logan a Mingo chief to the Governor of Virginia will perceive that I have attempted to paraphrase its concluding and most striking expression—There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature The similar salutation of the fictitious personage in my story and the real Indian orator makes it surely allowable to borrow such an expression and if it appears as it cannot but appear to be advantage than in the original I beg the reader to reflect how difficult it is to transpose such exquisitely simple words without sacrificing a portion of their effect

In the spring of 1764 a robbery and murder were committed on an inhabitant of the frontiers of Virginia by two Indians of the Shawanee tribe The neighbouring whites according to their custom, undertook to punish this outrage in a summary manner Colonel Cresap a man infamous for the many murders he had committed on those much injured people collected a party and proceeded down the Kanaway in quest of vengeance unfortunately a canoe with women and children with one man only was seen coming from the opposite shore unarmed and unsuspecting an attack from the whites Cresap and his party concealed themselves on the bank of the river and the moment the canoe reached the shore singled out their objects and at one fire killed every person in it This happened to be the family of Logan who had long been distinguished as a friend to the white This unworthy return provoked his vengeance he accordingly signalled himself in the war which ensued In the autumn of the same year a decisive battle was fought at the mouth of the great Kanaway in which the collected forces of the Shawanee Mingo and Delawares were defeated by a detachment of the Virginian militia The Indians sued for peace Logan however declined to be seen among the suppliants but let the sincerity of a treaty should be disturbed from which so distinguished a chief abstracted himself he sent by a messenger the following speech to be delivered to Lord Dunmore —

I appeal to any white man if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry and he gave him not to eat if ever he came cold and

hungry, and he clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites that my countrymen pointed as they passed, and said, "Logan is the friend of white men." I have even thought to have lived with you but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood, murdered all the relations of Logan, even my women and children.

'There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature —this called on me for revenge. I have fought for it. I have killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance. —For my country I rejoice at the beams of peace, —but do not harbour a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. —Who is there to mourn for Logan? not one.' —*Jefferson's Notes on Virginia*

# THEODRIC

## A DOMESTIC TALL

(First published 1824)

Twas sunset and the *Lian des laches* was sung  
And lights were o'er the Helvetian mountains flung  
That gave the glacier tops their richest glow  
And tinged the lakes like molten gold below  
Warmth flushed the wonted regions of the storm  
Where phoenix like you saw the eagle's form  
That hush in heaven's vermilion wheeled and soared  
Woods nearer frowned and cataracts dashed and  
roared

From heights browsed by the bounding bouquetin  
Herds tinkling roamed the long drawn vales between  
And hamlets glittered white and gardens flourished  
green

11

Twas transport to inhale the bright sweet air !  
The mountain bee was revelling in its glare  
And roving with his minstrelsy across  
The scented wild weeds and enamelled moss  
Earth's features so harmoniously were linked  
She seemed one great glad form with life instinct  
That felt Heaven's ardent breath and smiled below  
Its flush of love with consentaneous glow

A Gothic church was near the spot around  
Was beautiful even though sepulchral ground  
For there nor yew nor cypress spread their gloom  
But roses blossomed by each rustic tomb

Amidst them one of spotless marble shone—  
A maiden's grave—and 'twas inscribed thereon  
That young and loved she died whose dust was there

' Yes,' said my comrade, ' young she died, and fair '  
Grace formed her, and the soul of gladness played  
Once in the blue eyes of that mountain-maid  
Her fingers witched the chords they passed along, 30  
And her lips seemed to kiss the soul in song  
Yet, wooed and worshipped as she was, till few  
Aspired to hope, 'twas sadly, strangely true,  
That heart, the martyr of its fondness, burned  
And died of love that could not be returned

Her father dwelt where yonder castle shines  
O'er clustering trees and terrace-mantling vines  
As gay as ever the laburnum's pride  
Waves o'er each walk where she was wont to glide ,  
And still the garden whence she graced her brow 40  
As lovely blooms, though trod by strangers now  
How oft, from yonder window o'er the lake,  
Her song of wild Helvetian swell and shake  
Has made the rudest fisher bend his ear  
And rest enchanted on his oar to hear '  
Thus bright, accomplished, spirited, and bland,  
Well-born, and wealthy for that simple land,  
Why had no gallant native youth the art  
To win so warm, so exquisite a heart ?  
She, 'midst these rocks inspired with feelings strong 50  
By mountain-freedom—music—fancy—song,  
Herself descended from the brave in arms,  
And conscious of romance-inspiring charms,  
Dreamt of heroic beings , hoped to find  
Some extant spirit of chivalric kind ,  
And, scorning wealth, looked cold even on the claim  
Of manly worth that lacked the wreath of fame

Her younger brother sixteen summers old  
 And much her likeness both in mind and mould  
 Had gone poor boy ' in soldiership to shine 60  
 And bore an Austrian banner on the Rhine  
 'Twas when alas ' our Empire's evil star  
 Shed all the plagues without the pride of war  
 When patriots bled and bitterer anguish crossed  
 Our brave to die in battles foully lost  
 The youth wrote home the rout of many a day  
 Yet still he said and still with truth could say  
 One corps had ever made a valiant stand —  
 The corps in which he served—Theodric's band  
 His fame forgotten chief is now gone by 70  
 Eclipsed by brighter orbs in glory's sky  
 Yet *once it shone* and veterans when they show  
 Our fields of battle twenty years ago  
 Will tell you feats his small brigade performed  
 In charges nobly faced and trenches stormed  
 Time was when songs were chanted to his fame  
 And soldiers loved the march that bore his name  
 The zeal of martial hearts was at his call  
 And that Helvetian Udolph's most of all  
 'Twas touching when the storm of war blew wild 80  
 To see a blooming boy almost a child  
 Spur fearless at his leader's words and signs  
 Brave death in reconnoitring hostile lines  
 And speed each task and tell each message clear  
 In scenes where war-trained men were stunned with  
 fear

Theodric praised him and they wept for joy  
 In yonder house when letters from the boy  
 Thanked Heaven for life and more to use his  
 phrase  
 Than twenty lives—his own Commander's praise

Then followed glowing pages, blazoning forth 90  
 The fancied image of his leader's worth,  
 With such hyperboles of youthful style  
 As made his parents dry their tears and smile  
 But differently far his words impressed  
 A wondering sister's well-believing breast,  
 She caught the illusion, blessed Theodric's name,  
 And wildly magnified his worth and fame.  
 Rejoicing life's reality contained  
 One, heretofore, her fancy had but feigned,  
 Whose love could make her proud,—and time and  
 chance 100  
 To passion raised that day-dream of romance

Once, when with hasty charge of horse and man  
 Our arrière-guard had checked the Gallic van,  
 Theodric, visiting the outposts, found  
 His Udolph, wounded, weltering on the ground  
 Sore crushed, half-swooning, half-upraised he lay,  
 And bent his brow, fair boy! and grasped the clay.  
 His fate moved even the common soldiers' ruth  
 Theodric succoured him, nor left the youth  
 To vulgar hands, but brought him to his tent 110  
 And lent what aid a brother would have lent

\* Meanwhile, to save his kindred half the smart  
 The war-gazette's dread blood-roll might impart,  
 He wrote the event to them, and soon could tell  
 Of pains assuaged, and symptoms auguring well,  
 And last of all, prognosticating cure,  
 Enclosed the leech's vouching signature

Their answers, on whose pages you might note  
 That tears had fallen, whilst trembling fingers wrote  
 Gave boundless thanks for benefits conferred, 120  
 (Of which the boy, in secret, sent them word)

Whose memory time they said would never blot  
But which the giver had himself forgot

In time the stripling vigorous and healed  
Resumed his barb and banner in the field  
And bore himself right soldier like till now  
The third campaign had manlier bronzed his brow  
When peace though but a scanty pause for breath  
A curtain drop between the acts of death  
A check in frantic wars unfinished game 130  
Yet dearly bought and direly welcome came  
The camp broke up and Udolph left his chief  
As with a son's or younger brother's grief  
But journeying home how rapt his spirits rose '  
How light his footsteps crushed St Gothard's snows '  
How dear seemed e'en the waste and wild Shreck  
horn

Though wrapt in clouds and frowning as in scorn  
Upon a downward world of pastoral charms  
Where by the very smell of dairy farms  
And fragrance from the mountain herbage blown 140  
Blindfold his native hills he could have known '

His coming down yon lake—his boat in view  
Of windows where love's fluttering kerchief flew—  
The arms spread out for him the tears that burst  
(Twas Julia's twas his sister's met him first)—  
Their pride to see war's medal at his breast  
And all their raptures greeting—may be guessed

Ere long his bosom triumphed to unfold  
A gift he meant their gayest room to hold—  
The picture of a friend in warlike dress 150  
And who it was he first bade Julia guess

Yes she replied twas he methought in sleep  
When you were wounded told me not to weep



The painting long in that sweet mansion drew  
Regards its living semblance little knew

Meanwhile Theodric, who had years before  
Leant England's tongue, and loved her classic lore,  
A glad enthusiast, now explored the land,  
Where Nature, Freedom, Art smile hand in hand  
Her women fair, her men robust for toil, 160  
Her vigorous souls, high-cultured as her soil  
Her towns, where civic independence flings  
The gauntlet down to senates, courts, and kings  
Her works of art, resembling magic's powers,  
Her mighty fleets, and learning's beauteous bowers—  
These he had visited, with wonder's smile,  
And scarce endured to quit so fair an isle  
But how our fates from unmomentous things  
May rise, like rivers out of little springs !  
A trivial chance postponed his parting day, 170  
And public tidings caused, in that delay,  
An English jubilee 'Twas a glorious sight !  
At eve stupendous London, clad in light,  
Poured out triumphant multitudes to gaze,  
Youth, age, wealth, penury smiling in the blaze,  
The illumined atmosphere was warm and bland,  
And Beauty's groups, the fairest of the land,  
Conspicuous, as in some wide festive room,  
In open chariots passed with pearl and plume  
Amidst them he remarked a lovelier mien 180  
Than e'en his thoughts had shaped, or eyes had seen,  
The throng detained her till he reined his steed,  
And, ere the beauty passed, had time to read  
The motto and the arms her carriage bore  
Led by that clue, he left not England's shore  
Till he had known her and to know her well  
Prolonged, exalted, bound enchantment's spell,

For with affections warm intense refined  
She mixed such calm and holy strength of mind  
That like Heaven's image in the smiling brook 190  
Celestial peace was pictured in her look  
Hers was the brow in trials unperplexed  
That cheered the sad and tranquillized the vexed  
She studied not the meanest to eclipse  
And yet the wisest listened to her lips  
She sang not knew not music's magic skill  
But yet her voice had tones that swayed the will  
He sought—he won her—and resolved to make  
His future home in England for her sake

Yet ere they wedded matters of concern 00  
To Caesar's court commanded his return  
A season's space—and on his Alpine way  
He reached those bowers that rang with joy that day  
The boy was half beside himself the sire  
All frankness honour and Helvetian fire  
Of speedy parting would not hear him speak  
And tears bedewed and brightened Julia's cheek

Thus loth to wound their hospitable pride  
A month he promised with them to abide  
As blithe he trod the mountain sward as they 10  
And felt his joy make even the young more gay  
How jocund was their breakfast parlour fanned  
By yon blue water's breath ' their walks how bland '  
Fair Julia seemed her brother's softened sprite  
A gem reflecting Nature's purest light  
And with her graceful wit there was inwrought  
A wildly sweet unworldliness of thought  
That almost childlike to his kindness drew  
And twin with Udolph in his friendship grew  
But did his thoughts to love one moment range ? 0  
No ' he who had loved Constance could not change ' 2

Besides, till grief betrayed her undesigned  
The unlikely thought could scarcely reach his mind  
That eyes so young on years like his should beam  
Unwooded devotion back for pure esteem

True, she sang to his very soul, and brought  
Those trains before him of luxuriant thought  
Which only music's heaven-born art can bring,  
To sweep across the mind with angel wing  
Once, as he smiled amidst that waking trance, 230  
She paused o'ercome he thought it might be chance,  
And, when his first suspicions dimly stole,  
Rebuked them back like phantoms from his soul  
But, when he saw his caution gave her pain,  
And kindness brought suspense's rack again,  
Faith, honour, friendship bound him to unmask  
Truths which her timid fondness feared to ask

And yet with gracefully ingenuous power  
Her spirit met the explanatory hour,  
Even conscious beauty brightened in her eyes, 240  
That told she knew their love no vulgar prize,  
And pride, like that of one more woman-grown,  
Enlarged her mien, enriched her voice's tone  
'Twas then she struck the keys, and music made  
That mocked all skill her hand had e'er displayed  
Inspired and warbling, rapt from things around,  
She looked the very Muse of magic sound,  
Painting in sound the forms of joy and woe,  
Until the mind's eye saw them melt and glow  
Her closing strain composed and calm she played 250  
And sang no words to give its pathos aid,  
But grief seemed lingering in its lengthened swell,  
And like so many tears the trickling touches fell  
Of Constance then she heard Theodric speak,  
And steadfast smoothness still possessed her cheek

But when he told her how he oft had planned  
Of old a journey to their mountain land  
That might have brought him hither years before  
Ah ! then she cried you knew not England's  
shore

And had you come —and wherefore did you not ? 60  
Yes he replied it would have changed our lot !  
Then burst her tears through pride's restraining  
bands

And with her handkerchief and both her hands  
She hid her face and wept Contrition stung  
Theodric for the tears his words had wrung

But no she cried unsay not what you've said  
Nor grudge one prop on which my pride is stayed  
To think I could have merited your faith  
Shall be my solace even unto death !

Julia Theodric said with purposed look o  
Of firmness my reply deserved rebuke  
But by your pure and sacred peace of mind  
And by the dignity of womankind  
Swear that when I am gone you'll do your best  
To chase this dream of fondness from your breast {

The abrupt appeal electrified her thought  
She looked to Heaven as if its aid she sought  
Dried hastily the tear drops from her cheek  
And signified the vow she could not speak }

Ere long he communed with her mother mild so  
Alas ! she said I warned—conjured my child  
And grieved for this affection from the first  
But like fatality it has been nursed  
For when her filled eyes on your picture fixed  
And when your name in all she spoke was mixed  
Twas hard to chide an over grateful mind !  
Then each attempt a livelier choice to find

Made only fresh-rejected suitors grieve,  
 And Udolph's pride—perhaps her own believe  
 That, could she meet, she might enchant even you 290  
 You came I augured the event, 'tis true,  
 But how was Udolph's mother to exclude  
 The guest that claimed our boundless gratitude?  
 And that unconscious you had cast a spell  
 On Julia's peace, my pride refused to tell  
 Yet in my child's illusion I have seen,  
 Believe me well, how blameless you have been  
 Nor can it cancel, howsoe'er it end,  
 Our debt of friendship to our boy's best friend'  
 At night he parted with the aged pair, 300  
 At early morn rose Julia to prepare  
 The last repast her hands for him should make,  
 And Udolph to convoy him o'er the lake  
 The parting was to her such bitter grief  
 That of her own accord she made it brief  
 But, lingering at her window, long surveyed  
 His boat's last glimpses melting into shade

Theodric sped to Austria, and achieved  
 His journey's object Much was he relieved  
 When Udolph's letters told that Julia's mind 310  
 Had born his loss firm, tranquil, and resigned  
 He took the Rhenish route to England, high  
 Elate with hopes, fulfilled their ecstasy,  
 And interchanged with Constance's own breath  
 The sweet eternal vows that bound their faith

To paint that being to a grovelling mind  
 Were like portraying pictures to the blind  
 'Twas needful even infectiously to feel  
 Her temper's fond and firm and gladsome zeal,  
 To share existence with her, and to gain 320  
 Sparks from her love's electrifying chain

Of that pure pride which lessening to her breast  
Life's ills gave all its joys a treble zest  
Before the mind completely understood

That mighty truth—how happy are the good !

Even when her light forsook him it bequeathed  
Ennobling sorrow and her memory breathed  
A sweetness that survived her living days  
As odorous scents outlast the censers' blaze

Or if a trouble dimmed their golden joy 330  
Twas outward dross and not infused alloy  
*Their home* knew but affection's looks and speech—  
A little Heaven above dissension's reach  
But midst her kindred there was strife and gall  
Save one congenial sister they were ill  
Such foils to her bright intellect and grace  
As if she had engrossed the virtue of her race  
Her nature strove the unnatural feuds to heal  
Her wisdom made the weak to her appeal  
And though the wounds she cured were soon unclosed  
Unwearied still her kindness interposed 341

Oft on those errands though she went in vain  
And home a blank without her gave him pain  
He bore her absence for its pious end  
But public grief his spirit came to bend  
For war laid waste his native land once more  
And German honour bled at every pore  
Oh ! were he there he thought to rally back  
One broken band or perish in the wrack !  
Nor think that Constance sought to move or melt 350  
His purpose like herself she spoke and felt—

Your fame is mine and I will bear all woe  
Except its loss !—but with you let me go  
To arm you for to embrace you from the fight  
Harm will not reach me—hazards will delight !

He knew those hazards better one campaign  
In England he conjured her to remain,  
And she expressed assent, although her heart  
In secret had resolved they should not part

How oft the wisest on misfortune's shelves 360  
Are wrecked by errors most unlike themselves '  
That little fault, that fraud of love's romance,  
That plan's concealment, wrought their whole mis-  
chance

He knew it not, preparing to embark  
But felt extinct his comfort's latest spark  
When, 'midst those numbered days, she made repair  
Again to kindred worthless of her care  
'Tis true she said the tidings she could write  
Would make her absence on his heart sit light ,  
But, haplessly, revealed not yet her plan, 370  
And left him in his home a lonely man

Thus damped in thoughts he mused upon the  
past

'Twas long since he had heard from Udolph last,  
And deep misgivings on his spirit fell  
That all with Udolph's household was not well  
'Twas that too true prophetic mood of fear  
That augurs griefs inevitably near,  
Yet makes them not less startling to the mind  
When come Least looked-for then of human kind,  
His Udolph ('twas, he thought at first, his sprite) 380  
With mournful joy that morn surprised his sight  
How changed was Udolph ! Scarce Theodric durst  
Inquire his tidings , he revealed the worst  
' At first,' he said, ' as Julia bade me tell,  
She bore her fate high-mindedly and well,  
Resolved from common eyes her grief to hide,  
And from the world's compassion saved our pride ,

But still her health gave way to secret woe  
And long she pined—for broken hearts die slow '  
Her reason went but came returning like 390  
The warning of her death hour—soon to strike  
And all for which she now poor sufferer ' sighs  
Is once to see Theodric ere she dies  
Why should I come to tell you this caprice ?  
Forgive me ' for my mind has lost its peace  
I blame myself and neer shall cease to blame  
That my insane ambition for the name  
Of brother to Theodric founded all  
Those high built hopes that crushed her by their fall  
I made her slight her mother's counsel sage 400  
But now my parents droop with grief and age  
And though my sister's eyes mean no rebuke  
They overwhelm me with their dying look  
The journey's long but you are full of ruth  
And she who shares your heart and knows its  
truth  
Has faith in your affection far above  
The fear of a poor dying object's love  
She has my Udolph he replied tis true  
And oft we talk of Julia—oft of you  
Their converse came abruptly to a close 410  
For scarce could each his troubled looks compose  
When visitants to Constance near akin  
(In all but traits of soul) were ushered in  
They brought not her nor midst their kindred band  
The sister who alone like her was bland  
But said—and smiled to see it gave him pain  
That Constance would a fortnight yet remain  
Vexed by their tidings and the haughty view  
They cast on Udolph as the youth withdrew  
Theodric blamed his Constance's intent 420  
The demons went and left him as they went



To read, when they were gone beyond recall,  
A note from her loved hand explaining all  
She said that with their house she only stayed  
That parting peace might with them all be made ;  
But prayed for love to share his foreign life  
And shun all future chance of kindred strife  
He wrote with speed his soul's consent to say  
The letter missed her on her homeward way  
In six hours Constance was within his arms 430  
Moved, flushed, unlike her wonted calm of charms  
And breathless—with uplifted hands outspread—  
Burst into tears upon his neck, and said—  
' I knew that those who brought your message laughed,  
With poison of their own to point the shaft ,  
And this my one kind sister thought, yet loth  
Confessed she feared 'twas true you had been wroth  
But here you are, and smile on me my pain  
Is gone, and Constance is herself again '  
His ecstasy, it may be guessed, was much, 440  
Yet pain's extreme and pleasure's seemed to touch  
What pride ' embracing beauty's perfect mould ,  
What terror ' lest his few rash words, mistold  
Had agonized her pulse to fever's heat  
But, calmed again, so soon it healthful beat  
And such sweet tones were in her voice's sound  
Composed herself, she breathed composure round

Fair being ' with what sympathetic grace  
She heard, bewailed, and pleaded Julia's case  
Implored he would her dying wish attend, 450  
' And go,' she said, ' to-morrow with your friend ,  
I'll wait for your return on England's shore  
And then we'll cross the deep, and part no more '

To-morrow both his soul's compassion drew  
To Julia's call, and Constance urged anew

That not to heed her now would be to bind  
 A load of pain for life upon his mind  
 He went with Udolph—from his Constance went—  
 Stifling alas ! a dark presentiment  
 Some ailment lurked even whilst she smiled to  
     mock 460  
 His fears of harm from yester morning's shock  
 Meanwhile a faithful page he singled out  
 To watch at home and follow straight his route  
 If aught of threatened change her health should  
     show  
 With Udolph then he reached the house of woe

That winter's eve how darkly Nature's brow  
 Scowled on the scenes it lights so lovely now !  
 The tempest raging o'er the realms of ice  
 Shook fragments from the rifted precipice  
 And whilst their falling echoed to the wind 40  
 The wolf's long howl in dismal discord joined  
 While white yon water's foam was raised in clouds  
 That whirled like spirits wailing in their shrouds  
 Without was Nature's elemental din—  
 And beauty died and friendship wept within !

Sweet Julia though her fate was finished half  
 Still knew him—smiled on him with feeble laugh—  
 And blessed him till she drew her latest sigh !  
 But lo ! while Udolph's bursts of agony  
 And age's tremulous wailings round him rose 480  
 What accents pierced him deeper yet than those ?  
 'Twas tidings by his English messenger  
 Of Constance—brief and terrible they were  
 She still was living when the page set out  
 From home but whether now was left in doubt  
 Poor Julia ! saw he then thy death's relief  
 Stunned into stupor more than wrung with grief ?

It was not strange, for in the human breast  
Two master-passions cannot co-exist,  
And that alarm which now usurped his brain 490  
Shut out, not only peace, but other pain  
'Twas fancying Constance underneath the shroud  
That covered Julia made him first weep loud,  
And tear himself away from them that wept  
Fast hurrying homeward, night nor day he slept,  
Till, launched at sea, he dreamt that his soul's saint  
Clung to him on a bridge of ice, pale, faint,  
O'er cataracts of blood Awake, he blessed  
The shore, nor hope left utterly his breast,  
Till reaching home, terrific omen ' there 500  
The straw-laid street preluded his despair  
The servant's look—the table that revealed  
His letter sent to Constance last, still sealed—  
Though speech and hearing left him, told too clear  
That he had now to suffer—not to fear  
He felt as if he ne'er should cease to feel—  
A wretch live-broken on misfortune's wheel  
Her death's cause—he might make his peace with  
Heaven,  
Absolved from guilt, but never self-forgiven

The ocean has its ebbings—so has grief, 510  
'Twas vent to anguish, if 'twas not relief  
To lay his brow e'en on her death-cold cheek  
Then first he heard her one kind sister speak  
She bade him, in the name of Heaven, forbear  
With self-reproach to deepen his despair  
' 'Twas blame,' she said, ' I shudder to relate  
But none of yours, that caused our darling's fate,  
Her mother (must I call her such ?) foresaw,  
Should Constance leave the land, she would with-  
draw

Our House's charm against the world's neglect— 50  
 The only gem that drew it some respect  
 Hence when you went she came and vainly spoke  
 To change her purpose—grew incensed and broke  
 With execrations from her kneeling child  
 Start not! your angel from her knee rose mild  
 Feared that she should not long the scene outlive  
 Yet bade even you the unnatural one forgive  
 Till then her ailment had been slight or none  
 But fast she drooped and fatal pains came on  
 Foreseeing their event she dictated 530  
 And signed these words for you The letter said—

Theodric this is destiny above  
 Our power to baffle bear it then my love!  
 Rave not to learn the usage I have borne  
 For one true sister left me not forlorn  
 And though you're absent in another land  
 Sent from me by my own well meant command  
 Your soul I know as firm is knit to mine  
 As these clasped hands in blessing you now join  
 Shape not imagined horrors in my fate— 540  
 Even now my sufferings are not very great  
 And when your grief's first transports shall subside  
 I call upon your strength of soul and pride  
 To pay my memory if 'tis worth the debt  
 Love's glorying tribute—not forlorn regret  
 I charge my name with power to conjure up  
 Reflection's balmy not its bitter cup  
 My pardoning angel at the gates of Heaven  
 Shall look not more regard than you have given  
 To me and our life's union has been clad 550  
 In smiles of bliss as sweet as life e'er had  
 Shall gloom be from such bright remembrance cast?  
 Shall bitterness outflow from sweetness past?

No ' imaged in the sanctuary of your breast,  
 There let me smile, amidst high thoughts at rest ,  
 And let contentment on your spirit shine,  
 As if its peace were still a part of mine  
 For if you war not proudly with your pain,  
 For you I shall have worse than lived in vain  
 But I conjure your manliness to bear 560  
 My loss with noble spirit—not despair  
 I ask you by our love to promise this,  
 And kiss these words, where I have left a kiss,—  
 The latest from my living lips for yours ' -

Words that will solace him while life endures  
 For, though his spirit from affliction's surge  
 Could ne'er to life, as life had been, emerge,  
 Yet still that mind whose harmony elate  
 Rang sweetness, even beneath the crush of fate,  
 That mind in whose regard all things were placed 570  
 In views that softened them, or lights that graced,  
 That soul's example could not but dispense  
 A portion of its own blessed influence,  
 Invoking him to peace, and that self-sway  
 Which Fortune cannot give, nor take away  
 And, though he mourned her long, 'twas with such woe  
 As if her spirit watched him still below

## NOTES TO THEODRIC

### NOTE TO LINE 3

*That gave the glacier-tops their richest glow*

The sight of the glaciers of Switzerland, I am told, has often disappointed travellers who had perused the accounts of their splendour and sublimity given by Bourrit and other describers of Swiss scenery. Possibly Bourrit, who had spent his life in an enamoured familiarity with the beauties of Nature in Switzerland,

may have leaned to the romantic side of description. One can pardon a man for a sort of idolatry of those imposing objects of Nature which lighten our ideas of the beauty of Nature or Providence when we reflect that the glaciers—those seas of ice—are not only sublime but useful—they are the inexhaustible reservoirs which supply the principal rivers of Europe—and their annual melting in proportion to the summer heat which dries up those rivers and makes them need that supply.

That the picturesque grandeur of the glaciers abroad sometimes disappoint the traveller will not seem surprising to any one who has been much in a mountainous country and recollect that the beauty of Nature in such countries is not only variable but capriciously dependent on the weather and sun line. There are about four hundred different glaciers according to the computation of M. Bourrit between Mont Blanc and the frontier of the Tyrol. The full effect of the most lofty and picturesque of them can of course only be produced by the richest and warmest light of the atmosphere—and the very least which illuminates them must have a changing influence on many of their appearances. I imagine it is owing to this circumstance namely the casualty and changeableness of the appearance of some of the glaciers that the impression made by them on the mind of other and more transient travellers have been less enchanting than those described by M. Bourrit. On one occasion M. Bourrit seemed even to speak of a past phenomenon and certainly one which no other spectator attests in the same terms when he says that there once existed between the *haut Steig* and *Lauterbrun* a passage amidst singular glaciers, sometimes resembling magical towns of ice with pilasters, pyramidal columns and obelisks reflecting to the sun the most brilliant hues of the finest gem.

M. Bourrit's description of the Glacier of the Rhone is quite enchanting—To form an idea, he says, of this superb spectacle fix in your mind a scaffolding of transparent ice filling a space of two miles rising to the clouds and darting flashes of light like the sun. Nor were the several parts less magnificent and surprising. One might see as it were the streets and buildings of a city erected in the form of an amphitheatre and embellished with pieces of water cascades and torrents. The effects were as prodigious as the immensity and the height—the most beautiful azure the most splendid white the regular appearance of a thousand pyramids of ice—are more easy to be imagined than described.—Bourrit iii 163

\* Occupying if taken together a surface of 130 square leagues  
CAMPELL

## NOTE TO LINE 9

*From heights browsed by the bounding bouquetin*

Laborde, in his *Tableau de la Suisse*, gives a curious account of this animal, the wild sharp cry and elastic movements of which must heighten the picturesque appearance of its haunts — ‘Nature,’ says Laborde, ‘has destined it to mountains covered with snow if it is not exposed to keen cold it becomes blind Its agility in leaping much surpasses that of the chamois, and would appear incredible to those who have not seen it There is not a mountain so high or steep to which it will not trust itself provided it has room to place its feet, it can scramble along the highest wall, if its surface be rugged’

## NOTE TO LINE 15

*Enamelled moss*

The moss of Switzerland, as well as that of the Tyrol, is remarkable for a bright smoothness approaching to the appearance of enamel

## NOTE TO LINE 136

*How dear seemed even the waste and wild Shreckhorn*

The Schreckhorn means, in German, the Peak of Terror

## NOTE TO LINE 141

*Blindfold his native hills he would have known’*

I have here availed myself of a striking expression of the Emperor Napoleon respecting his recollections of Corsica which is recorded in Las Cases’ *History of the Emperor’s Abode at St Helena*

# THE PILGRIM OF GLENCOE

(First published in 1842)

THE sunset sheds a horizontal smile  
O'er Highland frith and Hebridean isle  
While gay with gambols of its finny shoals  
The glancing wave rejoices as it rolls  
With streamered busses that distinctly shine  
All downward pictured in the glassy brine  
Whose crews with faces brightening in the sun  
Keep measure with their oars and all in one  
Strike up the old Gaelic song Sweep rowers sweep !  
The fisher's glorious spoils are in the deep 10

Day sinks but twilight owes the traveller soon  
To reach his bourne a round unclouded moon  
Bespeaking long undarkened hours of time  
False hope ! the Scots are steadfast—not their clime  
A war-worn soldier from the western land  
Seeks Cona's vale by Ballihoula's strand —  
The vale by eagle haunted cliffs o'erhung  
Where Fingal fought and Ossian's harp was strung  
Our veteran's forehead bronzed on sultry plains  
Had stood the brunt of thirty fought campaigns 20  
He well could vouch the sad romance of wars  
And count the dates of battles by his scars  
For he had served where o'er and o'er again  
Britannia's oriflamme had lit the plain  
Of glory—and victorious stamped her name  
On Oudenarde's and Blenheim's fields of fame



Nine times in battle field his blood had streamed,  
Yet vivid still his veteran blue eye gleamed ,  
Full well he bore his knapsack—unoppressed—  
And marched with soldier-like erected crest 30  
Nor sign of even loquacious age he wore,  
Save when he told his life's adventures o'er  
Some tired of these , for terms to him were dear  
Too tactical by far for vulgar ear ,  
As when he talked of rampart and ravine,  
And trenches fenced with gabion and fascine  
But when his theme possessed him all and whole,  
He scorned proud puzzling words and warmed the  
soul ,

Hushed groups hung on his lips with fond surprise,  
That sketched old scenes like pictures to their eyes  
The wide war-plain, with banners glowing bright, 40  
And bayonets to the farthest stretch of sight  
The pause, more dreadful than the peal to come  
From volleys blazing at the beat of drum,  
Till all the fields of thundering lines became  
Two level and confronted sheets of flame  
Then to the charge, when Marlbro's hot pursuit  
Trode France's gilded lilies underfoot,  
He came and kindled—and with martial lung  
Would chant the very march then trumpets sung 50

The old soldier hoped, ere evening's light should fail,  
To reach a home south-east of Cona's vale ,  
But, looking at Ben Nevis, capped with snow,  
He saw its mists come curling down below  
And spread white darkness o'er the sunset glow  
Fast rolling like tempestuous Ocean's spray,  
Or clouds from troops in battle's fiery day,  
So dense, his quarry 'scaped the falcon's sight ,  
The owl alone exulted, hating light

Benighted thus our pilgrim groped his ground 60  
 Half twixt the river's and the cataract's sound  
 At last a sheep dog's bark informed his ear  
 Some human habitation might be near  
 Anon sheep bleatings rose from rock to rock —  
 'Twas Luath hounding to their fold the flock  
 Ere long the cock's obstreperous clarion rang  
 And next a maid's sweet voice that spinning sang  
 At last amidst the greensward (gladsome sight!)  
 A cottage stood with straw roof golden bright

He knocked was welcomed in None asked his  
 name 0  
 Nor whither he was bound nor whence he came  
 But he was beckoned to the stranger's seat  
 Right side the chimney fire of blazing peat  
 Blest hospitality makes not her home  
 In walled parlours and castellated dome  
 She flies the city's needy greedy crowd  
 And shuns still more the mansions of the proud—  
 The balm of savage or of simple life  
 A wild flower cut by culture's polished knife!

The house no common sordid shieling cot 80  
 Spoke inmates of a comfortable lot  
 The Jacobite white rose festooned their door  
 The windows sashed and glazed the oaken floor  
 The chimney graced with antlers of the deer  
 The rafters hung with meat for winter cheer  
 And all the mansion indicated plain  
 Its master a superior shepherd swain

Their supper came the table soon was spread  
 With eggs and milk and cheese and barley bread  
 The family were three—a father hoar 90  
 Whose age you'd guess at seventy years or more

His son looked fifty, cheerful like her lord,  
His comely wife presided at the board  
All three had that peculiar courteous grace  
Which marks the meanest of the Highland race—  
Warm hearts that burn alike in weal and woe,  
As if the north wind fanned their bosom's glow '

But wide unlike their souls old Norman's eye  
Was proudly savage even in courtesy  
His sinewy shoulders each, though aged and lean,  
Broad as the curled Herculean head between 101  
His scornful lip, his eyes of yellow fire,  
And nostrils that dilated quick with ire,  
With ever downward-slanting shaggy brows,  
Marked the old lion you would dread to rouse  
Norman, in truth, had led his earlier life  
In raids of red revenge and feudal strife  
Religious duty in revenge he saw  
Proud Honour's right and Nature's honest law,  
First in the charge, and foremost in pursuit 110  
Long-breathed, deep-chested, and in speed of foot  
A match for stags—still fleetest when the prey  
Was man, in persecution's evil day  
Cheered to that chase by brutal bold Dundee  
No Highland hound had lapped more blood than he  
Oft had he changed the Covenanter's breath  
From strains of psalmody to howls of death,  
And, though long bound to peace, it riled him still  
His dirk had ne'er one hated foe to kill

Yet Norman had fierce virtues that would mock 120  
Cold-blooded Tories of the modern stock  
Who starve the breadless poor with fraud and cant,  
He slew, and saved them from the pangs of want  
Nec was his solitary lawless charm  
Mere dauntlessness of soul and strength of arm,

He had his moods of kindness now and then  
And feasted even well mannered Lowland men  
Who blew not up his Jacobitish flame  
Nor prefaced with pretender Charles's name  
Fierce but by sense and kindness not unwon 130  
He loved respected even his wiser son  
And brooked from him expostulations sage  
When all advisers else were spurned with rage  
For happier times had moulded Ronald's mind  
By nature too of more sagacious kind  
His breadth of brow and Poman shape of chin  
Squared well with the firm man that reigned within  
Contemning strife as childishness he stood  
With neighbours on kind terms of neighbourhood  
And whilst his father's anger nought availed 140  
*His* rational remonstrance never failed  
Till skilfully he managed farm and fold  
Wrote ciphered profitably bought and sold  
And blessed with pastoral leisure deeply took  
Delight to be informed by speech or book  
Of that wide world beyond his mountain home  
Where oft his curious fancy loved to roam  
Oft while his faithful dog ran round his flock  
He read long hours when summer warmed the rock  
Guests who could tell him aught were welcomed warm  
Even pedlars' news had to his mind a charm 151  
*That like an intellectual magnet stone*  
Drew truth from judgements simpler than his own  
His soul's proud instinct sought not to enjoy  
Romantic fictions like a minstrel boy  
Truth standing on her solid square from youth  
He worshipped—stern uncompromising truth  
His goddess kinder smiled on him to find  
A votary of her light in land so blind

She bade majestic history unroll 165  
 Broad views of public welfare to his soul,  
 Until he looked on clannish feuds and foes  
 With scorn, as on the wars of kites and crows,  
 Whilst doubts assailed him, o'er and o'er again,  
 If men were made for kings or kings for mer  
 At last, to Norman's horror and dismay,  
 He flat denied the Stuarts' right to sway

No blow-pipe ever whitened furnace fire  
 Quick as these words lit up his father's ire,  
 Who envied even old Abraham for his faith, 170  
 Ordained to put his only son to death  
 He started up ' in such a mood of soul  
 The white bear bites his showman's stirring pole,  
 He danced too, and brought out, with snarl and howl,  
 ' O Dia ' Dia ' and Dioul ' Dioul ' '

But sense foils fury as the blowing whale  
 Spouts, bleeds, and dyes the waves without avail—  
 Wears out the cable's length that makes him fast,  
 But, worn himself, comes up harpooned at last  
 E'en so, devoid of sense, succumbs at length 180  
 Mere strength of zeal to intellectual strength

His son's close logic so perplexed his pate  
 The old hero rather shunned than sought debate,  
 Exhausting his vocabulary's store  
 Of oaths and nicknames, he could say no more,  
 But tapp'd his mull, rolled mutely in his chair,  
 Or only whistled Killiecrankie's air

Witch legends Ronald scorned—ghost, kelpie, wraith.  
 And all the trumpery of vulgar faith,  
 Grave matrons even were shocked to hear him slight  
 Authenticated facts of second-sight, 191

Yet never flinched his mockery to confound  
The brutal superstition reigning round

Reserved himself still Ronald loved to scan  
Men's natures—and he liked the old hearty man  
So did the partner of his heart and life  
Who pleased her Ronald ne'er displeased his wife  
His sense 'tis true compared with Norman's son  
Was commonplace—his tales too long outspun  
Yet Allan Campbell's sympathizing mind       ∞  
Had held large intercourse with human kind  
Seen much and gaily graphically drew  
The men of every country clime and hue  
Nor ever stooped though soldier like his strain  
To ribaldry of mirth or oath profane

All went harmonious till the guest began  
To talk about his kindred chief and clan  
And with his own biography engrossed  
Marked not the changed demeanour of each host  
Nor how old choleric Norman's cheek became   10  
Flushed at the Campbell and Breadalbane name  
Assigning heedless of impending harm  
Their steadfast silence to his story's charm  
He touched a subject perilous to touch—  
Saying   Midst this well known vale I wondered  
          much

To lose my way   In boyhood long ago  
I roamed and loved each pathway of Glencoe  
Trapped leverets plucked wild berries on its braes  
And fished along its banks long summer days

But times grew stormy   bitter feuds arose       20  
Our clan was merciless to prostrate foes  
I never palliated my chieftain's blame  
But mourned the sin and reddened for the shame

Of that foul morn (Heaven blot it from the year !)  
 Whose shapes and shrieks still haunt my dreaming  
 ear

What could I do ? a serf—Glenlyon's page  
 A soldier sworn at nineteen years of age ,  
 To have breathed one grieved remonstrance to our  
 chief,

The pit or gallows would have cured my grief  
 Forced, passive as the musket in my hand, 230  
 I marched when, feigning royalty's command,  
 Against the clan Macdonald Stairs's lord  
 Sent forth exterminating fire and sword ,  
 And troops at midnight through the vale defiled,  
 Enjoined to slaughter woman, man, and child  
 My clansmen many a year had cause to dread  
 The curse that day entailed upon their head  
 Glenlyon's self confessed the avenging spell  
 I saw it light on him

It so befell —

A soldier from our ranks to death was brought 240  
 By sentence deemed too dreadful for his fault ,  
 All was prepared—the coffin and the cart  
 Stood near twelve muskets levelled at his heart  
 The chief, whose breast for ruth had still some room,  
 Obtained reprieve a day before his doom ,  
 But of the awarded boon surmised no breath  
 The sufferer knelt, blindfolded, waiting death,  
 And met it Though Glenlyon had desired  
 The musketeers to watch before they fired ,  
 If from his pocket they should see he drew 250  
 A handkerchief—their volley should ensue  
 But if he held a paper in its place,  
 It should be hailed the sign of pardoning grace  
 He, in a fatal moment's absent fit,  
 Drew forth the handkerchief, and not the writ ,

Wept o'er the corpse and wrung his hands in woe  
Crying Here's thy curse again—Glencoe! Glencoe!

Though thus his guest spoke feelings just and clear  
The cabin's patriarch lent impatient ear  
Wroth that beneath his roof a living man 60  
Should boast the swine blood of the Campbell clan  
He hastened to the door—called out his son  
To follow—walked a space and thus begun—

You have not Ronald at this day to learn  
The oath I took beside my father's cairn  
When you were but a babe a twelvemonth born  
Sworn on my dirk—by all that's sacred sworn  
To be revenged for blood that cries to Heaven—  
Blood unforgiveable and unforgiven  
But never power since then have I possessed 70  
To plant my dagger in a Campbell's breast  
Now here's a self-accusing partisan  
Steeped in the slaughter of Macdonald's clan  
I scorn his civil speech and sweet-lipped show  
Of pity—he is still our house's foe  
I'll perjure not myself—but sacrifice  
The cut-throat ere to-morrow's sun arise  
Stand! hear me—you're my son—the deed is just  
And if I say it must be done it must  
A debt of honour which my clansmen crave 80  
Their very dead demand it from the grave  
Conjuring then their ghosts he humbly prayed  
Their patience till the blood debt should be paid  
But Ronald stopped him—Sir Sir do not dim  
Your honour for a moment's angry whim  
Your soul's too just and generous were you cool  
To act at once the assassin and the fool  
Bring me the men on whom revenge is due  
And I will dirk them willingly as you!



But all the real authors of that black 290  
 Old deed are gone—you cannot bring them back  
 And this poor guest, 'tis palpable to judge,  
 In all his life ne'er bore our clan a grudge,  
 Dragged when a boy against his will to share  
 That massacre, he loathed the foul affair  
 Think, if your hardened heart be conscience-proof;  
 To stab a stranger underneath your roof '  
 One who has broken bread within your gate '  
 Reflect before reflection comes too late  
 Such ugly consequences there may be 300  
 As judge and jury, rope and gallows-tree  
 The days of dirking snugly are gone by  
 Where could you hide the body privily,  
 When search is made for 't ? '

' Plunge it in yon flood,  
 That Campbells crimsoned with our kindred blood '  
 ' Ay, but the corpse may float '

' Pshaw ' dead men tell  
 No tales—nor will it float if leaded well  
 I am determined ' ' What could Ronald do ?  
 No house within ear-reach of his halloo,  
 Though that would have but published household  
 shame 310  
 He temporized with wraith he could not tame,  
 And said, ' Come in, till night put off the deed,  
 And ask a few more questions ere he bleed '

They entered, Norman with portentous air  
 Strode to a nook behind the stranger's chair,  
 And, speaking nought, sat grimly in the shade,  
 With dagger in his clutch beneath his plaid  
 His son's own plaid, should Norman pounce his  
 prey,  
 Was coiled thick round his arm, to turn away

Or blunt the dirk    He purposed leaving free    30  
The door and giving Allan time to flee  
Whilst he should wrestle with (no safe emprise)  
His father's maniac strength and giant size  
Meanwhile he could nowise communicate  
The impending peril to his anxious mate  
But she convinced no trifling matter now  
Disturbed the wonted calm of Ronald's brow  
Divined too well the cause of gloom that lowered  
And sat with speechless terror overpowered  
Her face was pale so lately blithe and bland    330  
The stocking knitting wire shook in her hand  
But Ronald and the guest resumed their thread  
Of converse still its theme that day of dread  
Much said the veteran    much as I bemoan  
That deed when half a hundred years have flown  
Still on one circumstance I can reflect  
That mitigates the dreadful retrospect  
A mother with her child before us flew  
I had the hideous mandate to pursue  
But swift of foot outspeeding bloodier men    340  
I chased o'ertook her in the winding glen  
And showed her palpitating where to save  
Herself and infant in a secret cave  
Nor left them till I saw that they could mock  
Pursuit and search within that sheltering rock

Heavens! Ronald cried in accents gladly wild  
That woman was my mother—I the child!  
Of you unknown by name she late and air  
Spoke wept and ever blessed you in her prayer  
Even to her death describing you withal    350  
A well looked florid youth blue eyed and tall  
They rose exchanged embrace the old lion then  
Upstart'd metamorphosed from his den

Saying, 'Come and make thy home with us for life,  
Heaven-sent preserver of my child and wife  
I fear thou'rt poor that Hanoverian thing  
Rewards his soldiers ill' 'God save the king!'  
With hand upon his heart, old Allan said,  
'I wear his uniform, I eat his bread,  
And, whilst I've tooth to bite a cartridge, all 360  
For him and Britain's fame I'll stand or fall'

'Bravo!' cried Ronald, 'I commend your zeal'  
Quoth Norman, 'and I see your heart is leal,  
But I have prayed my soul may never thrive  
If thou shouldst leave this house of ours alive,  
Nor shalt thou, in this home protract thy breath  
Of easy life, nor leave it till thy death'

The following morn arose serene as glass,  
And red Ben Nevis shone like molten brass  
While sunrise opened flowers with gentle force 370  
The guest and Ronald walked in long discourse  
'Words fail me,' Allan said, 'to thank aright  
Your father's kindness shown me yesternight,  
Yet scarce I'd wish my latest days to spend  
A fireside fixture with the dearest friend  
Besides, I've but a fortnight's furlough now  
To reach Macallin More, beyond Lochow  
I'd fain memorialize the powers that be  
To deign remembrance of my wounds and me,  
My life-long service never bore the brand 380  
Of sentence, lash, disgrace or reprimand  
And so I've written, though in meagre style  
A long petition to his Grace Argyle,  
I mean, on reaching Innerara's shore,  
To leave it safe within his castle door'  
'Nay,' Ronald said, 'the letter that you bear  
Entrust it to no lying varlet's care,



But say a soldier of King George demands  
Access to leave it in the Duke's own hands  
But show me first the epistle to your chief— 390  
Tis nought unless succinctly clear and brief  
Great men have no great patience when they read  
And long petitions spoil the cause they plead

That day saw Ronald from the field full soon  
Return and when they all had dined at noon  
He coned the old man's memorial—lopped its length  
And gave it style simplicity and strength  
Twas finished in an hour—and in the next  
Transcribed by Allan in perspicuous text

At evening he and Ronald shared once more 400  
A long and pleasant walk by Cona's shore  
I'd press you quoth his host—( I need not say  
How warmly) ever more with us to stay  
But Charles intends 'tis said in these same parts  
To try the fealty of our Highland hearts  
Tis my belief that he and all his line  
Have—saving to be hanged—no right divine  
From whose mad enterprise can only flow  
To thousands slaughter and to myriads woe  
Yet have they stured my father's spirit sore 410  
He flints his pistols—whets his old claymore—  
And longs as ardently to join the fray  
As boy to dance who hears the bagpipe play  
Though calm one day the next disdaining rule  
He'd gore your red coat like an angry bull  
I told him and he owned it might be so  
Your tempers never could in concert flow  
But Mark he added Ronald ' from our door  
Let not this guest depart forlorn and poor  
Let not your souls the niggardness evince 420  
Of Lowland pedlar or of German prince

He gave you life—then feed him as you'd feed  
Your very father were he cast in need "  
He gave—you'll find it by your bed to-night,  
A leathern purse of crowns, all sterling bright  
You see I do you kindness not by stealth  
My wife—no advocate of squandering wealth  
Vows that it would be parricide, or worse,  
Should we neglect you—here 's a silken purse,  
Some golden pieces through the network shine, 430  
'Tis proffered to you from her heart and mine  
But come ' no foolish delicacy, no '  
We own, but cannot cancel what we owe—  
This sum shall duly reach you once a year '  
Poor Allan's furrowed face and flowing tear  
Confessed sensations which he could not speak ,  
Old Norman bade him farewell, kindly meek

At morn the smiling dame rejoiced to pack  
With viands full the old soldier's haversack  
He feared not hungry grass with such a load, 440  
And Ronald saw him miles upon his road

A march of three days brought him to Lochfyne.  
Argyle, struck with his manly look benign,  
And feeling interest in the veteran's lot,  
Created him a sergeant on the spot  
An invalid, to serve not but with pay  
(A mighty sum to him), twelve pence a day  
' But have you heard not,' said Macallin More,  
' Charles Stuart's landed on Eriska's shore,  
And Jacobites are arming ? ' ' What ' indeed ' 450  
Arrived ' then I'm no more an invalid ,  
My new-got halbert I must straight employ  
In battle ' ' As you please, old gallant boy

Your grey hairs well might plead excuse 'tis true  
But now 's the time we want such men as you  
In brief at Innerara Allan stayed  
And joined the banners of Argyle's brigade

Meanwhile the old choleric shepherd of Glencoe  
Spurned all advice and girt himself to go  
What was 't to him that foes would pound their fold  
Their lease their very beds beneath them sold ' 461  
And firmly to his text he would have kept  
Though Ronald argued and his daughter wept  
But midst the impotence of tears and prayer  
Chance snatched them from proscription and despair  
Old Norman's blood was headward wont to mount  
Too rapid from his heart's impetuous fount  
And one day whilst the German rats he cursed  
An artery in his wise sensorium burst  
The lancet saved him but how changed alas 470  
From him who fought at Killecrankie's pass '  
Tame as a spaniel timid as a child  
He muttered incoherent words and smiled  
He wept at kindness rolled a vacant eye  
And laughed full often when he meant to cry  
Poor man ' whilst in this lamentable state  
Came Allan back one morning to his gate  
Hale and unburdened by the woes of eild  
And fresh with credit from Culloden's field  
Twas feared at first the sight of him might touch 480  
The old Macdonald's morbid mind too much  
But no ' though Norman knew him and disclosed  
Even rallying memory he was still composed  
Asked all particulars of the fatal fight  
And only heaved a sigh for Charles's flight  
Then said with but one moment's pride of air  
It might not have been so had I been there '

Few days elapsed till he reposed beneath  
 His grey cairn on the wild and lonely heath ,  
 Son, friends, and kindred of his dust took leave, 490  
 And Allan, with the crape bound round his sleeve  
 Old Allan now hung up his sergeant's sword,  
 And sat, a guest for life, at Ronald's board  
 He waked no longer at the barrack's drum,  
 Yet still you'd see, when peep of day was come,  
 The erect tall red-coat, walking pastures round,  
 Or delving with his spade the garden ground  
 Of cheerful temper, habits strict and sage,  
 He reached, enjoyed a patriarchal age—  
 Loved to the last by the Macdonalds Near 500  
 Their house his stone was placed with many a tear ,  
 And Ronald's self, in stoic virtue brave,  
 Scorned not to weep at Allan Campbell's grave

## NOTES TO THE PILGRIM OF GLENCOE

### INTRODUCTORY NOTE

I received the substance of the tradition on which this poem is founded, in the first instance, from a friend in London, who wrote to Matthew N Macdonald, Esq, of Edinburgh. He had the kindness to send me a circumstantial account of the tradition, and that gentleman's knowledge of the Highlands, as well as his particular acquaintance with the district of Glencoe, leave me no doubt of the incident having really happened. I have not departed from the main facts of the tradition as reported to me by Mr Macdonald, only I have endeavoured to colour the personages of the story, and to make them as distinctive as possible.

### NOTE TO LINE 17

*The vale by eagle-haunted cliffs o'erhung*

The valley of Glencoe, unparalleled in its scenery for gloomy grandeur is to this day frequented by eagles. When I visited the spot within a year ago I saw several perch at a distance. Only one

of them came so near me that I did not wish him any nearer. He favoured me with a full and continued view of his noble person and with the exception of the African eagle which I saw wheeling and hovering over a corps of the French army that were marching from Oran and who seemed to linger over them with delight at the sound of their trumpets as if they were about to restore his image to the Gallic standard I never saw a prouder bird than *this black eagle of Glencoe*.

I was unable from a hurt in my foot to leave the carriage but the guide informed me that if I could go nearer the sides of the glen I should see the traces of houses and gardens once belonging to the unfortunate inhabitants. As it was I never saw a spot where I could less suppose human beings to have ever dwelt. I asked the guide how these eagles subsisted he replied on the lambs and the fawns of Lord Breadalbane — Lambs and fawns I said and how do *they* subsist for I cannot see verdure enough to graze a rabbit? I suspect I added that these birds make the cliffs only their country houses and that they go down to the Lowlands to find their provender — Ay ay replied the Highlander it is very possible for the eagle can gang far for his breakfast.

## NOTE TO LINE 110

*God and the Devil* a favourite ejaculation of Highland saints

## NOTE TO LINE 186

A mull is a snuff horn

## NOTE TO LINE 188

*Watch legends Ronald scorned—ghost kelpie wrath*

The most dangerous and malignant creature of Highland superstition was the kelpie or water horse which was supposed to allure women and children to his subaqueous haunts and there devour them sometimes he would swell the lake or torrent beyond its usual limits and overwhelm the unguarded traveller in the flood. The shepherd as he sat on the brow of a rock on a summer's evening often fancied he saw this animal dashing along the surface of the lake or browsing on the pasture ground upon its verge — *Brown's History of the Highland Clans* vol. 1. 106

In Scotland according to Dr John Brown it is yet a superstition principle that the *uraith* the omen or messenger of death, appears in the resemblance of one in danger immediately preceding dissolution. This ominous form purely of a spiritual nature



seems to testify that the exaction (extinction) of life approaches. It was wont to be exhibited, also, as '*a little rough dog*,' when it could be pacified by the death of any other being 'if crossed and conjured in time'—*Brown's Superstitions of the Highlands*, p 182

It happened to me, early in life, to meet with an amusing instance of Highland superstition with regard to myself. I lived in a family of the Island of Mull, and a mile or two from their house there was a burial ground without any church attached to it, on the lonely moor. The cemetery was enclosed and guarded by an iron railing, so high that it was thought to be unscalable. I was, however, commencing the study of botany at the time, and thinking there might be some nice flowers and curious epitaphs among the grave-stones, I contrived, by help of my handkerchief, to scale the railing, and was soon scampering over the tombs, some of the natives chanced to perceive me, not in the act of climbing over to—but skipping over—the burial ground. In a day or two I observed the family looking on me with unaccountable, though not angry, seriousness, at last the good old grandmother told me, with tears in her eyes, 'that I could not live long, for that my wraith had been seen'—'And, pray, where?'—'Leaping over the stones of the burial-ground.' The old lady was much relieved to hear that it was not my wraith, but myself.

Akin to other Highland superstitions, but differing from them in many essential respects, is the belief—for superstition it cannot well be called (quoth the wise author I am quoting)—in the second sight, by which, as Dr Johnson observes, 'seems to be meant a mode of seeing superadded to that which nature generally bestows, and consists of an impression made either by the mind upon the eye—or by the eye upon the mind, by which things distant or future are perceived and seen, as if they were present. This receptive faculty is called *Traoshe*<sup>1</sup> in the Gaelic, which signifies a spectre or vision, and is neither voluntary nor constant, but consists in seeing an otherwise invisible object, without any previous means used by the person that sees it for that end. The vision makes such a lively impression upon the seers, that they neither see nor think of anything else except the vision, as long as it continues, and then they appear pensive or jovial, according to the object which was represented to them.'

There are now few persons, if any (continues Dr Brown), who pretend to this faculty, and the belief in it is almost generally exploded. Yet it cannot be denied that apparent proofs of its existence have been adduced, which have staggered minds not

<sup>1</sup> *Tarsche*

prone to superstition. When the connexion between cause and effect can be recognized things which would otherwise have appeared wonderful and almost incredible are viewed as ordinary occurrences. The impossibility of accounting for such an extraordinary phenomenon as the alleged faculty on philosophical principles or from the laws of nature must ever leave the matter suspended between rational doubt and confirmed scepticism.

Strong reasons for incredulity says Dr Johnson will readily occur. This faculty of seeing things out of sight is local and commonly useless. It is a breach of the common order of things without any visible reason or perceptible benefit. It is ascribed only to a people very little enlightened and among them for the most part to the mean and ignorant.

In the whole history of Highland superstitions there is not a more curious fact than that Dr James Brown a gentleman of the Edinburgh bar in the nineteenth century should show himself a more abject believer in the truth of second sight than Dr Samuel Johnson of London in the eighteenth century.

#### NOTE TO LINE 299

*The pit or gallows would have cured my grief*

Until the year 14 the Highland lairds had the right of punishing serfs even capitally in so far that they often hanged or imprisoned them in a pit or dungeon where they were starved to death. But the law of 146 for disarming the Highlanders and restraining the use of the Highland garb was followed up the following year by one of a more radical and permanent description. This was the act for abolishing the heritable jurisdictions which though necessary in a rude state of society were wholly incompatible with an advanced state of civilization. By depriving the Highland chiefs of their judicial powers it was thought that the sway which for centuries they had held over their people would be gradually impaired and that by investing certain judges who were amenable to the legislature for the proper discharge of their duties with the civil and criminal jurisdiction enjoyed by the proprietors of the soil, the cause of good government would be promoted and the facilities for suppressing any attempts to disturb the public tranquillity increased.

By this act (10 George II. c. 43) which was made to include the whole of Scotland all heritable jurisdictions of judiciary all regalties and heritable baileries and constabularies (excepting the office of high constable) and all tewartries and sheriffships of smaller districts which were only parts of counties, were dissolved.

and the powers formerly vested in them were ordained to be exercised by such of the king's courts as these powers would have belonged to if the jurisdictions had never been granted. All sheriffships and stewartries not dissolved by the statute, namely those which comprehended whole counties where they had been granted either heritably or for life, were resumed and annexed to the crown. With the exception of the hereditary justiciaryship of Scotland, which was transferred from the family of Argyle to the High Court of Justiciary, the other jurisdictions were ordained to be vested in sheriffs-depute or stewarts-depute, to be appointed by the king in every shire or stewartry not dissolved by the act. As by the twentieth of Union all heritable offices and jurisdictions were reserved to the grantees as rights of property, compensation was ordained to be made to the holders, the amount of which was afterwards fixed by Parliament, in terms of the act of Sederunt of the Court of Session, at one hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

#### NOTE TO LINES 231-3

*I marched—when, feigning royalty's command,  
Against the clan Macdonald Stairs's lord  
Sent forth exterminating fire and sword*

I cannot agree with Brown, the author of an able work, *The History of the Highland Clans*, that the affair of Glencoe has stamped indelible infamy on the Government of King William III, if by this expression it be meant that William's own memory is disgraced by that massacre. I see no proof that William gave more than general orders to subdue the remaining malcontents of the Macdonald clan, and these orders, the nearer we trace them to the Government, are the more express in enjoining that all those who would promise to swear allegiance should be spared. As these orders came down from the general Government to individuals, they became more and more severe, and at last merciless, so that they ultimately ceased to be the real orders of Government. Among these false agents of Government who appear with most disgrace is the 'Master of Stair,' who appears in the business more like a fiend than a man. When issuing his orders for the attack on the remainder of the Macdonalds in Glencoe, he expressed a hope in his letter 'that the soldiers would trouble the Government with no prisoners.'

It cannot be supposed that I would for a moment palliate this atrocious event by quoting the provocations not very long before offered by the Macdonalds in massacres of the Campbells. But they may be alluded to as causes, though not excuses. It is a

part of the melancholy instruction which history affords us that in the moral as well as in the physical world there is always a reaction equal to the action —The banishment of the Moors from Spain to Africa was the chief cause of African piracy and Christian slavery among the Moors for centuries —and since the reign of William III the Irish Orangemen have been the Algerines of Ireland

The affair of Glencoe was in fact only a lingering trait of horribly barbarous times though it was the more shocking that it came from that side of the political world which professed to be the more liberal side and it occurred at a late time of the day when the minds of both parties had become comparatively civilized the Whigs by the triumph of free principles and the Tories by personal experience of the evils attending persecution Yet that barbarism still subsisted in too many minds professing to act on liberal principles is but too apparent from this disgusting tragedy

I once flattered myself that the Argyle Campbells from whom I am sprung had no share in this massacre and a direct share they certainly had not But on inquiry I find that they consented to shutting up the passes of Glencoe through which the Macdonalds might escape and perhaps relations of my great grandfather—I am afraid to count their distance or proximity—might be indirectly concerned in the cruelty

But children are not answerable for the crimes of their forefathers and I hope and trust that the descendants of Breadalbane and Glenlyon are as much and justly at their ease on this subject as I am

#### NOTE TO LINE 348

Late and air is Lowland Scots for late and early

#### NOTE TO LINE 377

Macallin More is the Duke of Argyle Lochow is the Gaelic pronunciation of Lochawe

#### NOTE TO LINE 384

Innerara or Inneraora is Inverary

#### NOTE TO LINE 440

When the hospitable Highlanders load a parting guest with provisions they tell him he will need them as he has to go over a great deal of hungry grass

## NOTE TO LINE 465

*Chance snatch'd them from proscription and despair*

Many Highland families, at the outbreak of the rebellion in 1745, were saved from utter desolation by the contrivances of some of their more sensible members, principally the women, who foresaw the consequences of the insurrection. When I was a youth in the Highlands I remember an old gentleman being pointed out to me, who, finding all other arguments fail, had, in conjunction with his mother and sisters, bound the old laird hand and foot, and locked him up in his own cellar, until the news of the battle of Culloden had arrived.

A device pleasanter to the reader of the anecdote, though not to the sufferer, was practised by a shrewd Highland dame, whose husband was Charles Stuart mad, and was determined to join the insurgents. He told his wife at night that he should start early to-morrow morning on horseback. 'Well, but you will allow me to make your breakfast before you go?'—'Oh yes.' She accordingly prepared it, and, bringing in a full boiling kettle, poured it, by intentional accident, on his legs.

[This poem, 'The Pilgrim of Glencoe,' when first published in 1842, was dedicated to William Beattie, M.D., who afterwards wrote the Life of Campbell.]

## POEMS

### HISTORICAL AND LEGENDARY

#### O CONNOR S CHILD

OR ' THE FLOWER OF LOVE LIES BLEEDING

(Written end of 1809)

#### I

OH ' once the harp of Innisfail  
Was strung full high to notes of gladness  
But yet it often told a tale  
Of more prevailing sadness  
Sad was the note and wild its fall  
As winds that moan at night forlorn  
Along the isles of Fion Gall  
When for O Connor s child to mourn  
The harper told how lone how far  
From any mansion s twinkling star  
From any path of social men  
Or voice but from the fox s den  
The lady in the desert dwelt  
And yet no wrongs no fear she felt  
Say why should dwell in place so wild  
O Connor s pale and lovely child '

## II

Sweet lady ' she no more inspires  
 Green Erin's hearts with beauty's power,  
 As in the palace of her sires  
 She bloomed a peerless flower  
 Gone from her hand and bosom, gone,  
 The royal brooch, the jewelled ring,  
 That o'er her dazzling whiteness shone  
 Like dew on lilies of the spring  
 Yet why, though fallen her brothers' kerne,  
 Beneath De Bourgo's battle stern,  
 While yet in Leinster unexplored,  
 Her friends survive the English sword,  
 Why lingers she from Erin's host,  
 So far on Galway's shipwrecked coast,  
 Why wanders she a huntress wild  
 O'Connor's pale and lovely child ?

## III

And, fixed on empty space, why burn  
 Her eyes with momentary wildness ?  
 And wherefore do they then return  
 To more than woman's mildness ?  
 Dishevelled are her raven locks,  
 On Connocht Moran's name she calls  
 And oft amidst the lonely rocks  
 She sings sweet madrigals  
 Placed in the foxglove and the moss  
 Behold a parted warrior's cross !  
 That is the spot, where evermore,  
 The lady, at her shieling door,  
 Enjoys that, in communion sweet,  
 The living and the dead can meet  
 For, lo ! to love-lorn fantasy,  
 The hero of her heart is nigh

## IV

Bright as the bow that spans the storm  
In Erin's yellow vesture clad  
A son of light—a lovely form  
He comes and makes her glad  
Now on the grass green turf he sits  
His tasselled horn beside him laid  
Now o'er the hills in chase he flits  
The hunter and the deer a shade '  
Sweet mourner ' those are shadows vain  
That cross the twilight of her brain  
Yet she will tell you she is blest  
Of Connocht Moran's tomb possessed  
More richly than in Aghrim's bower  
When bards high praised her beauty's power  
And kneeling pages offered up  
The morat in a golden cup

## V

A hero's bride ' this desert bower  
It ill befits thy gentle breeding  
And wherefore dost thou love this flower  
To call— my love lies bleeding ?  
This purple flower my tears have nursed  
A hero's blood supplied its bloom  
I love it for it was the first  
That grew on Connocht Moran's tomb  
Oh ' hearken stranger to my voice '  
This desert mansion is my choice  
And blest though fatal be the star  
That led me to the wilds afar  
For here these pathless mountains free  
Gave shelter to my love and me  
And every rock and every stone  
Bear witness that he was my own



## VI

' O'Connor's child, I was the bud  
 Of Erin's royal tree of glory ,  
 But woe to them that wrapt in blood  
 The tissue of my story '  
 Still as I clasp my burning brain  
 A death-scene rushes on my sight ,  
 It rises o'er and o'er again,  
 The bloody feud, the fatal night,  
 When, chafing Connocht Moran's scorn,  
 They called my hero basely born,  
 And bade him choose a meaner bride  
 Than from O'Connor's house of pride  
 Their tribe, they said, their high degree,  
 Was sung in Tara's psaltery  
 Witness their Eath's victorious brand  
 And Cathal of the bloody hand ,  
 Glory (they said) and power and honour  
 Were in the mansion of O'Connor  
 But he, my loved one, bore in field  
 A meaner crest upon his shield

## VII

' Ah, brothers ' what did it avail  
 That fiercely and triumphantly  
 Ye fought the English of the pale  
 And stemmed De Bourgo's chivalry ?  
 And what was it to love and me  
 That barons by your standard rode ?  
 Or beal-fires for your jubilee  
 Upon a hundred mountains glowed ?

What though the lords of tower and dome  
From Shannon to the North Sea foam ?  
Though ye your iron hands of pride  
Could break the knot that love had tied ?  
No —let the eagle change his plume  
The leaf its hue the flower its bloom  
But ties around this heart were spun  
That could not would not be undone !

## VIII

At bleating of the wild watch fold  
Thus sang my love— Oh come with me  
Our bark is on the lake behold  
Our steeds are fastened to the tree  
Come far from Castle Connor s clans  
Come with thy belted forester  
And I beside the lake of swans  
Shall hunt for thee the fallow deer  
And build thy hut and bring thee home  
The wild fowl and the honeycomb  
And berries from the wood provide  
And play my c arshech by thy side  
Then come my love ! —How could I stay ?  
Our nimble staghounds tracked the way  
And I pursued by moonless skies  
The light of Connocht Moran s eyes

## IX

And fast and far before the star  
Of dayspring rushed we through the glade  
And saw at dawn the lofty bawn  
Of Castle Connor fade

Sweet was to us the hermitage  
 Of this unploughed, untrodden shore ,  
 Like birds all joyous from the cage  
 For man's neglect we loved it more  
 And well he knew, my huntsman dear,  
 To search the game with hawk and spear ,  
 While I, his evening food to dress,  
 Would sing to him in happiness  
 But oh that midnight of despair  
 When I was doomed to rend my hair '   
 The night to me of shrieking sorrow '   
 The night to him that had no morrow '

## X

' When all was hushed, at eventide,  
 I heard the baying of their beagle  
 " Be hushed ' " my Connocht Moran cried,  
 " 'Tis but the screaming of the eagle "   
 Alas ! 'twas not the eyrie's sound ,  
 Their bloody bands had tracked us out  
 Up-listening starts our couchant hound,  
 And, hark ! again, that nearer shout  
 Brings faster on the murderers  
 Spare—spare him ! Brazil ! Desmond fierce !  
 In vain ! no voice the adder charms ,  
 Their weapons crossed my sheltering arms  
 Another's sword has laid him low  
 Another's and another's ,  
 And every hand that dealt the blow  
 Ay me ! it was a brother's !  
 Yes, when his meanings died away  
 Their iron hands had dug the clay  
 And o'er his burial turf they trod,  
 And I beheld—oh God ! oh God !  
 His life-blood oozing from the sod !

## XI

Warm in his death wounds sepulchred  
Alas ! my warrior s spirit brave  
Nor mass nor ulla lulla heard  
Lamenting soothe his grave  
Dragged to their hated mansion back  
How long in thraldom s grasp I lay  
I knew not for my soul was black  
And knew no change of night or day  
One night of horror round me grew  
Or if I saw or felt or knew  
Twas but when those grim visages  
The angry brothers of my race  
Glared on each eye ball s aching throb  
And checked my bosom s power to sob  
Or when my heart with pulses drear  
Beat like a death watch to my ear

## XII

But Heaven at last my soul s eclipse  
Did with a vision bright inspire  
I woke and felt upon my lips  
A prophetess s fire  
Thrice in the east a war drum beat  
I heard the Saxon s trumpet sound  
And ranged as to the judgement seat  
My guilty trembling brothers round  
Clad in the helm and shield they came  
For now De Bourgo s sword and flame  
Had ravaged Ulster s boundaries  
And lighted up the midnight skies  
The standard of O Connor s sway  
Was in the turret where I lay  
That standard with so dire a look  
As ghastly shone the moon and pale  
I gave that every bosom shook  
Beneath its iron mail

## XIII

“ And go ! ” I cried, “ the combat seek,  
Ye hearts that unappallèd bore  
The anguish of a sister’s shuck,  
Go ! and return no more !  
For sooner guilt the ordeal brand  
Shall grasp unhurt, than ye shall hold  
The banner with victorious hand,  
Beneath a sister’s curse unrolled ”  
O stranger ! by my country’s loss !  
And by my love ! and by the Cross !  
I swear I never could have spoke  
The curse that severed nature’s yoke,  
But that a spirit o’er me stood  
And fired me with the wrathful mood,  
And frenzy to my heart was given  
To speak the malison of heaven

## XIV

“ They would have crossed themselves, all mute ,  
They would have prayed to burst the spell ,  
But at the stamping of my foot  
Each hand down powerless fell !  
“ And go to Athunree ! ” I cried  
“ High lift the banner of your pride !  
But know that where its sheet unrolls  
The weight of blood is on your souls !  
Go where the havoc of your keene  
Shall float as high as mountain fern !  
Men shall no more your mansion know ,  
The nettles on your hearth shall grow !  
Dead as the green oblivious flood  
That mantles by your walls shall be  
The glory of O’Connor’s blood !  
Away ! away to Athunree !

Where downward when the sun shall fall  
The raven s wing shall be your pall '  
And not a vassal shall unlace  
The vizor from your dying face '

## XV

A bolt that overhung our dome  
Suspended till my curse was given  
Soon as it passed these lips of foam  
Pealed in the blood red heaven  
Dire was the look that o'er their backs  
The angry parting brothers threw  
But now behold ' like cataracts  
Come down the hills in view  
O Connor s plumed partisans  
Thrice ten Kilmagorvian clans  
Were marching to their doom  
A sudden storm their plumage tossed  
A flash of lightning o'er them crossed  
And all again was gloom '

## XVI

Stranger ' I fled the home of grief  
At Connocht Moran s tomb to fall  
I found the helmet of my chief  
His bow still hanging on our wall  
And took it down and vowed to rove  
This desert place a huntress bold  
Nor would I change my buried love  
For any heart of living mould  
No ' for I am a hero s child  
I ll hunt my quarry in the wild  
And still my home this mansion make  
Of all unheeded and unheeding  
And cherish for my warrior s sake  
The flower of love lies bleeding

## NOTES TO O CONNOR'S CHILD

[This poem was first published along with an edition of 'Gertrude of Wyoming' in the spring of 1810]

## NOTE TO STANZA I

*Innisfail* The ancient name of Ireland

## NOTE TO STANZA II

*Kerne* The plural of kern, an Irish foot-soldier In this sense the word is used by Shakespeare [*Macbeth*, I ii 13—'kernes and gallowglasses'] Gainsford, in his *Glories of England*, says — 'They (the Irish) are desperate in revenge, and their kerns think no man dead until his head be off'

## NOTE TO STANZA III

*Shieling* A rude cabin or hut

## NOTES TO STANZA IV

*In Erin's yellow vesture clad* Yellow, dyed from saffron, was the favourite colour of the ancient Irish When the Irish chieftains came to make terms with Queen Elizabeth's lord-lieutenant, we are told by Sir John Davis that they came to court in saffron-coloured uniforms

*Morat* A drink made of the juice of mulberry mixed with honey

[In this stanza something of the strain of Matthew Arnold's *Tristram and Iseult* is anticipated]

## NOTE TO STANZA VI

*Their tribe, they said, their high degree,  
Was sung in Tara's psaltery*

The pride of the Irish in ancestry was so great, that, one of the O'Neals being told that Barrett of Castlemone had been there only 400 years, he replied that he hated the clown as if he had come there but yesterday

Tara was the place of assemblage and feasting of the petty princes of Ireland Very splendid and fabulous descriptions are given by the Irish historians of the pomp and luxury of those meetings The psaltery of Tara was the grand national register of Ireland The grand epoch of political eminence in the early history of the Irish is the reign of their great and favourite monarch Ollam Fodla, who reigned, according to Keating, about 950 years

before the Christian era. Under him was instituted the great Fea at Tara which it is pretended was a triennial convention of the states or a parliament the members of which were the Druids and other learned men who represented the people in that assembly. Very minute accounts are given by Irish annalists of the magnificence and order of the entertainments from which if credible we might collect the earliest traces of heraldry that occur in history. To preserve order and regularity in the great number and variety of the members who met on such occasions the Irish historian informs us that when the banquet was ready to be served up the shield bearers of the princes and other members of the convention delivered in their shields and targets which were readily distinguished by the coats of arms emblazoned upon them. These were arranged by the grand marshal and principal herald and hung upon the walls on the right side of the table and upon entering the apartments each member took his seat under his respective shield or target without the slightest disturbance. The concluding days of the meeting it is allowed by the Irish antiquaries were spent in very free excess of conviviality but the first six they say were devoted to the examination and settlement of the annals of the kingdom. These were publicly rehearsed. When they had passed the approbation of the assembly they were transcribed into the authentic chronicles of the nation which was called the Register or Psalter of Tara.

Colonel Vallancy gives a translation of an old Irish fragment found in Trinity College Dublin in which the palace of the above assembly is thus described as it existed in the reign of Cormac —

In the reign of Cormac the palace of Tara was nine hundred feet square the diameter of the surrounding rath seven dice or casts of a dart it contained one hundred and fifty apartments one hundred and fifty dormitories or sleeping rooms for guards and sixty men in each the height was twenty seven cubits there were one hundred and fifty common drinking horns, twelve doors and one thousand guests daily besides princes orators and men of science engravers of gold and silver carvers modellers and nobles. The Irish description of the banqueting hall is thus translated. Twelve stalls or divisions in each wing sixteen attendants on each side and two to each table one hundred guests in all.

#### NOTES TO STANZA VII

*And stemmed De Bourgo's chivalry*

The house of O Connor had a right to boast of their victories over the English. It was a chief of the O Connor race who gave



a check to the English champion De Courcy, so famous for his personal strength, and for cleaving a helmet at one blow of his sword, in the presence of the kings of France and England, when the French champion declined the combat with him. Though ultimately conquered by the English under De Bourgo, the O'Connors had also humbled the pride of that name on a memorable occasion—viz when Walter de Bourgo, an ancestor of that De Bourgo who won the battle of Athunree, had become so insolent as to make excessive demands upon the territories of Connaught, and to bid defiance to all the rights and properties reserved by the Irish chiefs, Aeth O'Connor, a near descendant of the famous Cathal, surnamed of the bloody hand, rose against the usurper, and defeated the English so severely that their general died of chagrin after the battle.

*Or beal-fires for your jubilee*

The month of May is to this day called 'Mí Beal tienne,' i.e. the month of Beal's fire, in the original language of Ireland, and hence, I believe, the name of the Beltan festival in the Highlands. These fires were lighted on the summits of mountains (the Irish antiquaries say) in honour of the sun—and are supposed, by those conjecturing gentlemen, to prove the origin of the Irish from some nation who worshipped Baal or Belus. Many hills in Ireland still retain the name of 'Cnoc Greine,' i.e. the hill of the sun, and on all are to be seen the ruins of druidical altars.

NOTE TO STANZA VIII

*And play my clarshech by thy side*

The clarshech, or harp, the principal musical instrument of the Hibernian bards, does not appear to be of Irish origin, nor indigenous to any of the British islands. The Britons undoubtedly were not acquainted with it during the residence of the Romans in their country, as on all their coins on which musical instruments are represented we see only the Roman lyre, and not the British teylin, or harp.

NOTES TO STANZA IX

*And saw at dawn the lofty bawn*

'Bawn,' from the Teutonic 'bawen'—to construct and secure with branches of trees—was so called because the primitive Celtic fortification was made by digging a ditch, throwing up a rampart, and on the latter fixing stakes, which were interlaced with boughs

of trees This word is used by Spenser but it is inaccurately called by Mr Todd his annotator an eminence

[Lines 6 and 8 of this stanza are repeated from a well known passage in the *Lines on Leaving a Scene in Bavaria* ]

## NOTE TO STANZA VI

*Ulla-lulla* The Irish lamentation for the dead

## NOTE TO STANZA VIII

*To speak the malison of heaven*

If the wrath which I have ascribed to the heroine of this little piece should seem to exhibit her character as too unnaturally stripped of patriotic and domestic affections I must beg leave to plead the authority of Corneille in the representation of a similar passion I allude to the denunciation of Camilla in the tragedy of Horace When Horace accompanied by a soldier bearing the three swords of the Curiatii meets his sister and invites her to congratulate him on his victory she expresses only her grief which he attributes at first only to her feelings for the loss of her two brothers but when she bursts forth into reproaches against him as the murderer of her lover the last of the Curiatii he exclaims—

O Ciel ! qui vit jamais une pareille rage  
Crois-tu donc que je sois insensible à l'outrage  
Que je souffre en mon sang ce mortel deshonneur  
Aime aime cette mort qui fait notre bonheur  
Et préfère du moins au souvenir d'un homme  
Ce qui doit ta naissance aux intérêts de Rome

At the mention of Rome Camille breaks out into this apostrophe —

'Rome l'unique objet de mon ressentiment  
Rome à qui vient ton bras d'immoler mon amant  
Rome qui t'a vu naître et que ton cœur adore  
Rome enfin, que je hais parce qu'elle t'honore  
Puis sent tous ses vœux ensemble conjures  
Sapper ses fondements encore mal assurés  
Et si ce n'est assez de toute l'Italie  
Que l'Orient contre elle à l'Occident s'allie !  
Que cent peuples unis des bords de l'univers  
Passent pour la détruire et les monts et les mers  
Qu'elle-même sur soi renverse ses murailles  
Et de ses propres mains déchire ses entrailles  
Que le courroux du Ciel allume par mes vœux  
Fasse pleuvoir sur elle un déluge de feux !



## REULLURA

(First published in 1824)

STAR of the morn and eve

Reullura shone like thee

And well for her might Aodh grieve

The dark attired Culdee

Peace to their shades ' the pure Culdees

Were Albyn's earliest priests of God

Ire yet an island of her seas

By foot of Saxon monk was trod —

Long ere her churchmen by bigotry

Were barred from holy wedlock's tie

10

Twas then that Aodh famed afar

In Iona preached the word with power

And Reullura beauty's star

Was the partner of his bower

But Aodh the roof lies low

And the thistle down waves bleaching

And the bat flits to and fro

Where the Gael once heard thy preaching

And fallen is each columned aisle

Where the chiefs and the people knelt

20

Twas near that temple's goodly pile

That honoured of men they dwelt

For Aodh was wise in the sacred law

And bright Reullura's eyes oft saw

The veil of fate uplifted

Alas ! with what visions of awe

Her soul in that hour was gifted—

When pale in the temple and faint

With Aodh she stood alone

By the statue of an aged Saint !

30

Fair sculptured was the stone



Whose acorn seed had been planted by him  
And his parents remember the day of dread  
When the sun on the Cross looked dim  
And the graves gave up their dead

Yet preaching from clime to clime  
He hath roamed the earth for ages  
And hither he shall come in time  
When the wrath of the heathen rages  
In time a remnant from the sword—  
Ah! but a remnant—to deliver  
Yet blessed be the name of the Lord!  
His martyrs shall go into bliss for ever  
Lochlin 'appalled shall put up her steel  
And thou shalt embark on the bounding keel  
Safe shalt thou pass through her hundred ships  
With the Saint and a remnant of the Gael  
And the Lord will instruct thy lips  
To preach in Innisfail

The sun now about to set  
Was burning o'er Tirree  
And no gathering cry rose yet  
O'er the isles of Albyn's sea  
Whilst Reullura saw far rowers dip  
Their oars beneath the sun  
And the phantom of many a Danish ship  
Where ship there yet was none  
And the shield of alarm was dumb  
Nor did their warning till midnight come  
When watch fires burst from across the main  
From Rona and Uist and Skye  
To tell that the ships of the Dane  
And the red haired slayers were nigh

Our islesmen arose from slumbers,  
 And buckled on their arms,  
 But few, alas ! were their numbers      100  
 To Lochlin's mailed swarms  
 And the blade of the bloody Norse  
 Has filled the shores of the Gael  
 With many a floating corse  
 And with many a woman's wail  
 'They have lighted the islands with ruin's torch,  
 And the holy men of Iona's church  
 In the temple of God lay slain—  
 All but Aodh, the last Culdee,  
 But bound with many an iron chain,      110  
 Bound in that church was he

And where is Aodh's bride ?  
 Rocks of the ocean flood !  
 Plunged she not from your heights in pride,  
 And mocked the men of blood ?

Then Ulvfagie and his bands  
 In the temple lighted their banquet up,  
 And the print of their blood-red hands  
 Was left on the altar cup  
 'Twas then that the Norseman to Aodh said,      120  
 ' Tell where thy church's treasure's laid,  
 Or I'll hew thee limb from limb '  
 As he spoke the bell struck three,  
 And every torch grew dim  
 That lighted their revelry

But the torches again burned bright,  
 And brighter than before,  
 When an agèd man of majestic height  
 Entered the temple door

Hushed was the revellers sound 130  
They were struck as mute as the dead  
And their hearts were appalled by the very sound  
Of his footsteps measured tread  
Nor word was spoken by one beholder  
Whilst he flung his white robe back on his shoulder  
And stretching his arm as eath  
Unriveted Aodh's bands  
As if the gyves had been a wreath  
Of willows in his hands

All saw the stranger's similitude 140  
To the ancient statue's form  
The Saint before his own image stood  
And grasped Ulvfagre's arm  
Then uprose the Danes at last to deliver  
Their chief and shouting with one accord  
They drew the shaft from its rattling quiver  
They lifted the spear and sword  
And levelled their spears in rows  
But down went axes and spears and bows  
When the Saint with his crosier signed 150  
The archer's hand on the string was stopped  
And down like reeds laid flat by the wind  
Their lifted weapons dropped

The Saint then gave a signal mute  
And though Ulvfagre willed it not  
He came and stood at the statue's foot—  
Spell riveted to the spot  
Till hands invisible shook the wall  
And the tottering image was dashed  
Down from its lofty pedestal 160  
On Ulvfagre's helm it crashed  
Helmet and skull and flesh and brain  
It crushed as millstones crush the grain



Then spoke the Saint, whilst all and each  
 Of the heathen trembled round  
 And the pauses amidst his speech  
 Were as awful as the sound

‘ Go back, ye wolves ’ to your dens,’ he cried,  
 ‘ And tell the nations abroad,  
 How the fiercest of your herd has died 170  
 That slaughtered the flock of God  
 Gather him bone by bone,  
 And take with you o’er the flood  
 The fragments of that avenging stone  
 That drank his heathen blood  
 These are the spoils from Iona’s sack,  
 The only spoils ye shall carry back ,  
 For the hand that uplifteth spear or sword  
 Shall be withered by palsy’s shock,  
 And I come in the name of the Lord 180  
 To deliver a remnant of his flock ’

A remnant was called together,  
 A doleful remnant of the Gael,  
 And the Saint in the ship that had brought him hither  
 Took the mourners to Innisfail  
 Unscathed they left Iona’s strand  
 When the opal morn first flushed the sky  
 For the Norse dropped spear and bow and brand,  
 And looked on them silently  
 Safe from their hiding-places came 190  
 Orphans and mothers, child and dame  
 But alas ! when the search for Reullura spread,  
 No answering voice was given ,  
 For the sea had gone o’er her lovely head,  
 And her spuit was in heaven

## NOTES TO REULLURA

LINE 4 The Culdee were the primitive clergy of Scotland and apparently her only clergy from the sixth to the eleventh century They were of Irish origin and their monastery on the island of Iona, or Icolmkill was the seminary of Christianity in North Britain Presbyterian writers have wished to prove them to have been a sort of Presbyters strangers to the Roman Church and Episcopacy It seems to be established that they were not enemies to Episcopacy but that they were not slavishly subjected to Rome like the clergy of later periods appears by their resisting the Papal ordonnances respecting the celibacy of religious men on which account they were ultimately displaced by the Scottish sovereigns to make way for more Popish canons

LINE 13 *Reullura* in Gaelic signifies beautiful star

LINE 33 *Innisfaíl* Ireland

LINE 48 *Lochlín* Denmark

LINE 92 *Shield of alarm* Striking the shield was an ancient mode of convocation to war among the Gael

## LOCHIEL'S WARNING

(Written in London 1801)

## WIZARD—LOCHIEL

## WIZARD

LOCHIEL Lochiel ' beware of the day  
 When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array '  
 For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight  
 And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight  
 They rally they bleed for their kingdom and crown  
 Woe woe to the riders that trample them down '  
 Proud Cumberland prances insulting the slain  
 And their hoof beaten bosoms are trod to the plain  
 But hark ' through the fast flashing lightning of war  
 What steed to the desert flies frantic and far ' 10

'Tis thine, oh Glenullin ' whose bride shall await,  
 Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate  
 A steed comes at morning no rider is there  
 But its bridle is red with the sign of despair  
 Weep, Albin ' to death and captivity led '  
 Oh, weep ' but thy tears cannot number the dead ,  
 For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,  
 Culloden ' that reeks with the blood of the brave

## LOCHIEL

Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer '  
 Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear, 20  
 Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight  
 This mant'e to cover the phantoms of fright

## WIZARD

Ha ' laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn ?  
 Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn '  
 Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly forth  
 From his home in the dark-rolling clouds of the north ?  
 Lo ' the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode  
 Companionless, bearing destruction abroad ,  
 But down let him stoop from his havoc on high '  
 Ah ' home let him speed,—for the spoiler is nigh ' 30  
 Why flames the far summit ? Why shoot to the blast  
 Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast ?  
 'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven  
 From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of heaven '  
 Oh, crested Lochiel ' the peerless in might,  
 Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,  
 Heaven's fire is around thee to blast and to burn ,  
 Return to thy dwelling ' all lonely return '

11 'Tis thine, oh] 'Tis the barb of *first edition*

35-37 In place of these three lines the first edition gives only—

'Oh, Chieftain ' whose tower on the mountain shall burn '

For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood  
 And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood 40

## LOCHIEL

False Wizard avaunt ! I have marshalled my clan—  
 Their swords are a thousand their bosoms are one !  
 They are true to the last of their blood and their  
 breath

And like reapers descend to the harvest of death  
 Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock !  
 Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock !  
 But woe to his kindred and woe to his cause  
 When Albin her claymore indignantly draws !  
 When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd  
 Clanranald the dauntless and Moray the proud 45  
 All plaided and plumed in their tartan array —

## WIZARD

Lochiel Lochiel ! beware of the day  
 For dark and despairing my sight I may seal  
 But man cannot cover what God would reveal  
 'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore  
 And coming events cast their shadows before  
 I tell thee Culloden's dread echoes shall ring  
 With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive king  
 Lo ! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath  
 Behold where he flies on his desolate path ! 50  
 Now in darkness and billows he sweeps from my sight  
 Rise rise ! ye wild tempests and cover his flight !  
 'Tis finished Their thunders are hushed on the  
 moors  
 Culloden is lost and my country deploras

But where is the iron-bound prisoner ' Where '  
 For the red eye of battle is shut in despair  
 Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banished, forlorn,  
 Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn ?  
 Ah no ' for a darker departure is near ,  
 The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier , 70  
 His death-bell is tolling oh ' mercy dispel  
 Yon sight that it freezes my spirit to tell '  
 Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,  
 And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims ,  
 Accursed be the faggots that blaze at his feet,  
 Where his heart shall be thrown ere it ceases to beat,  
 With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale

## LOCHIEL

Down, soothless insulter ' I trust not the tale  
 For never shall Albin a destiny meet  
 So black with dishonour, so foul with retreat 80  
 Though my perishing ranks should be strewn in their  
     gore,  
 Like ocean-weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore,  
 Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,  
 While the kindling of life in his bosom remains  
 Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low  
 With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe '  
 And, leaving in battle no blot on his name,  
 Look proudly to Heaven from the death-bed of fame

66 For] When *first edition*

71 oh ' ] let *first edition*

79-82 These four lines do not appear in the first edition

85-8 Instead of these four final lines the first edition gives only the couplet—

‘ Shall victor exult in the battle’s acclaim,  
 Or look to yon heaven from the deathbed of fame ’

## NOTES TO LOCHIEL'S WARNING

[This poem along with *Hohenlinden* was first published anonymously in 1807 and dedicated to the Rev Archibald Alison. Both poems were written in London in 1801.]

## NOTE TO LINE 1

Lochiel the chief of the warlike clan of the Camerons and descended from ancestors distinguished in their narrow sphere for great personal prowess was a man worthy of a better cause and fate than that in which he embarked—the enterprise of the Stuarts in 1745. His memory is still fondly cherished among the Highlanders by the appellation of the gentle Lochiel for he was famed for his social virtues as much as for his martial and magnanimous (though mistaken) loyalty. His influence was so important among the Highland chiefs that it depended on his joining with his clan whether the standard of Charles should be raised or not in 1745. Lochiel was himself too wise a man to be blind to the consequences of so hopeless an enterprise but his sensibility to the point of honour overruled his wisdom. Charles appealed to his loyalty and he could not brook the reproaches of his Prince. When Charles landed at Borrodale Lochiel went to meet him, but on his way called at his brother's house (Cameron of Fassaferrin) and told him on what errand he was going—adding however that he meant to dissuade the Prince from his enterprise. Fassaferrin advised him in that case to communicate his mind by letter to Charles. No said Lochiel I think it my due to my Prince to give him my reasons in person for refusing to join his standard. Brother replied Fassaferrin I know you better than you know yourself if the Prince once sets his eyes on you he will make you do what he pleases. The interview accordingly took place and Lochiel with many arguments but in vain pressed the Pretender to return to France and reserve himself and his friends for a more favourable occasion as he had come by his own acknowledgement without arms or money or adherents or at all events to remain concealed till his friends should meet and deliberate what was best to be done. Charles whose mind was wound up to the utmost impatience paid no regard to this proposal but answered that he was determined to put all to the hazard. In a few days said he I will erect the royal standard and proclaim to the people of great Britain that Charles Stuart is come over to claim the crown of his ancestors and to win it or perish in the attempt. Lochiel who my father has often told me was our firmest friend may stay at home and learn from



An account of the second sight in Irish called *Taish* is thus given in *Martin's Description of the Western Isles of Scotland* pp 3-11 —

The second sight is a singular faculty of seeing an otherwise invisible object without any previous means used by the person who sees it for that end. The vision makes such a lively impression upon the seers that they neither see nor think of anything else except the vision as long as it continues and then they appear pensive or jovial according to the object which was represented to them.

At the sight of a vision the eyelids of the person are erected and the eyes continue staring until the object vanishes. This is obvious to others who are standing by when the persons happen to see a vision and occurred more than once to my own observation and to others that were with me.

There is one in *Shie* of whom his acquaintance observed that when he sees a vision the inner parts of his eyelids turn so far upwards that after the object disappears he must draw them down with his fingers and sometimes employs others to draw them down which he finds to be much the easier way.

This faculty of the second sight does not lineally descend in a family as some have imagined for I know several parents who are endowed with it and their children are not and vice versa. Neither is it acquired by any previous compact. And after strict inquiry I could never learn from any among them that this faculty was communicable to any what soever. The seer knows neither the object time nor place of a vision before it appears and the same object is often seen by different persons living at a considerable distance from one another. The true way of judging as to the time and circumstances is by observation for several persons of judgement who are without this faculty are more capable to judge of the design of a vision than a novice that is a seer. If an object appears in the day or night it will come to pass sooner or later accordingly.

If an object is seen early in a morning which is not frequent it will be accomplished in a few hours afterward if at noon it will probably be accomplished that very day if in the evening perhaps that night if after candles be lighted it will be accomplished that night—the latter always an accomplishment by weeks months and sometimes years according to the time of the night the vision is seen.

When a shadow is seen about one it is a sure prognostic of death. The time is judged according to the height of it about the person for if it is not seen above the middle death is not to be



expected for the space of a year, and perhaps some months longer and as it is frequently seen to ascend higher towards the head, death is concluded to be at hand within a few days, if not hours, as daily experience confirms. Examples of this kind were shown me, when the person of whom the observations were then made was in perfect health.

‘It is ordinary with them to see houses, gardens, and trees in places void of all these, and this in process of time is wont to be accomplished, as at Mogslot, in the Isle of Skie, where there were but a few sorry low houses thatched with straw, yet in a few years the vision, which appeared often, was accomplished by the building of several good houses in the very spot represented to the seers, and by the planting of orchards there.

‘To see a spark of fire is a forerunner of a dead child, to be seen in the arms of those persons, of which there are several instances. To see a seat empty at the time of sitting in it, is a presage of that person’s death quickly after it.

‘When a novice, or one that has lately obtained the second sight, sees a vision in the night-time without doors and comes near a fire he presently falls into a swoon.

‘Some find themselves as it were in a crowd of people having a corpse which they carry along with them, and after such visions the seers come in sweating, and describe the vision that appeared. If there be any of their acquaintance among them, they give an account of their names, as also of the bearers, but they know nothing concerning the corpse.’

Horses and cows (according to the same credulous author) have certainly sometimes the same faculty, and he endeavours to prove it by the signs of fear which the animals exhibit when second-sighted persons see visions in the same place.

‘The seers’ (he continues) ‘are generally illiterate and well-meaning people, and altogether void of design. nor could I ever learn that any of them ever made the least gain by it, neither is it reputable among them to have that faculty. Besides, the people of the Isles are not so credulous as to believe implicitly before the thing predicted is accomplished, but when it is actually accomplished afterwards, it is not in their power to deny it without offering violence to their own sense and reason. Besides, if the seers were deceivers, can it be reasonable to imagine that all the islanders who have not the second sight should combine together and offer violence to their understandings and senses to enforce themselves to believe a lie from age to age? There are several persons among them whose title and education raise them above the suspicion of concurring with an impostor merely to gratify an

illiterate contemptible set of persons nor can reasonable persons believe that children horses and cows should be pre-engaged in a combination in favour of second sight

## GENERAL NOTE.

[ Even when I.e (Campbell) has done a thing well he has often misgivings about it. He left out several fine passages of *Lochiel* but I got him to restore some of them says Scott as reported by W. L. Irving in the latter's *Recollections of Abbotsford &c*. At least one passage that was not restored is to be found in the poet's handwriting in a copy of *Lochiel* presented to Miss A. —

I tell thee yon leath'ring raven shall hold  
His feast on the field ere the quarry be cold  
And the fall of his wing o'er Culloden shall wave  
Exulting to cover the blood of the brave  
[ Cf. ll. 1, 18 and ll. 57-9 of the published text.]

## LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER

(Finished 1804)

A CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound  
Cries 'Boatman do not tarry !'  
And I'll give thee a silver pound  
To row us o'er the ferry

Now who be ye would cross Lochgyle  
This dark and stormy water ?  
O I'm the chief of Ulva's isle  
And this, Lord Ullin's daughter

And fast before her father's men  
Three days we've fled together  
For should he find us in the glen  
My blood would stain the heather

‘ His horsemen hard behind us ride ,  
 Should they our steps discover,  
 Then who will cheer my bonny bride  
 When they have slain her lover ’ ’

Outspoke the hardy Highland wight,  
 ‘ I’ll go, my chief ’ I’m ready .  
 It is not for your silver bright  
 But for your winsome lady

20

‘ And, by my word ’ the bonny bird  
 In danger shall not tarry ,  
 So, though the waves are raging white  
 I’ll row you o’er the ferry ’

By this the storm grew loud apace.  
 The water-wraith<sup>1</sup> was shrieking ,  
 And in the scowl of heaven each face  
 Grew dark as they were speaking

But still, as wilder blew the wind,  
 And as the night grew drearer,  
 Adown the glen rode armed men  
 Their trampling sounded nearer

30

‘ O haste thee, haste ’ ’ the lady cries,  
 ‘ Though tempests round us gather ,  
 I’ll meet the raging of the skies,  
 But not an angry father ’

The boat has left a stormy land,  
 A stormy sea before her,  
 When, oh ! too strong for human hand,  
 The tempest gathered o’er her

40

And still they rowed amidst the roar  
 Of waters fast prevailing  
 Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,  
 His wrath was changed to wailing

<sup>1</sup> The evil spirit of the waters

For sore dismayed through storm and shade  
 His child he did discover  
 One lovely hand she stretched for aid  
 And one was round her lover

Come back ' come back ' he cried in grief  
 Across the stormy water 60  
 And I'll forgive your Highland chief  
 My daughter ' oh my daughter '

'Twas vain the loud waves lashed the shore  
 Return or aid preventing  
 The waters wild went o'er his child  
 And he was left lamenting

## GENERAL NOTE

[This fine ballad was first sketched in Mull in 1800 and afterwards (in 1804) elaborated at Sydenham. It was published with the first edition of *Certrude of Il yoming* in 1809.]

## GLENARA

O HEARD ye yon pibroch sound sad in the gale  
 Where a band cometh slowly with weeping and wail ?  
 'Tis the chief of Glenara laments for his dear  
 And her sire and the people are called to her bier  
 Glenara came first with the mourners and shroud  
 Her kinsmen they followed but mourned not aloud  
 Their plaids all their bosoms were folded around  
 They marched all in silence—they looked on the  
 ground

In silence they reached over mountain and moor  
 To a heath where the oak tree grew lonely and hoar  
 Now here let us place the gray stone of her cairn 11  
 Why speak ye no word '—said Glenara the stern

' And tell me, I charge you ' ye clan of my spouse,  
 Why fold ye your mantles, why cloud ye your brows ? '  
 So spake the rude chieftain no answer is made,  
 But each mantle unfolding a dagger displayed

' I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her shroud,'  
 Cried a voice from the kinsmen, all wrathful and loud  
 ' And empty that shroud and that coffin did seem ,  
 Glenara ' Glenara ' now read me my dream ' ' 20

Oh ' pale grew the cheek of that chieftain, I ween,  
 When the shroud was unclosed and no lady was seen .  
 When a voice from the kinsmen spoke louder in  
 scorn

'Twas they youth who had loved the fair Ellen of Lorn—

' I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her grief,  
 I dreamt that her lord was a barbarous chief  
 On a rock of the ocean fair Ellen did seem ,  
 Glenara ' Glenara ' now read me my dream ' '

In dust low the traitor has knelt to the ground  
 And the desert revealed where his lady was found , 30  
 From a rock of the ocean that beauty is borne—  
 Now joy to the house of fair Ellen of Lorn '

#### GENERAL NOTE TO GLENARA

[The poem was suggested to Campbell by the following tradition —Maclean of Duart, having determined to get rid of his wife, ' Ellen of Lorn,' had her treacherously conveyed to a rock in the sea, where she was left to perish with the rising tide. He then announced to her kinsmen his sudden bereavement, and invited them to join in his grief. In the meantime the lady was accidentally rescued from the certain death that awaited her, and restored

to her father Her husband little suspecting what had happened<sup>4</sup>  
 was suffered to go through the solemn mockery of a funeral At  
 last when the bier rested at the gray stone of her cairn —

I dreamt of my lady I dreamt of her shroud  
 Cried a voice from the kinsmen all wrathful and loud  
 And empty that shroud and that coffin did seem  
 Glenara Glenara now read me my dream'

O pale grew the cheek of that chieftain I ween  
 When the shroud was unclosed and no lady was seen

The inquest was br ef Maclean it is added was instantly sacri-  
 ficed by the Clan Dougal and thrown into the ready made grave —  
 DR. BEATTIE *Life of Campbell*

Campbell learnt the tradition during his residence at Downie  
 Argyleshire in 1797 ]

## DIRGE OF WALLACE

(Written in 1795)

THEY lighted the tapers at dead of night  
 And chanted their holiest hymn  
 But her brow and her bosom were damp with affright  
 Her eye was all sleepless and dim

And the lady of Eldershe wept for her lord  
 When a deathwatch beat in her lonely room  
 When her curtain had shook of its own accord  
 And the raven had flapped at her window board  
 To tell of her warrior's doom

Now sing ye the death song and loudly pray 10  
 For the soul of my knight so dear  
 And call me a widow this wretched day  
 Since the warning of God is here

' For a nightmare rides on my strangled sleep—  
 The lord of my bosom is doomed to die  
 His valorous heart they have wounded deep  
 And blood-ied tears shall his country weep  
 For Wallace of Elderslie '

Yet knew not his country that ominous hour  
 Ere the loud matin bell was rung, 20  
 That a trumpet of death on an English tower  
 Had the dirge of her champion sung

When his dungeon light looked dim and red  
 On the high-born blood of a martyr slain  
 No anthem was sung at his lowly death-bed  
 No weeping was there when his bosom bled  
 And his heart was rent in twain

Oh ! it was not thus when his ashen spear  
 Was true to that knight forlorn,  
 And hosts of a thousand were scattered like deer 30  
 At the blast of the hunter's horn '

When he strode o'er the wreck of each well-fought  
 field

With the yellow-haired chiefs of his native land  
 For his lance was not shivered on helmet or shield,  
 And the sword that was fit for archangel to wield  
 Was light in his terrible hand

Yet, bleeding and bound though the Wallace wight  
 For his long-loved country die,  
 The bugle ne'er sung to a braver knight  
 Than William of Elderslie ' 40

But the day of his glory shall never depart  
 His head unentombed shall with glory be palmed ,  
 From its blood-streaming altar his spirit shall start  
 Though the raven has fed on his mouldering heart  
 A nobler was never embalmed '

## GENERAL NOTE

[This is one of Campbell's juvenile efforts of which he never quite approved and which he persisted in excluding from all the London editions of his poems on the ground that it was too rhapsodical. Written before he was twenty he slightly re-touched it at that age and never again revised it. It contains however as Dr Beattie says a few passages not unworthy of the author of *Lochiel*.

The version of this Dirge which Dr Beattie has produced on pp 202 203 of the first volume of his *Life and Letters of Campbell* is prefaced by twelve introductory lines (commencing 'When Scotland's great Regent our warrior most dear') which are not given here as being unworthy of Campbell and forming beside no necessary part of the poem.]

---

The unrevised original bears date January 1795

## SONG

EARL MARCH looked on his dying child

And smit with grief to view her—

The youth he cried whom I exiled

Shall be restored to woo her

She's at the window many an hour

His coming to discover

And her love looked up to Ellen's bower

And she looked on her lover—

But ah! so pale he knew her not

Though her smile on him was dwelling 10

And am I then forgot—forgot? —

It broke the heart of Ellen

In vain he weeps in vain he sighs

Her cheek is cold as ashes

Nor love's own kiss shall wake those eyes

To lift their silken lashes

[Sir Walter Scott's poem *The Maid of the Dpath* deals with the same theme. Scott's poem bears date 1806. Campbell's was printed in *The Ver Monthly* in 1822.]



## GILDEROY

(First published, with *The Pleasures of Hope*, in 1799)

THE last, the fatal, hour is come  
That bears my love from me  
I hear the dead note of the drum,  
I mark the gallows-tree !

The bell has tolled it shakes my heart ,  
The trumpet speaks thy name ,  
And must my Gilderoy depart  
To bear a death of shame ?

No bosom trembles for thy doom ,  
No mourner wipes a tear ,  
The gallow's foot is all thy tomb,  
The sledge is all thy bier

10

Oh, Gilderoy ! bethought we then  
So soon, so sad, to part,  
When first in Roslin's lovely glen  
You triumphed o'er my heart '

Your locks they glittered to the sheen,  
Your hunter garb was trim ,  
And graceful was the ribbon green  
That bound your manly limb

20

Ah ! little thought I to deplore  
Those limbs in fetters bound ,  
Or hear, upon thy scaffold floor,  
The midnight hammer sound

Ye cruel, cruel, that combined  
The guiltless to pursue  
My Gilderoy was ever kind,  
He could not injure you !

## GILDEROY

175

A long adieu ' but where shall fly  
Thy widow all forlorn 30  
When every mean and cruel eye  
Regards my woe with scorn ?  
Yes ' they will mock thy widow s tears  
And hate thine orphan boy  
Alas ' his infant beauty wears  
The form of Gilderoy  
Then will I seek the dreary mound  
That wrapt thy mouldering clay  
And weep and linger on the ground  
And sigh my heart away 40

## LINES

ON THE CAMP HILL NEAR HASTINGS

(Written for *The Metropolitan* in 1831)

IN the deep blue of eve  
Ere the twinkling of stars had begun  
Or the lark took his leave  
Of the skies and the sweet setting sun  
I climbed to yon heights  
Where the Norman encamped him of old  
With his bowmen and knights  
And his banner all burnished with gold  
At the Conqueror s side  
There his minstrelsy sat harp in hand 10  
In pavilion wide  
And they chanted the deeds of Roland  
Still the ramparted ground  
With a vision my fancy inspires  
And I hear the trump sound  
As it marshalled our chivalry s sires

On each turf of that mead  
 Stood the captors of England's domains  
 That ennobled her breed  
 And high-mettled the blood of her veins 20  
 Over hauberk and helm  
 As the sun's setting splendour was thrown,  
 Thence they looked o'er a realm  
 And to-morrow beheld it their own

## NOTE

LINE 6 What is called the East Hill at Hastings is crowned with the works of an ancient camp, and it is more than probable it was the spot which William I occupied between his landing and the battle which gave him England's crown. It is a strong position the works are easily traced

## LINES

SUGGESTED BY THE STATUE OF ARNOLD VON  
 WINKELRIED STANZ-UNTERWALDEN

(Written 1840)

INSPIRING and romantic Switzers' land,  
 Though mark'd with majesty by Nature's hand,  
 What charm ennobles most thy landscape's face ?  
 Th' heroic memory of thy native race,  
 Who forced tyrannic hosts to bleed or flee,  
 And made their rocks the ramparts of the free !  
 Their fastnesses roll'd back th' invading tide  
 Of conquest, and their mountains taught them pride.  
 Hence they have patriot names, in fancy's eye  
 Bright as their glaciers glittering in the sky , 10  
 Patriots who make the pageantries of kings  
 Like shadows seem, and unsubstantial things  
 Their guiltless glory mocks oblivion's rust,  
 Imperishable, for their cause was just

Heroes of old ' to whom the Nine have strung  
 Their lyres and spirit stirring anthems sung  
 Heroes of chivalry ' whose banners grace  
 The aisles of many a consecrated place —  
 Confess how few of you can match in fame  
 The martyr Winkelried's immortal name '      o

# GENERAL NOTE.

For an account of this patriotic Swiss and his heroic death at the battle of Sempach see Dr Beattie's *Switzerland Illustrated* vol II pp 111-15

The advocates of classical learning tell us that without classic historians we should never become acquainted with the most splendid traits of human character but one of those traits patriotic self devotion may surely be heard of elsewhere without learning Greek and Latin There are few who have read modern history unacquainted with the noble voluntary death of the Switzer Winkelried Whether he was a peasant or man of superior birth is a point not quite settled in history though I am inclined to suspect that he was simply a peasant But this is certain that in the battle of Sempach perceiving that there was no other means of breaking the heavy armed lines of the Austrians than by gathering as many of their spears as he could grasp together he opened a passage for his fellow combatants who with hammers and hatchets hewed down the mailed men-at-arms and won the victory

# THE BRAVE ROLAND

(Written 1820)

THE brave Roland '—the brave Roland '—  
 False tidings reached the Rhenish strand  
     That he had fallen in fight  
 And thy faithful bosom swooned with pain  
 O loveliest maiden of Allémayne '  
     For the loss of thine own true knight

But why so rash has she ta'en the veil  
 In yon Nonnenwerder's cloisters pale '  
     For her vow had scarce been sworn  
 And the fatal mantle o'er her flung  
 When the Drachenfels to a trumpet rung  
     'Twas her own dear warrior's horn '

10

Woe ! woe ! each heart shall bleed shall break !  
 She would have hung upon his neck  
     Had he come but yester-even ,  
 And he had clasped those peerless chains  
 That shall never, never fill his arms,  
     Or meet him but in heaven

Yet Roland the brave Roland the true  
 He could not bid that spot adieu ,  
     It was dear still 'midst his woes ,  
 For he loved to breathe the neighbouring air,  
 And to think she blessed him in her prayer  
     When the Hallelujah rose

20

There's yet one window of that pile  
 Which he built above the Nun's green isle ,  
     Thence sad and oft looked he  
 (When the chant and organ sounded slow)  
 On the mansion of his love below ,  
     For herself he might not see

30

She died ! He sought the battle-plain ,  
 Her image filled his dying brain  
     When he fell, and wished to fall  
 And her name was in his latest sigh,  
 When Roland, the flower of chivalry,  
     Expired at Roncevall

## GENERAL NOTE

The tradition which forms the substance of these stanzas is still preserved in Germany. An ancient tower on a height called the Rolandseck, a few miles above Bonn on the Rhine, is shown as the habitation which Roland built in sight of a nunnery into which his mistress had retired on having heard an unfounded account of his death. Whatever may be thought of the credibility of the legend, its scenery must be recollected with pleasure by every one who has visited the romantic landscape of the Drachenfels, the Rolandseck, and the beautiful adjacent islet of the Rhine, where a nunnery still stands.

[Campbell was here in July 1800.]

## ADELGITHA

{Written for *The New Monthly*, 1824}

THE ordeal's fatal trumpet sounded  
And sad pale Adalgitha came  
When forth a valiant champion bounded  
And slew the slanderer of her fame

She wept delivered from her danger  
But when he knelt to claim her glove—  
Seek not, she cried, oh! gallant stranger  
For hapless Adalgitha's love

For he is in a foreign far land  
Whose arm should now have set me free 10  
And I must wear the willow garland  
For him that's dead or false to me

Nay! say not that his faith is tainted!  
He raised his vizor at the sight  
She fell into his arms and fainted  
It was indeed her own true knight!



It was vain to hold the victim for he plunged to meet  
her call

Like the bird that shrieks and flutters in the gazing  
serpent's thrall

You may guess the boldest mariner shrunk daunted  
from the sight

For the spectre and her winding sheet shone blue with  
hideous light

Like a fiery wheel the boat spun with the waving of her  
hand

And round they went and down they went as the  
cock crew from the land

## THE RITTER BANN

(First published in *The New Monthly* in 1844)

THE Ritter Bann from Hungary

Came back renowned in arms

But scorning jousts of chivalry

And love and ladies' charms

While other knights held revel he

Was wrapp'd in thoughts of gloom

And in Vienna's hostelry

Slow paced his lonely room

There entered one whose face he knew —

Whose voice he was aware

He oft at mass had listened to

In the holy house of prayer

I was the Abbot of St. James's monks

A fresh and fair old man

His reverend air arrested even

The gloomy Ritter Bann



But, seeing with him an ancient dame  
Come clad in Scotch attire,  
The Ritter's colour went and came  
And loud he spoke in ire

20

' Ha ' nurse of her that was my bane,  
Name not her name to me ,  
I wish it blotted from my brain  
Art poor ?—take alms, and flee '

' Sir Knight,' the Abbot interposed,  
' This case your ear demands ,'  
And the crone cried, with a cross enclosed  
In both her trembling hands—

' Remember, each his sentence waits ,  
And he that shall rebut  
Sweet mercy's suit,—on him the gates  
Of mercy shall be shut

30

' You wedded, undispensed by Church,  
Your cousin Jane in spring ,  
In autumn, when you went to search  
For churchmen's pardoning,

' Her house denounced your marriage-band,  
Betrothed her to De Grey,  
And the ring you put upon her hand  
Was wrenched by force away

40

' Then wept your Jane upon my neck,  
Crying, " Help me, nurse, to flee  
To my Howel Bann's Glamorgan hills " "  
But word arrived—ah me !

' You were not there , and 'twas then threat,  
By foul means or by fair,  
To-morrow morning was to set  
The seal on her despair

I had a son a sea boy in  
A ship at Hartland Bay 50  
By his aid from her cruel kin  
I bore my bird away

To Scotland from the Devon s  
Green myrtle shores we fled  
And the Hand that sent the ravens  
To Eljah gave us bread

She wrote you by my son but he  
From England sent us word  
You had gone into some far countrie  
In grief and gloom he heard 60

For they that wronged you to elude  
Your wrath defamed my child  
And you—ay blush Sir as you should—  
Believed and were beguiled

To die but at your feet she vowed  
To roam the world and we  
Would both have sped and begged our bread—  
But so it might not be

For when the snowstorm beat our roof  
She bore a boy Sir Bann 0  
Who grew as fair your likeness proof  
As child e er grew like man

Tw'as smiling on that babe one morn  
While heath bloomed on the moor  
Her beauty struck young Lord Kinghorn  
As he hunted past our door

She shunned him but he raved of Jane  
And roused his mother s pride  
Who came to us in high disdain —  
And where s the face she cried 80

‘ “ Has witched my boy to wish for one  
 So wretched for his wife ?-  
 Dost love thy husband ? Know, my son  
 Has sworn to seek his life ”

‘ Her anger sore dismayed us,  
 For our mite was wearing scant,  
 And, unless that dame would aid us  
 There was none to aid our want

‘ So I told her, weeping bitterly  
 What all our woes had been  
 And, though she was a stern ladie,  
 The tears stood in her een

90

‘ And she housed us both, when cheerfully  
 My child to her had sworn  
 That, even if made a widow, she  
 Would never wed Kinghorn ’

Here paused the nurse, and then began  
 The Abbot, standing by —

‘ Three months ago a wounded man  
 To our abbey came to die

100

‘ He heard me long, with ghastly eyes  
 And hand obdurate clenched,  
 Speak of the worm that never dies  
 And the fire that is not quenched

‘ At last by what this scroll attests  
 He left atonement brief  
 For years of anguish to the breasts  
 His guilt had wrung with grief

‘ “ There lived,” he said, “ a fair young dame  
 Beneath my mother’s roof  
 I loved her, but against my flame  
 Her purity was proof

110

I feigned repentance friendship pure  
That mood she did not check  
But let her husband's miniature  
Be copied from her neck

As means to search him My deceit  
Took care to him was borne  
Nought but his picture's counterfeit  
And Jane's reported scorn 10

The treachery took she waited wild  
My slave came back and lied  
Whatever I wished she clasped her child  
And swooned and all but died

I felt her tears for years and years  
Quench not my flame but stir  
The very hate I bore her mate  
Increased my love for her

Fame told us of his glory while  
Joy flushed the face of Jane 130  
And while she blessed his name her smile  
Struck fire into my brain

No fears could damp I reached the camp  
Sought out its champion  
And if my broad sword failed at last  
Twas long and well laid on

This wound's my need my name's Kinghorn  
My foe's the Ritter Bann  
The wafer to his lips was borne  
And we shrived the dying man 140

He died not till you went to fight  
The Turks at Warradem  
But I see my tale has changed you pale  
The Abbot went for wine

And brought a little page who poured  
 It out, and knelt and smiled —  
 The stunned knight saw himself restored  
 To childhood in his child,

And stooped and caught him to his breast  
 Laughed loud and wept anon, 150  
 And with a shower of kisses pressed  
 The darling little one

‘ And where went Jane ? ’ ‘ To a nunnery, Sir —  
 Look not again so pale ,  
 Kinghorn’s old dame grew harsh to her ’  
 ‘ And has she ta’en the veil ? ’

‘ Sit down, Sir,’ said the priest , ‘ I bar  
 Rash words ’ They sat all three,  
 And the boy played with the knight’s broad star  
 As he kept him on his knee 160

‘ Think ere you ask her dwelling-place,’  
 The Abbot further said ,  
 ‘ Time draws a veil o’er beauty’s face  
 More deep than cloister’s shade  
 ‘ Grief may have made her what you can  
 Scarce love perhaps for life ’  
 ‘ Hush, Abbot,’ cried the Ritter Bann,  
 ‘ Or tell me where ’s my wife ’

The priest undid two doors that hid  
 The inn’s adjacent room, 170  
 And there a lovely woman stood—  
 Tears bathed her beauty’s bloom  
 One moment may with bliss repay  
 Unnumbered hours of pain ,  
 Such was the throb and mutual sob  
 Of the knight embracing Jane

## NOTE.

LINE 9 *There entered one whose face he knew*

[The original of this portrait was Dr Arbuthnot, the President of the Scots Benedictine College or Monastery of St James at Ratisbon with whom the poet was on intimate terms of friendship during his residence in that city of Bavaria during August and September 1800 See Beattie's *Life and Letters of Campbell* vol. 1 p. 288.]

## THE TURKISH LADY

(Finished 1804)

TWAS the hour when rites unholy  
 Called each Paynim voice to prayer  
 And the star that faded slowly  
 Left to dew the freshened air

DAW her sultry fires had wasted  
 Calm and sweet the moonlight rose  
 Even a captive spirit tasted  
 Half oblivion of his woes

Then twas from an Emir's palace  
 Came an Eastern lady bright  
 She in spite of tyrants jealous  
 Saw and loved an English knight

10

Tell me captive why in anguish  
 Foes have dragged thee here to dwell  
 Where poor Christians as they languish  
 Hear no sound of Sabbath bell ?

Twas on Transylvania's Bannat  
 When the Crescent shone afar  
 Like a pale disastrous planet  
 O'er the purple tide of war—

o

‘ In that day of desolation,  
Lady, I was captive made,  
Bleeding for my Christian nation  
By the walls of high Belgrade ’  
‘ Captive ’ could the brightest jewel  
From my turban set thee free ’ ’  
‘ Lady no ’ the gift were cruel,  
Ransomed, yet if reft of thee  
‘ Say, fair princess ’ would it grieve thee  
Christian climes should we behold ’ ’ 30  
‘ Nay, bold knight ’ I would not leave thee  
Were thy ransom paid in gold ’ ’  
Now in heaven’s blue expansion  
Rose the midnight star to view,  
When to quit her father’s mansion  
Thrice she wept, and bade adieu ’  
‘ Fly we then, while none discover ’  
Tyrant barks, in vain ye ride ’ ’  
Soon at Rhodes the British lover  
Clasped his blooming Eastern bride 40

[This poem, sketched originally in Bavaria, was finished at Sydenham in 1804 ]

# SONGS OF BATTLE

## YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND

### A NAVAL ODE

(First published in *The Morning Chronicle* in 1801)

#### I

YE Mariners of England  
That guard our native seas  
Whose flag has braved a thousand years  
The battle and the breeze—  
Your glorious standard launch again  
To match another foe '  
And sweep through the deep  
While the stormy winds do blow —  
While the battle rages loud and long  
And the stormy winds do blow

#### II

The spirits of your fathers  
Shall start from every wave '  
For the deck it was their field of fame  
And Ocean was their grave  
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell  
Your manly hearts shall glow  
As ye sweep through the deep  
While the stormy winds do blow —  
While the battle rages loud and long  
And the stormy winds do blow

18 winds do] tempests first edition



## III

BRITANNIA needs no bulwarks,  
 No towers along the steep,  
 Her march is o'er the mountain waves,  
 Her home is on the deep  
 With thunders from her native oak  
 She quells the floods below,  
 As they roar on the shore  
 When the stormy winds do blow,  
 When the battle rages loud and long  
 And the stormy winds do blow

## IV

The meteor flag of England  
 Shall yet terrific burn,  
 Till danger's troubled night depart  
 And the star of peace return  
 Then, then, ye ocean warriors '  
 Our song and feast shall flow  
 To the fame of your name,  
 When the storm has ceased to blow,  
 When the fiery fight is heard no more,  
 And the storm has ceased to blow

[*Ye Mariners* was first printed in *The Morning Chronicle* under the title of 'Alteration of the Old Ballad, *Ye Gentlemen of England*, composed on the prospect of a Russian War', and it was signed AMATOR PATRIAE. It was originally 'sketched' in Edinburgh in 1799, 'finished' at Ratisbon (or Altona) in 1800, and sent to Mr Perry of *The Morning Chronicle* (see Dr Beattie's *Life of Campbell*, i 264)]

## NOTES

## NOTE TO STANZA II, LINE 5

[This line originally ran—

'Where Granvill, boast of freedom, fell,'

The alteration was made after the battle of Trafalgar, 1805  
 Granvill is Sir Richard Grenville in Tennyson's ballad of the Fleet ]

NOTE TO STANZA III LINE -

[Every available point along the Straits of Dover westward was at this time being fortified by Martello towers]

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC

[Composed in the winter of 1804 -]

I

Of Nelson and the North  
Sing the glorious day's renown  
When to battle fierce came forth  
All the might of Denmark's crown  
And her arms along the deep proudly shone —  
By each gun the lighted brand  
In a bold determined hand  
And the Prince of all the land  
Led them on

II

Like leviathans afloat  
Lay their bulwarks on the brine  
While the sign of battle flew  
On the lofty British line  
It was ten of April morn by the chime  
As they drifted on their path  
There was silence deep as death  
And the boldest held his breath  
For a time

[1 afloat] probably a mistake for in view — to rhyme with flew 4 & 5 lines below See the fifth stanza of the original draft  
[ 193 *infra* ]

## III

But the might of England flushed  
To anticipate the scene ,  
And her van the fleetest rushed  
O'er the deadly space between  
' Hearts of oak ' ' our captain cried , when each gun  
From its adamant lips  
Spread a death-shade round the ships,  
Like the hurricane eclipse  
Of the sun

## IV

Again ' again ' again '  
And the havoc did not slack,  
'Till a feeble cheer the Dane  
,To our cheering sent us back  
Their shots along the deep slowly boom ,  
Then ceased—and all is wail  
As they strike the shattered sail,  
Or in conflagration pale  
Light the gloom

## V

Out spoke the victor then  
As he hailed them o'er the wave,  
' Ye are brothers ' ye are men '  
And we conquer but to save ,  
So peace instead of death let us bring  
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet  
With the crews at England's feet,  
And make submission meet  
To our King '

VI

Then Denmark blessed our chief  
That he gave her wounds repose  
And the sounds of joy and grief  
From her people wildly rose  
As death withdrew his shades from the day  
While the sun looked smiling bright  
O'er a wide and woeful sight  
Where the fires of funeral light  
Died away

VII

Now joy Old England raise  
For the tidings of thy night  
By the festal cities blaze  
While the wine cup shines in light  
And yet amidst that joy and uproar  
Let us think of them that sleep  
In many a fathom deep  
By thy wild and stormy steep  
Elsinore !

VIII

Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride  
Once so faithful and so true  
On the deck of fame that died  
With the gallant good Riou—  
Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their grave !  
While the billow mournful rolls  
And the mermaid's song condoles  
Singing glory to the souls  
Of the brave !

## NOTES

## NOTE TO STANZA VIII, LINE 4

Captain Riou, justly entitled the gallant and the good by Lord Nelson when he wrote home his dispatches

[The first draft of this poem, entitled 'The Battle of Copenhagen,' was submitted to Walter Scott by Campbell, in a letter from Sydenham of date March 27, 1805. But the measure was modified, and the number of stanzas reduced before publication from twenty-seven to eight. The original draft will be found below.]

## THE BATTLE OF COPENHAGEN

## First Draft

(As sent to Scott, March 27, 1805)

Of Nelson and the North  
Sing the day,  
When their haughty powers to vex  
He engaged the Danish decks,  
And with twenty floating wrecks  
Crowned the fray

All bright in April's sun  
Shone the day,  
When a British fleet came down  
Through the islands of the crown,  
And by Copenhagen town  
Took their stay

In arms the Danish shore  
Proudly shone,—  
By each gun the lighted brand  
In a bold determined hand,  
And the Prince of all the land  
Led them on

For Denmark here had drawn  
All her might  
From her battleships so rash  
She had hewn away the mast,  
And at anchor to the last  
Bade them fight

Another noble fleet  
Of their line  
Rode out but these were naught  
To the batteries which they brought  
Like leviathans afloat  
In the brine

It was ten of Thursday morn  
By the chime  
As they drifted on their path  
There was silence deep as death  
And the boldest held his breath  
For a time

Ere a first and fatal round  
Shook the flood  
Every Dane looked out that day  
Like the red wolf on his prey  
And he w his flag to sway  
O'er our blood

Not such a mind possessed  
England's tar  
Twas the love of noble game  
Set his oaken heart on flame  
For to him twas all the same—  
Sport and war

All hands and eyes on watch  
As they keep  
By their motion light as wings  
By each step that haughty springs  
You might know them for the kings  
Of the deep!

Twas the Edgar first that smote  
Denmark's line  
As her flag the foremost soared  
Murray stamped his foot on board  
And a hundred cannons roared  
At the sign!

Three cheers of all the fleet  
Sung huzza!  
Thus from centre rear and van  
Every captain every man  
With a lion's heart began  
To the fray

## SONGS OF BATTLE

Oh, dark grew soon the heavens,  
For each gun  
From its adamantine lips  
Spread a death-shade round the ships  
Like a hurricane eclipse  
Of the sun !

Three hours the raging fire  
Did not slack,  
But the fourth their signals drear  
Of distress and wreck appear,  
And the Dane a feeble cheer  
Sent us back

The voice decayed their shots  
Slowly boom  
They ceased,—and all is wail  
As they strike the shattered sail,  
Or in conflagration pale  
Light the gloom

Oh, death ! it was a sight  
Filled our eyes !  
But we rescued many a crew  
From the waves of scarlet hue,  
Ere the cross of England flew  
O'er her prize

Why ceased not here the strife,  
O ye brave ?  
Why bleeds Old England's band  
By the fire of Danish land  
That smites the very hand  
Stretched to save ?

But the Britons sent to warn  
Denmark's town—  
Proud foes, let vengeance sleep !  
If another chain-shot sweep  
All your navy in the deep  
Shall go down !

Then Peace instead of Death  
Let us bring !  
If you'll yield your conquered fleet  
With the crews at England's feet,  
And make submission meet  
To our King !

Then death withdrew his pall  
From the day  
And the sun looked smiling bright  
On a wide and woeful sight  
Where the fires of funeral light  
Died away  
Yet all amidst her wreck  
And her gore  
Proud Denmark blest our Chief  
That he gave her wounds relief  
And the sounds of joy and grief  
Filled her shore  
All round outlandish cries  
Loudly broke  
But a nobler note was rung  
When the British old and young  
To their bands of music sung  
Hearts of oak !  
Cheer ! cheer from park and tower  
London town !  
When the King shall ride in state  
From St. James's royal gate  
And to all his Peers relate  
Our renown !  
The bells shall ring ' the day  
Shall not close  
But a blaze of cities bright  
Shall illuminate the night  
And the wine-cup shine in light  
As it flows !  
Yet yet amid the joy  
And uproar  
Let us think of them that sleep  
Full many a fathom deep  
All beside thy rocky steep  
Elsinore  
Brave hearts ! to Britain's need  
Once so true !  
Thou death has quenched your flame  
Yet immortal be your name  
For ye died the death of fame  
With Riou !



Soft sigh the winds of heaven  
 O'er your grave !  
 While the billow mournful rolls,  
 And the mermaid's song condoles,  
 Singing glory to the souls  
 Of the brave !

## HOHENLINDEN

(Written in London 1801)

ON Linden, when the sun was low,  
 All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,  
 And dark as winter was the flow  
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly

But Linden saw another sight  
 When the drum beat at dead of night,  
 Commanding fires of death to light  
 The darkness of her scenery

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,  
 Each horseman drew his battle blade 10  
 And furious every charger neighed  
 To join the dreadful revelry

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,  
 Then rushed the steed to battle driven,  
 And louder than the bolts of heaven  
 Far flashed the red artillery

But redder yet that light shall glow  
 On Linden's hills of stained snow,  
 And bloodier yet the torrent flow  
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly. 20

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun  
 Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,  
 Where furious Frank and fiery Hun  
 Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens    On ye brave  
 Who rush to glory or the grave !  
 Wave Munich ! all thy banners wave  
       And charge with all thy chivalry !  
 Few few shall part where many meet !  
 The snow shall be their winding sheet,        30  
 And every turf beneath their feet  
       Shall be a soldier's sepulchre

## GENERAL NOTE.

[First published along with *Lochiel* anonymously in 1807  
 It is a mistake to say that Campbell witnessed the battle of  
 Hohenlinden when he was in Germany in 1800. He saw the  
 battle-fields near Ratisbon and at Ingolstadt— one during the  
 action and the other very soon afterwards— but at the date of  
 the battle of Hohenlinden the poet was on the Elbe.]

## THE WOUNDED HUSSAR

(Written in 1793)

ALONE to the banks of the dark rolling Danube  
 Fair Adelaide hied when the battle was o'er  
 Oh whither she cried    hast thou wandered my  
       lover ?  
 Or here dost thou welter and bleed on the shore  
 What voice did I hear ? 'twas my Henry that sighed !  
 All mournful she hastened    nor wandered she far  
 When bleeding and low on the heath she descried  
 By the light of the moon her poor wounded Hussar !  
 From his bosom that heaved the last torrent was  
       streaming  
 And pale was his visage deep marked with a scar !  
 And dim was that eye once expressively beaming    11  
 That melted in love and that kindled in war !

How smit was poor Adelaide's heart at the sight '  
 How bitter she wept o'er the victim of war '  
 ' Hast thou come, my fond Love, this last sorrowful  
 night,  
 To cheer the lone heart of your wounded Hussar ? '  
 ' Thou shalt live,' she replied , ' Heaven's mercy  
 relieving  
 Each anguishing wound, shall forbid me to mourn ' '  
 ' Ah, no ' the last pang of my bosom is heaving '  
 No light of the morn shall to Henry return ' 20  
 ' Thou charmer of life, ever tender and true '  
 Ye babes of my love, that await me afar ' '  
 His faltering tongue scarce could murmur adieu,  
 When he sunk in her arms—the poor wounded  
 Hussar '

## GENERAL NOTE

[This piece was published, with the first edition of *The Pleasures of Hope*, in 1799 It was no sooner published than its popularity was assured , ' it was sung in the streets of Glasgow, and soon found its way over the whole kingdom '—Beattie ]

## THE SOLDIER'S DREAM

(Finished 1804)

Our bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had  
 lowered,  
 And the sentinel staid set then watch in the sky ,  
 And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,  
 The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die  
 When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,  
 By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,  
 At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,  
 And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again

Met thought from the battle field's dreadful array  
Far far I had roamed on a desolate track 10  
T'was autumn—and sunshine arose on the way  
To the home of my fathers that welcomed me back  
I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft  
In life's morning march when my bosom was young  
I heard my own mountain goats bleating aloft  
And knew the sweet strain that the corn reapers  
sung  
Then pledged we the wine cup and fondly I swore  
From my home and my weeping friends never to  
part  
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er  
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart o  
Stay stay with us—rest thou art weary and worn '  
And fain was their war broken soldier to stay  
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn  
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away

## NOTE.

[LINE 11 stood originally— Till nature and sunshine disclosed  
the sweet way This piece was sketched in Bavaria in 1800 and  
afterwards (in 1804) elaborated at Sydenham ]

## STANZAS

## ON THE THREATENED INVASION 1803

OUR bosoms well bare for the glorious strife  
And our oath is recorded on high  
To prevail in the cause that is dearer than life  
Or crushed in its ruins to die '  
Then rise fellow freemen and stretch the right hand  
And swear to prevail in your dear native land '

'Tis the home we hold sacred is laid to our trust—  
 God bless the green Isle of the brave '  
 Should a conqueror tread on our forefathers' dust,  
 It would rouse the old dead from their grave ' 10  
 Then rise, fellow freemen, and stretch the right hand,  
 And swear to prevail in your dear native land '  
 In a Briton's sweet home shall a spoiler abide,  
 Profaning its loves and its charms ?  
 Shall a Frenchman insult the loved fair at our side ?  
 To arms ' oh my Country, to arms '  
 Then rise, fellow freemen, and stretch the right hand,  
 And swear to prevail in your dear native land '  
 Shall a tyrant enslave us, my countrymen ? No '  
 His head to the sword shall be given 20  
 A death-bed repentance be taught the proud foe  
 And his blood be an offering to Heaven '  
 Then rise, fellow freemen, and stretch the right hand,  
 And swear to prevail in your dear native land '

## LINES

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF THE HIGH AND SOCIETY  
 IN LONDON, WHEN MET TO COMMEMORATE THE 21ST  
 OF MARCH, THE DAY OF VICTORY IN EGYPT, 1809

PLEDGE to the much-loved land that gave us birth '  
 Invincible romantic Scotia's shore '  
 Pledge to the memory of her parted worth '  
 And first, amidst the brave, remember Moore '  
 And be it deemed not wrong that name to give  
 In festive hours which prompts the patriot's sigh '  
 Who would not envy such as Moore to live ?  
 And died he not as heroes wish to die ?

Yes ! though too soon attaining glory's goal  
 To us his bright career too short was given 10  
 Yet in a mighty cause his phoenix soul  
 Rose on the flames of victory to Heaven !

How oft it beats in subjugated Spain  
 One patriot heart in secret shall it mourn  
 For him ! how oft on far Corunna's plain  
 Shall British exiles weep upon his urn !

Peace to the mighty dead ! Our bosom thanks  
 In sprightlier strains the living may inspire !  
 Joy to the chiefs that lead old Scotia's ranks  
 Of Roman garb and more than Roman fire ! 20

Triumphant be the thistle still unfurled  
 Dear symbol wild ! On Freedom's hills it grows  
 Where Fingal stemmed the tyrants of the world  
 And Roman eagles found unconquered foes

Joy to the band—this day on Egypt's coast  
 Whose valour tamed proud France's tricolor  
 And wrenched the banner from her bravest host  
 Baptized invincible in Austria's gore !

Joy for the day on red Vimeira's strand  
 When bayonet to bayonet opposed 30  
 First of Britannia's host her Highland band  
 Gave but the death shot once and foremost closed !

Is there a son of generous England here  
 Or fervid Erin ?—he with us shall join  
 To pray that in eternal union dear  
 The rose the shamrock and the thistle twine !

Types of a race who shall the invader scorn  
 As rocks resist the billows round their shore  
 Types of a race who shall to time unborn  
 Their country leave unconquered as of yore ! 40

## NOTE

[The 'band' referred to in line 25 was the 12nd Highland Regiment, popularly known as the Black Watch]

## TROUBADOUR SONG

ON THE MORNING OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO

(Written for June 18, 1815)

I HAVE buckled the sword to my side,  
 I have woke at the sound of the drum ,  
 For the banners of France are descried,  
 And the day of the battle is come '  
 Thick as dew-drops bespangling the grass  
 Shine our arms o'er the field of renown,  
 And the sun looks on thousands, alas '  
 That will never behold him go down '  
 Oh, my saint ' oh, my mistress ' this morn  
 On thy name how I rest like a charm, 10  
 Every dastard sensation to scorn  
 In the moment of death and alarm '  
 For what are those foemen to fear,  
 Or the death-shot descending to crush  
 Like the thought that the cheek of my dear  
 For a stain on my honour should blush ?  
 Fallen chiefs, when the battle is o'er,  
 Shall to glory their ashes entrust,  
 While the heart that loves thee to its core  
 May be namelessly laid in the dust 20  
 Yet content to the combat I go  
 Let my love in thy memory rest ,  
 Nor my name shall be lost, for I know  
 That it lives in the shrine of thy breast '

## SONG

(Written 1822 ?)

WHEN Napoleon was flying  
 From the field of Waterloo  
 A British soldier dying  
 To his brother bade adieu !  
 And take he said this token  
 To the maid that owns my faith  
 With the words that I have spoken  
 In affection's latest breath

Sore mourned the brother's heart  
 When the youth beside him fell  
 But the trumpet warned to part  
 And they took a sad farewell

10

There was many a friend to lose him  
 For that gallant soldier sighed  
 But the maiden of his bosom  
 Wept when all their tears were dried

## SONG

MEN OF ENGLAND

(First published in *The New Monthly Magazine* in 1822)

MEN of England ! who inherit  
 Rights that cost your sires their blood !  
 Men whose undegenerate spirit  
 Has been proved on land and flood  
 By the foes ye've fought uncounted  
 By the glorious deeds ye've done  
 Trophies captured—breaches mounted  
 Navies conquered—kingdoms won !



Yet, remember, England gathers  
 Hence but fruitless wreaths of fame, 10  
 If the freedom of your fathers  
 Glow not in your hearts the same  
 What are monuments of bravery,  
 Where no public virtues bloom ?  
 What avail in lands of slavery  
 Trophied temples, arch, and tomb ?  
 Pageants ! Let the world revere us  
 For our people's rights and laws,  
 And the breasts of civic heroes  
 Bared in Freedom's holy cause 20  
 Yours are Hampden's, Russell's glory,  
 Sydney's matchless shade is yours,  
 Martyrs in heroic story  
 Worth a hundred Agincourts !  
 We're the sons of sires that baffled  
 Crowned and mitred tyranny  
 They defied the field and scaffold  
 For their birthrights—so will we !

11 freedom] patriotism *in some editions*

## SONG OF THE GREEKS

(Written 1822)

AGAIN to the battle, Achaians !  
 Our hearts bid the tyrants defiance ,  
 Our land, the first garden of Liberty's tree  
 It has been, and shall yet be, the land of the free !  
 For the cross of our faith is replanted,  
 The pale dying crescent is daunted,  
 And we march that the footprints of Mahomet's slaves  
 May be washed out in blood from our forefathers'  
 graves !

8 More correctly—' May in blood be washed out '

Their spirits are hovering o'er us  
And the sword shall to glory restore us 10  
Ah ! what though no succour advances  
Nor Christendom's chivalrous lances  
Are stretched in our aid ? Be the combat our own !  
And we'll perish or conquer more proudly alone  
For we've sworn by our Country's assaulters  
By the virgins they've dragged from our altars  
By our massacred patriots' our children in chains  
By our heroes of old and their blood in our veins  
That living we shall be victorious  
Or that dying our deaths shall be glorious 20  
A breath of submission we breathe not  
The sword that we've drawn we will sheathe not !  
Its scabbard is left where our martyrs are laid  
And the vengeance of ages has whetted its blade  
Earth may hide—waves engulf—fire consume us  
But they shall not to slavery doom us  
If they rule it shall be o'er our ashes and graves  
But we've smote them already with fire on the waves  
And new triumphs on land are before us  
To the charge ! Heaven's banner is o'er us 30  
This day shall ye blush for its story  
Or brighten your lives with its glory  
Our women oh say ! shall they shriek in despair  
Or embrace us from conquest with wreaths in their  
hair ?  
Accursed may his memory blacken  
If a coward there be that would slacken  
Till we've trampled the turban and shown ourselves  
worth  
Being sprung from the named for the godlike of earth  
Strike home ! and the world shall revere us  
As heroes descended from heroes 40

Old Greece lightens up with emotion  
 Her inlands, her isles of the Ocean ,  
 Fanes rebuilt and fair towns shall with jubilee ring,  
 And the Nine shall new-hallow their Helicon's spring  
 Our hearths shall be kindled in gladness,  
 That were cold and extinguished in sadness ,  
 Whilst our maidens shall dance with their white-  
     waving arms,  
 Singing joy to the brave that delivered their charms,  
 When the blood of yon Mussulman cravens  
 Shall have purpled the beaks of our ravens 50

## THE DEATH-BOAT OF HELIGOLAND

(Written 1828)

CAN restlessness reach the cold sepulchred head ?—  
 Ay, the quick have their sleep-walkers, so have the  
     dead  
 There are brains, though they moulder, that dream  
     in the tomb,  
 And that maddening forehear the last trumpet of  
     doom,  
 Till their corpses start sheeted to revel on earth,  
 Making horror more deep by the semblance of murther .  
 By the glare of new-lighted volcanoes they dance,  
 Or at mid-sea appal the chilled mariner's glance  
 Such, I wot, was the band of cadaverous smile  
 Seen ploughing the night-surge of Heligo's isle 10  
 The foam of the Baltic had sparkled like fire,  
 And the red moon looked down with an aspect of ire ,  
 But her beams on a sudden grew sick-like and gray,  
 And the mewes that had slept clanged and shrieked far  
     away,

And the buoys and the beacons extinguished their  
light

As the boat of the stony eyed dead came in sight  
High bounding from billow to billow each form  
Had its shroud like a plaid flying loose to the storm  
With an oar in each pulseless and icy cold hand  
Fast they ploughed by the lee shore of Heligoland o  
Such breakers as boat of the living ne er crossed  
Now surf sunk for minutes again they uptossed  
And with livid lips shouted reply o er the flood  
To the challenging watchman that curdled his blood—

We are dead—we are bound from our graves in the  
west

First to Hecla and then to Unmeet was the  
rest

For man's ear The old abbey bell thundered its  
clang

And their eyes gleamed with phosphorous light as it  
rang

Ere they vanished they stopped and gazed silently  
grim

Till the eye could define them garb feature and  
limb

Now who were those roamers ?—of gallows or wheel  
Bore they marks or the mangling anatomist's steel ?  
No by magistrates chains mid their grave clothes  
you saw

They were felons too proud to have perished by law  
But a ribbon that hung where a rope should have  
been—

Tw'as the badge of their faction its hue was not  
green—

Showed them men who had trampled and tortured  
and driven

To rebellion the fairest isle breathed on by Heaven —

Men whose heins would yet finish the tyrannous task,  
 If the Truth and the Time had not dragged off their  
                   mask 40

They parted but not till the sight might discern  
 A scutcheon distinct at their pinnace's stern,  
 Where letters, emblazoned in blood-coloured flame,  
 Named their faction I blot not my page with its  
                   name

## STANZAS

### ON THE BATTLE OF NAVARINO

(Written 1828)

HEARTS of oak that have bravely delivered the brave,  
 And uplifted old Greece from the brink of the grave,  
 'Twas the helpless to help and the hopeless to save  
     That your thunderbolts swept o'er the brine,  
 And as long as yon sun shall look down on the wave  
     The light of your glory shall shine

For the guerdon ye sought with your bloodshed and  
     toil,

Was it slaves, or dominion, or rapine, or spoil?  
 No! your lofty emprise was to fetter and foil

    The uprooter of Greece's domain! 10

When he tore the last remnant of food from her soil,  
     Till her famished sank pale as the slain!

Yet, Navarin's heroes! does Christendom breed  
 The base hearts that will question the fame of your  
     deed?

Are they men? let ineffable scorn be their meed,  
     And oblivion shadow their graves!

Are they women?—to Turkish serails let them speed,  
     And be mothers of Mussulman slaves!

Abettors of massacre ' dare ye deplore  
 That the death shriek is silenced on Hellas's shore ' o  
 That the mother aghast sees her offspring no more  
 By the hand of Infanticide grasped ?  
 And that stretched on yon billows distained by their  
 gore  
 Missolonghi's assassins have gasped ?  
 Prouder scene never hallowed war's pomp to the mind  
 Than when Christendom's pennons wooed social the  
 wind  
 And the flower of her brave for the combat combined  
 Their watchword humanity's vow  
 Not a sea boy that fought in that cause but mankind  
 Owes a garland to honour his brow ' 30  
 Nor grudge by our side that to conquer or fall  
 Came the hardy rude Russ and the high mettled  
 Gaul  
 For whose was the genius that planned at its call  
 Where the whirlwind of battle should roll ?  
 All were brave ' but the star of success over all  
 Was the light of our Codrington's soul  
 That star of the day spring regenerate Greek '   
 Dimmed the Saracen's moon and struck pallid his  
 cheek  
 In its first flushing morning thy Muses shall speak  
 When their lore and their lutes they reclaim 40  
 And the first of their songs from Parnassus's peak  
 Shall be Glory to Codrington's name '

## GENERAL NOTE

[By this victory the Turkish and Egyptian navies were anni-  
 hilated. The allied fleets (British, French, and Russian) were  
 led by Sir Edward Codrington. The battle was fought on  
 October 20, 1827.]

## NAPOLEON AND THE BRITISH SAILOR

(Written 1840 ?)

I LOVE contemplating, apart  
From all his homicidal glory,  
The traits that soften to our heart  
Napoleon's story

'Twas when his banners at Boulogne  
Arm'd in our island every freeman  
His navy chanced to capture one  
Poor British seaman

They suffer'd him, I know not how,  
Unprisoned on the shore to roam ,  
And aye was bent his longing brow  
On England's home

10

His eye, methinks, pursued the flight  
Of birds to Britain half-way over  
With envy , they could reach the white  
Dear cliffs of Dover

A stormy midnight watch, he thought,  
Than this sojourn would have been dearer,  
If but the storm his vessel brought  
To England nearer

20

At last, when care had banished sleep,  
He saw one morning, dreaming, doting,  
An empty hogshead from the deep  
Come shoreward floating

He hid it in a cave, and wrought  
The live-long day laborious, lurking,  
Until he launched a tiny boat  
By mighty working

# NAPOLEON AND THE BRITISH SAILOR 211

Heaven help us ' twas a thing beyond  
 Description wretched such a wherry 30  
 Perhaps ne'er ventured on a pond  
 Or crossed a ferry

For ploughing in the salt sea field  
 It would have made the boldest shudder—  
 Untarr'd uncompass'd and unkeel'd  
 No sail no rudder

From neighbouring woods he interlaced  
 His sorry skiff with wattled willows  
 And thus equipp'd he would have passed  
 The foaming billows 4

But Frenchmen caught him on the beach —  
 His little Argo sorely jeering  
 Till tidings of him chanced to reach  
 Napoleon's hearing

With folded arms Napoleon stood  
 Serene alike in peace and danger  
 And in his wonted attitude  
 Address'd the stranger

Rash man that wouldst yon Channel pass  
 On twigs and staves so rudely fashioned ' 50  
 Thy heart with some sweet British lass  
 Must be impassioned

I have no sweetheart said the lad  
 But absent long from one another  
 Great was the longing that I had  
 To see my mother

And so thou shalt Napoleon said  
 Ye've both my favour fairly won  
 A noble mother must have bred  
 So brave a son 60



He gave the tar a piece of gold,  
 And, with a flag of truce, commanded  
 He should be shupp'd to England Old,  
 And safely landed

Our sailor oft could scantily shift  
 To find a dinner, plain and hearty,  
 But never changed the coin and gift  
 Of Bonaparté

## NOTE

This anecdote has been published in several public journals, both French and British. My belief in its authenticity was confirmed by an Englishman, long resident at Boulogne, lately telling me that he remembered the circumstance to have been generally talked of in the place.—T. C.

## THE LAUNCH OF A FIRST-RATE

(WRITTEN ON WITNESSING THE SPECTACLE, 1840)

ENGLAND hails thee with emotion,  
 Mightiest child of naval art !  
 Heaven resounds thy welcome, Ocean  
 Takes thee smiling to his heart

Giant oaks of bold expansion  
 O'er seven hundred acres fell,  
 All to build thy noble mansion  
 Where our hearts of oak shall dwell

'Midst those trees the wild deer bounded  
 Ages long ere we were born,  
 And our great-grandfathers sounded  
 Many a jovial hunting-horn

Oaks that living did inherit  
 Grandeur from our earth and sky  
 Still robust the native spirit  
 In your timbers shall not die  
 Ship ' to shine in martial story  
 Thou shalt cleve the ocean's path  
 Freight with Britannia's glory  
 And the thunders of her wrath o  
 Foes shall crowd their sails and fly thee  
 Threatening havoc to their deck  
 When afar they first descry thee  
 Like the coming whirlwind's speck  
 Gallant bark ' thy pomp and beauty  
 Storm or battle ne'er shall blast  
 While our tars in pride and duty  
 Nail thy colours to the mast

## GENERAL NOTE

[The launch of *The London* a ship of the line a two decker  
 of ninety two guns took place at Chatham on September 29 1840  
 The poet was present and fitted on the occasion Shortly after  
 wards he wrote this poem ]

## THE SPANISH PATRIOT'S SONG

(Written 1823)

How rings each sparkling Spanish brand '  
 There's music in its rattle  
 And gay as for a saraband  
 We gird us for the battle  
 Follow follow '  
 To the glorious revelry  
 When the sabres bristle  
 And the death shots whistle

Of rights for which our swords outspring  
 Shall Angoulême bereave us ? 10  
 We've plucked a bird of nobler wing—  
 The eagle could not brave us  
 Follow, follow !  
 Shake the Spanish blade, and sing—  
 France shall ne'er enslave us  
 Tyrants shall not brave us

Shall yonder rag, the Bourbon's flag,  
 White emblem of his liver,  
 For Spain the proud be Freedom's shroud ?  
 Oh, never, never, never 20  
 Follow, follow !  
 Follow to the fight, and sing—  
 Liberty for ever  
 Ever, ever, ever

Thrice welcome hero of the hilt,  
 We laugh to see his standard ,  
 Here let his miscreant blood be spilt  
 Where braver men's was squandered  
 Follow, follow !  
 If the laurelled tricolor 30  
 Durst not over-flaunt us,  
 Shall yon lily daunt us ?

No ! ere they quell our valour's veins  
 They'll upward to their fountains  
 Turn back the rivers on our plains  
 And trample flat our mountains  
 Follow, follow !  
 Shake the Spanish blade, and sing  
 France shall ne'er enslave us  
 Tyrants shall not brave us 40

## STANZAS

TO THE MEMORY OF THE SPANISH PATRIOTS LATEST  
KILLED IN RESISTING THE REGENCY AND THE DUKE  
OF ANGOULÊME

[First printed in *The New Monthly* 1823]

BRAVE men who at the Trocadero fell  
Beside your cannons conquered not though slain  
There is a victory in dying well  
For Freedom—and ye have not died in vain  
For come what may there shall be hearts in Spain  
To honour ay embrace your martyred lot  
Cursing the Bigots and the Bourbon's chain  
And looking on your graves though trophied not  
As holier hallowed ground than priests could make  
the spot !

What though your cause be baffled—freemen cast 10  
In dungeons—dragged to death or forced to flee ?  
Hope is not withered in affliction's blast—  
The patriot's blood's the seed of Freedom's tree  
And short your orgies of revenge shall be  
Cowled Demons of the Inquisitorial cell !  
Earth shudders at your victory—for ye  
Are worse than common fiends from Heaven that fell  
The baser ranker sprung *Autochthones* of Hell !  
Go to your bloody rites again ! bring back  
The hall of horrors and the assessor's pen 0  
Recording answers shrieked upon the rack  
Smile o'er the gaspings of spine broken men  
Preach perpetrate damnation in your den  
Then let your altars ye blasphemers ! peal  
With thanks to Heaven that let you loose again  
To practise deeds with torturing fire and steel  
No eye may search—no tongue may challenge or reveal !

Yet laugh not in your carnival of crime  
 Too proudly, ye oppressors '—Spain was free  
 Her soil has felt the foot-prints, and her clime 30  
 Been winnowed by the wings of Liberty,  
 And these, even parting, scatter as they flee  
 Thoughts—influences, to live in hearts unborn,  
 Opinions that shall wrench the prison-key  
 From Persecution—show her mask off-torn  
 And tramp her bloated head beneath the foot of Scorn

Glory to them that die in this great cause '  
 Kings, Bigots, can inflict no brand of shame  
 Or shape of death to shroud them from applause  
 No ' manglers of the martyr's earthly frame ' 40  
 Your hangman fingers cannot touch his fame  
 Still in your prostrate land there shall be some  
 Proud hearts, the shrines of Freedom's vestal flame,  
 Long trains of ill may pass unheeded dumb,  
 But vengeance is behind, and justice is to come

## ODE TO THE GERMANS

(Written for *The Metropolitan*, 1832)

THE Spirit of Britannia

Invokes across the main

Her sister Allemannia

To burst the tyrant's chain

By our kindred blood she cries,

Rise, Allemannians, rise,

And hallowed thrice the band

Of our kindred hearts shall be,

When your land shall be the land

Of the free—of the free '

With Freedom's lion banner  
 Britannia rules the waves  
 Whilst your broad stone of honour  
 Is still the camp of slaves  
 For shame for glory's sake  
 Wake Allemanni's wake  
 And the tyrants now that whelm  
 Half the world shall quail and flee  
 When your realm shall be the realm  
 Of the free—of the free !

o

Mars owes to you his thunder  
 That shakes the battle field  
 Yet to break your bonds asunder  
 No martial bolt has pealed  
 Shall the laurelled land of art  
 Wear shackles on her heart '  
 No ! the clock ye framed to tell  
 By its sound the march of time—  
 Let it clang oppression's knell  
 O'er your clime—o'er your clime !

30

The press's magic letters—  
 That blessing ye brought forth  
 Behold ! it lies in fetters  
 On the soil that gave it birth '  
 But the trumpet must be heard  
 And the charger must be spurred  
 For you father Armin's Sprite  
 Calls down from heaven that ye  
 Shall gird you for the fight  
 And be free !—and be free !

40

## NOTES

LINE 13 *Elrenbreststein* signifies in German the broad stone of honour

LINE 21 Gunpowder

## LINES ON POLAND

(Written 1831)

AND have I lived to see thee, sword in hand,  
 Uprise again, immortal Polish Land ?  
 Whose flag brings more than chivalry to mind,  
 And leaves the tricolor in shade behind—  
 A theme for uninspired lips too strong,  
 That swells my heart beyond the power of song  
 Majestic men, whose deeds have dazzled faith,  
 Ah ! yet your fate's suspense arrests my breath ,  
 Whilst, envying bosoms bared to shot and steel,  
 I feel the more that fruitlessly I feel 10

Poles ! with what indignation I endure  
 The half-pitying servile mouths that call you poor !  
 Poor ! is it England mocks you with her grief,  
 That hates, but dares not chide, the Imperial Thief ?  
 France with her soul beneath a Bourbon's thralldom ?  
 And Germany that has no soul at all ?  
 States, quailing at the giant overgrown,  
 Whom dauntless Poland grapples with alone !  
 No, ye are rich in fame even whilst ye bleed !  
 We cannot aid you—we are poor indeed ! 20

In fate's defiance—in the world's great eye,  
 Poland has won her immortality !  
 The butcher, should he reach her bosom now  
 Could tear not glory's garland from her brow ,  
 Wreathed, filleted, the victim falls renowned,  
 And all her ashes will be holy ground !

But turn, my soul, from presages so dark  
 Great Poland's spirit is a deathless spark  
 That 's fanned by Heaven to mock the tyrant's rage  
 She, like the eagle, will renew her age, 30

And fresh historic plumes of Fame put on —  
 Another Athens after Marathon  
 Where eloquence shall fulmine arts refine  
 Bright as her arms that now in battle shine  
 Come—should the heavenly shock my life destroy  
 And shut its flood gates with excess of joy—  
 Come but the day when Poland's fight is won—  
 And on my gravestone shine the morrow's sun '   
 The day that sees Warsaw's cathedral glow  
 With endless ensigns ravished from the foe 40  
 Her women lifting their fair hands with thanks  
 Her pious warriors kneeling in their ranks  
 The scutcheoned walls of high heraldic boast  
 The odorous altar's elevated host  
 The organ sounding through the aisle's long glooms  
 The mighty dead seen sculptured o'er their tombs  
 (John Europe's saviour—Poniatowski's fair  
 Resemblance—Kosciusko's shall be there)  
 The tapered pomp the hallelujah's swell—  
 Shall o'er the soul's devotion cast a spell 50  
 Till visions cross the rapt enthusiast's glance  
 And all the scene becomes a waking trance

Should Fate put far far off that glorious scene  
 And gulfs of havoc interpose between  
 Imagine not ye men of every clime  
 Who act or by your sufferance share the crime—  
 Your brother Abel's blood shall vainly plead  
 Against the deep damnation of the deed  
 Germans ye view its horror and disgrace  
 With cold phosphoric eyes and phlegm of face 60  
 Is Allemagne profound in science lore  
 And minstrel art ?—her shame is but the more  
 To doze and dream by Governments oppressed  
 The spirit of a book worm in each breast



Well can ye mouth fair Freedom's classic line,  
And talk of Constitutions o'er your wine ,  
But all your vows to break the tyrant's yoke  
Expire in Bacchanalian song and smoke  
Heavens ! can no ray of foresight pierce the leads  
And mystic metaphysics of your heads, 70  
To show the self-same grave Oppression delves  
For Poland's rights is yawning for yourselves ?

See, whilst the Pole, the vanguard aid of France,  
Has vaulted on his barb and couched the lance,  
France turns from her abandoned friends afresh,  
And soothes the Bear that prowls for patriot flesh,  
Buys, ignominious purchase ! short repose  
With dying curses and the groans of those  
That served, and loved, and put in her their trust  
Frenchmen ! the dead accuse you from the dust ! 80  
Brows laurelled, bosoms marked with many a scar  
For France, that wore her Legion's noblest star,  
Cast dumb reproaches from the field of death  
On Gallic honour , and this broken faith  
Has robbed you more of Fame, the life of life,  
Than twenty battles lost in glorious strife !

And what of England ? Is she steeped so low  
In poverty, crest-fallen, and palsied so,  
That we must sit, much wroth, but timorous more,  
With murder knocking at our neighbour's door ? 90  
Nor murder masked and cloaked with hidden knife  
Whose owner owes the gallows life for life  
But Public Murder ! that with pomp and gaud,  
And royal scorn of justice, walks abroad  
To wring more tears and blood than e'er were wrung  
By all the culprits justice ever hung !  
We read the diademed assassin's vaunt,  
And wince, and wish we had not hearts to pant

With useless indignation—sigh and frown  
But have not hearts to throw the gauntlet down 100

If but a doubt hung o'er the grounds of fray  
Or trivial rapine stopped the world's highway —  
Were this some common strife of States embroiled  
Britannia on the spoiler and the spoiled  
Might calmly look and asking time to breathe  
Still honourably wear her olive wreath  
But this is darkness combating with light  
Earth's adverse principles for empire fight  
Oppression that has belted half the globe  
Far as his knout could reach or dagger probe 110  
Holds reeking o'er our brother freemen slain  
That dagger—shakes it at us in disdain  
Talks big to Freedom's States of Poland's thrall  
And trampling one contemns them one and all

My country! colours not thy once proud brow  
At this affront? Hast thou not fleets enow  
With glory's streamer lofty as the lark  
Gay fluttering o'er each thunder bearing bark  
To warm the insulter's seas with barbarous blood  
And interdict his flag from ocean's flood? 120  
Even now far off the sea cliff where I sing  
I see my country and my patriot king!  
Your ensign glad the deep Becalmed and slow  
A war ship rides while heaven's prismatic bow  
Uprisen behind her on the horizon's base  
Shines flushing through the tackle shrouds and  
stays  
And wraps her giant form in one majestic blaze  
My soul accepts the omen fancy's eye  
Has sometimes a veracious augury  
The rainbow types Heaven's promise to my sight 130  
The ship Britannia's interposing might!

But, if there should be none to aid you, Poles,  
 Ye'll but to prouder pitch wind up your souls,  
 Above example, pity, praise or blame,  
 To sow and reap a boundless field of fame  
 Ask aid no more from nations that forget  
 Your championship—old Europe's mighty debt  
 Though Poland (Lazarus-like) has burst the gloom,  
 She rises not a beggar from the tomb  
 In fortune's frown, on danger's giddiest brink, 140  
 Despair and Poland's name must never link

All ills have bounds—plague, whirlwind, fire, and flood  
 E'en power can spill but bounded sums of blood  
 States caring not what Freedom's price may be  
 May late or soon, but must at last, be free,  
 For body-killing tyrants cannot kill  
 The public soul the hereditary will  
 That, downward as from sire to son it goes,  
 By shifting bosoms more intensely glows  
 Its heirloom is the heart, and slaughtered men 150  
 Fight fiercer in their orphans o'er again  
 Poland recasts—though rich in heroes old  
 Her men in more and more heroic mould  
 Her eagle ensign best among mankind  
 Becomes, and types her eagle-strength of mind  
 Her praise upon my faltering lips expires  
 Resume it, younger bards, and nobler lyres !

NOTE ON THE REFERENCE TO FRANCE, ll 73-86

The fact ought to be universally known that France was indebted to Poland for not being invaded by Russia. When the Duke Constantine fled from Warsaw he left papers behind him proving that the Russians, after the Parisian events in July, meant to have marched towards Paris, if the Polish insurrection had not prevented them.

NOTE TO LINE 121

[Campbell was recruiting at St Leonards-on-Sea in the summer of 1831 when he wrote these lines.]

## THE POWER OF RUSSIA

(Written for *The Metropolitan* 1831)

So all this gallant blood has gushed in vain '  
 And Poland by the Northern Condor's beak  
 And talons torn lies prostrated again  
 O British patriots that were wont to speak  
 Once loudly on this theme now hushed or meek '  
 O heartless men of Europe Goth and Gaul '  
 Cold adder deaf to Poland's dying shriek '  
 That saw the world's last land of heroes fall '  
 The brand of burning shame is on you all—all—all '  
  
 But this is not the drama's closing act ' 10  
 Its tragic curtain must uprise anew  
 Nations mute accessories to the fact '  
 That Upas tree of power whose fostering dew  
 Was Polish blood has yet to cast o'er you  
 The lengthening shadow of its head elate—  
 A deadly shadow darkening nature's hue '  
 To all that's hallowed righteous pure and great  
 Wo' wo' when they are reached by Russia's withering  
 hate

Russia that on his throne of adamant  
 Consults what nation's breast shall next be gored  
 He on Polonia's Golgotha will plant 1  
 His standard fresh and horde succeeding horde  
 On patriot tombstones he will whet the sword  
 For more stupendous slaughters of the free  
 Then Europe's realms when their best blood is poured  
 Shall miss thee Poland ' as they bend the knee  
 All—all in grief but none in glory likening thee

Why smote ye not the giant whilst he reeled ?

O fair occasion, gone for ever by !

To have locked his lances in their northern field, 30

Innocuous as the phantom chivalry

That flames and hurtles from yon boreal sky !

Now wave thy pennon, Russia, o'er the land

Once Poland, build thy bristling castles high,

Dig dungeon's deep, for Poland's wrested brand

Is now a weapon new to widen thy command

An awful width ! Norwegian woods shall build

His fleets—the Swede his vassal, and the Dane

The glebe of fifty kingdoms shall be tilled

To feed his dazzling, desolating train, 40

Camped sumless 'twixt the Black and Baltic main

Brute hosts, I own, but Sparta could not write,

And Rome, half-barbarous, bound Achaia's chain

So Russia's spirit, 'midst Slavonic night,

Burns with a fire more dread than all your polished  
light

But Russia's limbs (so blinded statesmen say)

Are crude, and too colossal to cohere

O lamentable weakness ! reckoning weak

The stripling Titan, strengthening year by year

What implement lacks he for war's career 50

That grows on earth, or in its floods and mines ?

Eighth sharer of the inhabitable sphere,

Whom Persia bows to, China ill confines,

And India's homage waits, when Albion's star de-  
clines !

But time will teach the Russ even conquering war

Has handmaid arts aye, aye, the Russ will woo

All sciences that speed Bellona's car,

All murder's tactic arts, and win them too,

But never holier Muses shall imbue

His breast that s made of nature s basest clay 60  
The sabre knout and dungeon s vapour blue

His laws and ethics—far from him away  
Are all the lovely Nine that breathe but freedom s day  
Say even his serfs half humanized should learn

Their human rights —will Mars put out his flame  
In Russian bosoms ? no he ll bid them burn

A thousand years for nought but martial fame  
Like Romans —yet forgive me Roman name '

Rome could impart what Russia never can—  
Proud civic right to salve submission s shame 65

Our strife is coming but in freedom s van  
The Polish Eagle s fall is big with fate to man

Proud bird of old ' Mohammed s moon recoiled

Before thy swoop had we been timely bold  
That swoop still free had stunned the Russ and foiled

Earth s new oppressors as it foiled her old  
Now thy majestic eyes are shut and cold

And colder still Polonia s children find  
The sympathetic hands that we outhold

But Poles when we are gone the world will mind  
Ye bore the brunt of fate and bled for humankind 70

So hallowedly have ye fulfilled your part

My pride repudiates even the sigh that blends  
With Poland s name—name written on my heart

My heroes my grief consecrated friends '  
Your sorrow in nobility transcends

Your conqueror s joy his cheek may blush but  
shame

Can tinge not yours though exile s tear descends

Nor would ye change your conscience cause and  
name

For his with all his wealth and all his felon fame 75



## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

### LINES

#### ON LEAVING A SCENE IN BAVARIA

(Written 1800)

ADIEU the woods and waters side  
Imperial Danube's rich domain '  
Adieu the grotto wild and wide  
The rocks abrupt and grassy plain '  
For pallid Autumn once again  
Hath swelled each torrent of the hill  
Her clouds collect her shadows sail  
And watery winds that sweep the vale  
Grow loud and louder still

But not the storm dethroning fast 10  
Yon monarch oak of massy pile  
Nor river roaring to the blast  
Around its dark and desert isle  
Nor church bell tolling to beguile  
The cloud born thunder passing by—  
Can sound in discord to my soul  
Roll on ye mighty waters roll '  
And rage thou darkened sky '

Thy blossoms now no longer bright  
Thy withered woods no longer green o  
Yet Eldurn shore with dark delight  
I visit thy unlovely scene '  
For many a sunset hour serene



My steps have trod thy mellow dew,  
When his green light the glow-worm gave,  
When Cynthia from the distant wave  
Her twilight anchor drew

And ploughed, as with a swelling sail,  
The billowy clouds and starry sea  
Then while thy hermit nightingale 30  
Sang on his fragrant apple-tree—  
Romantic, solitary, free,  
The visitant of Eldurn's shore  
On such a moonlight mountain strayed  
As echoed to the music made  
By Druid harps of yore

Around thy savage hills of oak,  
Around thy waters bright and blue,  
No hunter's horn the silence broke,  
No dying shriek thine echo knew , 40  
But safe, sweet Eldurn woods, to you  
The wounded wild deer ever ran,  
Whose myrtle bound their grassy cave,  
Whose very rocks a shelter gave  
From blood-pursuing man

Oh, heart effusions that arose  
From nightly wanderings cherished here !  
To him who flies from many woes  
Even homeless deserts can be dear !  
The last and solitary cheer 50  
Of those that own no earthly home,  
Say is it not, ye banished race,  
In such a loved and lonely place  
Companionless to roam ?

Yes I have loved thy wild abode  
 Unknown unploughed untrodden shore '  
 Where scarce the woodman finds a road  
 And scarce the fisher plies an oar  
 For man's neglect I love thee more —  
 That art nor varice intrude 60  
 To tame thy torrent's thunder shock  
 Or prune thy vintage of the rock  
 Magnificently rude

Unheeded spreads thy blossomed bud  
 Its milky bosom to the bee  
 Unheeded falls along the flood  
 Thy desolate and aged tree  
 Forsaken scene how like to thee  
 The fate of unbefriended Worth '  
 Like thine her fruit dishonoured falls o  
 Like thee in solitude she calls  
 A thousand treasures forth

O silent spirit of the place  
 If lingering with the ruined year  
 Thy hoary form and awful face  
 I yet might watch and worship here—  
 Thy storm were music to mine ear  
 Thy wildest walk a shelter given  
 Sublimer thoughts on earth to find  
 And share with no unhallowed mind 80  
 The majesty of heaven

What though the bosom friends of Fate  
 Prosperity's unweaned brood  
 Thy consolations cannot rate  
 O self dependent solitude '  
 Yet with a spirit unsubdued

Though darkened by the clouds of care,  
 To worship thy congenial gloom  
 A pilgrim to the Prophet's tomb  
 The Friendless<sup>1</sup> shall repair

90

On him the world hath never smiled,  
 Or looked but with accusing eye,  
 All-silent goddess of the wild,  
 To thee that misanthrope shall fly '  
 I hear his deep soliloquy,  
 I mark his proud but ravaged form,  
 As stern he wraps his mantle round,  
 And bids on winter's bleakest ground  
 Defiance to the storm

Peace to his banished heart, at last,  
 In thy dominions shall descend,  
 And, strong as beechwood in the blast,  
 His spirit shall refuse to bend,  
 Enduring life without a friend,  
 The world and falsehood left behind,  
 Thy votary shall bear elate  
 (Triumphant o'er opposing Fate)  
 His dark inspired mind

100

But dost thou, Folly, mock the muse  
 A wanderer's mountain walk to sing,  
 Who shuns a warring world, nor woos  
 The vulture cover of its wing ?  
 Then fly, thou cowering, shivering thing,  
 Back to the fostering world beguiled  
 To waste in self-consuming strife  
 The loveless brotherhood of life,  
 Reviling and reviled '

110

<sup>1</sup> [In the first edition 'Misfortune', followed in the next two stanzas by feminine pronouns, 'On *her* the world,' &c.]

Away thou lover of the race  
 That hither chased yon weeping deer '  
 If Nature's all majestic face 10  
     More pitiless than man's appear  
     Or if the wild winds seem more drear  
 Than man's cold charities below  
     Behold around his peopled plains  
     Where'er the social savage reigns  
 Frubrance of woe '

His art and honours wouldst thou seek  
     *Embossed on grandeur's giant walls ?*  
 Or hear his moral thunders speak  
     Where senates light their airy halls 130  
     Where man his brother man enthralls  
 Or sends his whirlwind warrant forth  
     To rouse the slumbering fiends of war  
     To dye the blood warm waves afar  
 And desolate the earth ?

From clime to clime pursue the scene  
     And mark in all thy spacious way  
 Where'er the tyrant man has been  
     There Peace the cherub cannot stay  
     In wilds and woodlands far away 140  
 She builds her solitary bower  
     Where only anchorites have trod  
     Or friendless men to worship God  
 Have wandered for an hour

In such a far forsaken vale—  
     And such sweet Eldurn vale is thine—  
 Afflicted nature shall inhale  
     Heaven borrowed thoughts and joys divine  
     No longer wish no more repine

For man's neglect or woman's scorn , 150  
Then wed thee to an exile's lot,  
For, if the world hath loved thee not,  
Its absence may be borne

## NOTE TO LINE 11

In Catholic countries you often hear the church bells rung to propitiate Heaven during thunder-storms.

## THE LAST MAN

(First published in the *New Monthly Magazine* in 1823)

ALL worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,  
The Sun himself must die,  
Before this mortal shall assume  
Its Immortality !

I saw a vision in my sleep  
That gave my spirit strength to sweep  
Adown the gulf of Time !  
I saw the last of human mould  
That shall Creation's death behold  
As Adam saw her prime !

The Sun's eye had a sickly glare,  
The Earth with age was wan,  
The skeletons of nations were  
Around that lonely man !  
Some had expired in fight,—the brands  
Still rusted in their bony hands ,  
In plague and famine some !  
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread ,  
And ships were drifting with the dead  
To shores where all was dumb !

Yet prophet like that lone one stood  
With dauntless words and high  
That shook the sere leaves from the wood  
As if a storm passed by  
Saying We are twins in death proud Sun '  
Thy face is cold thy race is run  
Tis Mercy bids thee go  
For thou ten thousand thousand years  
Hast seen the tide of human tears  
That shall no longer flow 30  
What though beneath thee man put forth  
His pomp his pride his skill  
And arts that made fire flood and earth  
The vassals of his will ?  
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway  
Thou dim discrowned king of day  
For all those trophied arts  
And triumphs that beneath thee sprang  
Healed not a passion or a pang  
Entailed on human hearts 40  
Go let oblivion's curtain fall  
Upon the stage of men  
Nor with thy rising beams recall  
Life's tragedy again  
Its piteous pageants bring not back  
Nor waken flesh upon the rack  
Of pain anew to writhe—  
Stretched in disease's shapes abhorred  
Or mown in battle by the sword  
Like grass beneath the scythe 50  
Even I am weary in yon skies  
To watch thy fading fire  
Test of all sumless agonies  
Behold not me expire !

My lips that speak thy dirge of death  
 Their rounded gasp and gargling breath  
 To see thou shalt not boast,  
 The eclipse of Nature spreads my pall,—  
 The majesty of Darkness shall  
 Receive my parting ghost ' 60

' This spirit shall return to Him  
 That gave its heavenly spark,  
 Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim  
 When thou thyself are dark '  
 No ' it shall live again, and shine  
 In bliss unknown to beams of thine,  
 By Him recalled to breath  
 Who captive led captivity, 70  
 Who robbed the grave of Victory,  
 And took the sting from Death '

' Go, Sun, while Mercy holds me up  
 On Nature's awful waste  
 To drink this last and bitter cup  
 Of grief that man shall taste—  
 Go, tell the night that hides thy face  
 Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race  
 On Earth's sepulchral clod  
 The darkening universe defy  
 To quench his immortality  
 Or shake his trust in God ' ' 80

## NOTE TO LINE 19

[ ' Many years ago I had the idea of this Last Man in my head and distinctly remember speaking of the subject to Lord B(yron) I recognized, when I read his poem "Darkness", some traits of the picture which I meant to draw, namely, the ships floating without living hands to guide them—the earth being blank—and one or two more circumstances I am entirely disposed to acquit Lord Byron of having intentionally taken the thoughts '—  
*Letter of Campbell, September 5, 1823 ]*

## TO THE RAINBOW

(Written in 1819)

TRIUMPHAL arch that fill'st the sky

When storms prepare to part  
I ask not proud Philosophy  
To teach me what thou art

Still seem as to my childhood's sight—

A midway station given  
For happy spirits to alight  
Betwixt the earth and heaven

Can all that optics teach unfold

Thy form to please me so 10  
As when I dreamt of gems and gold  
Hid in thy radiant bow ?

When Science from Creation's face

Enchantment's veil withdraws  
What lovely visions yield their place  
To cold material laws !

And yet fair bow no fabling dreams

But words of the Most High o  
Have told why first thy robe of beams  
Was woven in the sky

When o'er the green undeluged earth

Heaven's covenant thou didst shine  
How came the world's grav fathers forth  
To watch thy sacred sign !

And when its yellow lustre smiled

O'er mountains yet untrod  
Each mother held aloft her child  
To bless the bow of God



Methinks, thy jubilee to keep  
The first-made anthem rang 32  
On earth delivered from the deep,  
And the first poet sang

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye  
Unraptured greet thy beam  
Theme of primeval prophecy,  
Be still the poet's theme !

The earth to thee her incense yields,  
The lark thy welcome sings,  
When glittering in the freshened fields  
The snowy mushroom springs 40

How glorious is thy girdle cast  
O'er mountain, tower, and town,  
Or mirrored in the ocean vast  
A thousand fathoms down !

As fresh in yon horizon dark,  
As young thy beauties seem,  
As when the eagle from the ark  
First sported in thy beam .

For, faithful to its sacred page,  
Heaven still rebuilds thy span, 50  
Nor lets the type grow pale with age  
That first spoke peace to man

[This poem was first published in *The New Monthly Magazine*,  
1821 ]

## A DREAM

(First published in 1841)

WELL may sleep present us fictions

Since our waking moments teem

With such fanciful convictions

As make life itself a dream

Half our daylight faith's a fable

Sleep disports with shadows too

Seeming in their turn as stable

As the world we wake to view

Ne'er by day did reason's mint

Give my thoughts a clearer print

10

Of assured reality

Than was left by phantasy

Stamped and coloured on my sprite

In a dream of vesternight

In a bark methought lone steering

I was cast on ocean's strife

This twas whispered in my hearing

Meant the sea of life

Sad regrets from past existence

Came like gales of chilling breath

o

Shadowed in the forward distance

Lay the land of death

Now seeming more now less remote

On that dim seen shore methought

I beheld two hands a space

Slow unshroud a spectre's face

And my flesh's hair upstood —

'Twas mine own similitude

But my soul revived at seeing  
Ocean, like an emerald spark, 30  
Kindle, while an air-dropt being  
Smiling steered my bark  
Heaven-like, yet he looked as human  
As supernal beauty can,  
More compassionate than woman,  
Lordly more than man  
And, as some sweet clarion's breath  
Stirs the soldier's scorn of death,  
So his accents bade me brook  
The spectre's eyes of icy look, 40  
Till it shut them, turned its head  
Like a beaten foe, and fled

'Types not this,' I said, 'fair spirit'  
That my death-hour is not come?  
Say, what days shall I inherit?  
Tell my soul their sum'  
'No,' he said, 'yon phantom's aspect,  
Trust me, would appal thee worse,  
Held in clearly measured prospect  
Ask not for a curse' 50  
Make not, for I overhear  
Thine unspoken thoughts as clear  
As thy mortal ear could catch  
The close-brought tickings of a watch  
Make not the untold request  
That's now revolving in thy breast

'Tis to live again, remeasuring  
Youth's years like a scene rehearsed,  
In thy second life-time treasuring  
Knowledge from the first 60

Hast thou felt poor self deceiver !

Life's career so void of pain

As to wish its fitful fever

New begun again ?

Could experience ten times thine

Pain from being disentwine—

Threads by fate together spun ?

Could thy flight heaven's lightning shun ?

No nor could thy foresight's glance

Scape the myriad shafts of chance

o

Wouldst thou bear again love's trouble ?

Friendship's death dissevered ties ?

Toil to grasp or miss the bubble

Of ambition's prize ?

Say thy life's new guided action

Flowed from virtue's fairest springs—

Still would envy and detraction

Double not their stings ?

Worth itself is but a charter

To be mankind's distinguished martyr

80

I caught the moral and cried Hail !

Spirit ! let us onward sail

Envyng fearing hating none—

Guardian Spirit steer me on !

#### GENERAL NOTE

[Dr Beattie the intimate friend and biographer of Campbell thought there was throughout this poem a marked allusion to the poet's own private fortunes in the race of life He saw in it a great resemblance to *The Last Man* ]

## EXILE OF ERIN

(Written in 1800)

THRE came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin—  
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill  
For his country he sighed when at twilight repairing  
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill  
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,  
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,  
Where once, in the fire of his youthful emotion,  
He sang the bold anthem of 'Erin go bragh'

'Sad is my fate' said the heart-broken stranger,  
'The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee  
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,  
A home and a country remain not to me  
Never again in the green sunny bowers  
Where my forefathers lived shall I spend the sweet  
hours,  
Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,  
And strike to the numbers of "Erin go bragh"'

'Erin, my country' though sad and forsaken,  
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore,  
But, alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,  
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no  
more!  
Oh cruel fate! wilt thou never replace me  
In a mansion of peace—where no perils can chase  
me?  
Never again shall my brothers embrace me?  
They die to defend me, or live to deplore'

Where is my cabin door fast by the wild wood ?  
 Sisters and sire ! did ye weep for its fall ?  
 Where is the mother that looked on my childhood ?  
 And where is the bosom friend dearer than all  
 Oh ! my sad heart long abandoned by pleasure !  
 Why did it dote on a fast-fading treasure ?  
 Tears like the rain drop may fall without measure  
 But rapture and beauty they cannot recall

Yet all its sad recollections suppressing  
 One dying wish my lone bosom can draw—  
 Erin ! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing !  
 Land of my forefathers ! Erin go bragh !  
 Buried and cold when my heart stills her motion  
 Green be thy fields sweetest isle of the ocean !  
 And thy harp striking bards sing aloud with devo-  
 tion—  
 Erin mavournin—Erin go bragh !

## NOTES

The person referred to in this poem was a poor and delicate youth Anthony McCann exiled for being implicated in the Irish Rebellion of 1798 Campbell met him at Hamburg in 1800 It was in consequence of meeting him one evening on the banks of the Elbe lonely and pensive at the thoughts of his situation that I wrote The Exile of Erin

*Erin go bragh* Ireland for ever

*Erin mavournin* Ireland my darling

[This poem was published January 28 1801 ]

## LINES

WRITTEN ON VISITING A SCENE IN ARGYLESHIRE

(Sketched in 1798, finished at Hamburg in 1800, and printed  
in *The Morning Chronicle*)

At the silence of twilight's contemplative hour  
I have mused in a sorrowful mood  
On the wind-shaken weeds that embosom the bower  
Where the home of my forefathers stood  
All ruined and wild is their roofless abode ,  
And lonely the dark raven's sheltering tree ,  
And travelled by few is the grass-covered road,  
Where the hunter of deer and the warrior trode  
To his hills that encircle the sea  
Yet, wandering, I found on my ruinous walk, 10  
By the dial-stone agèd and green,  
One rose of the wilderness left on its stalk  
To mark where a garden had been  
Like a brotherless hermit, the last of its race,  
All wild in the silence of nature it drew  
From each wandering sunbeam a lonely embrace,  
For the night-weed and thorn overshadowed the place  
Where the flower of my forefathers grew  
Sweet bud of the wilderness ' emblem of all  
That remains in this desolate heart ' 20  
The fabric of bliss to its centre may fall,  
But patience shall never depart  
Though the wilds of enchantment, all vernal and  
bright  
In the days of delusion, by fancy combined  
With the vanishing phantoms of love and delight,  
Abandon my soul like a dream of the night  
And leave but a desert behind

Be hushed my dark spirit ' for wisdom condemns  
 When the faint and the feeble deplore  
 Be strong as the rock of the ocean that stems 30  
 A thousand wild waves on the shore '  
 Through the perils of chance and the scowl of disdain  
 May thy front be unaltered thy courage elate '  
 Yea ' even the name I have worshipped in vain  
 Shall awake not the sigh of remembrance again  
 To bear is to conquer our fate

## NOTE TO LINE 4

[ The home of my forefathers Kirnan house and garden  
 in the vale of Glassary Argyleshire The last of his race who  
 resided on the family estate of Kirnan was Archibald Campbell  
 the poet's grandfather—See Dr Beattie's *Life of Campbell*  
 vol 1 p 4 ]

## NOTE TO LINE 34

[ Caroline married January 29 1793 ]

## ODE TO WINTER

(Written in 1800)

WHEN first the fiery mantled sun  
 His heavenly race began to run  
 Round the earth and ocean blue  
 His children four the Seasons flew  
 First in green apparel dancing  
 The young Spring smiled with angel grace  
 Rosy Summer next advancing  
 Rushed into her sire's embrace—  
 Her bright haired sire who bade her keep  
 For ever nearest to his smiles 10  
 On Calpe's olive shaded steep  
 On India's citron covered isles  
 More remote and buxom brown  
 The Queen of vintage bowed before his throne  
 A rich pomegranate gemmed her crown  
 A ripe sheaf bound her zone



But howling Winter fled afar  
To hills that prop the polar star ,  
And loves on deer-borne car to ride,  
With barren darkness by his side, 20  
Round the shore where loud Lofoden  
Whirls to death the roaring whale,  
Round the hall where Runic Odin  
Howls his war-song to the gale,  
Save when adown the ravaged globe  
He travels on his native storm,  
Deflowering Nature's grassy robe,  
And trampling on her faded form,  
Till light's returning lord assume  
The shaft that drives him to his polar field, 30  
Of power to pierce his raven plume  
And crystal-covered shield

Oh, sire of storms ! whose savage car  
The Lapland drum delights to hear,  
When Frenzy with her blood-shot eye  
Implores thy dreadful deity,  
Archangel ! power of desolation !  
Fast descending as thou art,  
Say, hath mortal invocation  
Spells to touch thy stony heart ? 40  
Then, sullen Winter, hear my prayer,  
And gently rule the ruined year ,  
Nor chill the wanderer's bosom bare,  
Nor freeze the wretch's falling tear ,  
To shuddering Want's unmantled bed  
Thy horror-breathing agues cease to lend,  
And gently on the orphan head  
Of innocence descend

But chiefly spare, O king of clouds !  
The sailor on his airy shrouds 50

When wrecks and beacons strew the steep  
 And spectres walk along the deep  
 Milder yet thy snowy breezes  
   Pour on yonder tented shores  
 Where the Rhine's broad billow freezes  
   Or the dark brown Danube roars  
 Oh winds of Winter ! list ye there  
   To many a deep and dying groan ?  
 Or start ye demons of the midnight air  
   At shrieks and thunders louder than your own ? 60  
 Alas ! even your unhallowed breath  
   May spare the victim fallen low  
 But man will ask no truce to death  
   No bounds to human woe

## NOTE

[This ode was written in Germany at the close of 1800 before the conclusion of hostilities. It was sent to Mr Perry of *The Morning Chronicle*, and published January 30 1801.]

## THE BEECH TREE'S PETITION

(Written in Germany in 1800 and first published in *The Morning Chronicle*)

O LEAVE this barren spot to me !  
 Spare woodman spare the beechen tree  
 Though bush or floweret never grow  
*My dark unwarming shade below*  
 Nor summer bud perfume the dew  
 Of rosy blush or yellow hue  
 Nor fruits of autumn blossom born  
 My green and glossy leaves adorn  
 Nor murmuring tribes from me derive  
 The ambrosial amber of the hive—  
 Yet leave this barren spot to me  
 Spare woodman spare the beechen tree !

Thrice twenty summers I have seen  
 The sky grow bright, the forest green  
 And many a wintry wind have stood  
 In bloomless, fruitless solitude,  
 Since childhood in my pleasant bower  
 First spent its sweet and sportive hour,  
 Since youthful lovers in my shade  
 Their vows of truth and rapture made  
 And on my trunk's surviving frame  
 Carved many a long-forgotten name  
 Oh ! by the sighs of gentle sound  
 First breathed upon this sacred ground,  
 By all that Love has whispered here,  
 O! Beauty heard with ravished ear  
 As Love's own altar honour me  
 Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree !

20

## NOTES

[The Beech-tree stood in a kitchen garden at Ardwell in Dumfriesshire, and had been condemned on a complaint by the gardener that no garden crop could grow near it. Intercession was made for it through the poet's sister. See Dr Beattie's *Life of Campbell*, vol 1, p 333]

LINES 5 and 6 do not appear in the earlier editions

LINE 10 For 'amber,' 'nectar' in 1803

LINE 11 For 'barren,' 'little' in 1803

LINES 13 to 16 were enlarged from the original couplet—

'Thrice twenty summers I have stood  
 In bloomless fruitless solitude'

LINE 20 For 'made,' 'paid' in 1803

LINE 23 For 'sighs,' 'vows' in 1803 ]

## HYMN

## WHEN JORDAN HUSHED

WHEN Jordan hushed his waters still  
 And silence slept on Zion hill  
 When Salem's shepherds thro' the night  
 Watched o'er their flocks by starry light—

Hark ' from the midnight hills around  
 A voice of more than mortal sound  
 In distant hallelujahs stole  
 Wild murmuring on the raptured soul

Then swift to every startled eye  
 New streams of glory gild the sky 10  
*Heaven bursts her azure gates to pour*  
 Her spirits to the midnight hour

On wheels of light and wings of flame  
 The glorious hosts to Zion came  
 High Heaven with sounds of triumph rung  
 And thus they smote their harps and sung—

Oh Zion lift thy raptured eye  
 The long expected hour is nigh—  
 The joys of Nature rise again—  
 The Prince of Salem comes to reign ' 20

See Mercy from her golden urn  
 Pours a glad stream to them that mourn  
 Behold she binds with tender care  
 The bleeding bosom of despair —

He comes ' He cheers the trembling heart—  
 Night and her spectres pale depart  
 Again the day star gilds the gloom—  
 Again the bowers of Eden bloom '

‘ Oh, Zion, lift thy raptured eye,  
 The long-expected hour is nigh 30  
 The joys of Nature rise again,  
 The Prince of Salem comes to reign ! ’

## NOTE

[This hymn on the Advent was composed when the author was only sixteen years of age. Some of its phrases reappear in *The Pleasures of Hope*.]

## HALLOWED GROUND

(Written in 1825)

WHAT’S hallowed ground ? Has earth a clod  
 Its Maker meant not should be trod  
 By man, the image of his God,  
     Erect and free,  
 Unscourged by superstition’s rod  
     To bow the knee ?

That’s hallowed ground where, mourned and missed,  
 The lips repose our love has kissed ;  
 But where’s their memory’s mansion ? Is’t  
     Yon churchyard’s bowers ? 10  
 No ! in ourselves their souls exist,  
     A part of ours

A kiss can consecrate the ground  
 Where mated hearts are mutual bound  
 The spot where love’s first links were wound,  
     That ne’er are riven,  
 Is hallowed down to earth’s profound,  
     And up to heaven !

For time makes all but true love old  
 The burning thoughts that then were told      o  
 Run molten still in memory's mould  
     And will not cool  
 Until the heart itself be cold  
     In Lethe's pool

What hallows ground where heroes sleep ?  
 'Tis not the sculptured piles you heap  
 In dews that heavens far distant weep  
     Their turf may bloom  
 Or Genn twine beneath the deep  
     Their coral tomb      30

But strew his ashes to the wind  
 Whose sword or voice has served mankind—  
 And is he dead whose glorious mind  
     Lifts thine on high ?  
 To live in hearts we leave behind  
     Is not to die

Is't death to fall for freedom's right ?  
 He's dead alone that lacks her light !  
 And murder sulles in heaven's sight  
     The sword he draws      40  
 What can alone ennoble fight ?  
     A noble cause !

Give that ! and welcome war to brace  
 Her drums and rend heaven's reeking space !  
 The colours planted face to face  
     The charging cheer  
 Though death's pale horse lead on the chase  
     Shall still be dear

And place our trophies where men kneel  
To heaven ! but heaven rebukes my zeal ' 50  
The cause of truth and human weal,  
O God above !  
Transfer it from the sword's appeal  
To peace and love

Peace, Love the cherubim that join  
Their spread wings o'er devotion's shrine  
Prayers sound in vain and temples shine  
Where they are not  
The heart alone can make divine  
Religion's spot 60

To incantations dost thou trust  
And pompous rites in domes august ?  
See ! mouldering stones and metal's rust  
Belie the vaunt  
That man can bless one pile of dust  
With chime or chant

The ticking wood-worm mocks thee, man !  
Thy temples creeds themselves grow wan !  
But there 's a dome of nobler span,  
A temple given 70  
Thy faith, that bigots dare not ban  
Its space is heaven !

Its roof star-pictured nature's ceiling !  
Where, trancing the rapt spirit's feeling,  
And God Himself to man revealing,  
The harmonious spheres  
Make music, though unheard their pealing  
By mortal ears

Fair stars ' are not your beings pure ?  
Can sin can death your worlds obscure ? 80  
Else why so swell the thoughts at your  
Aspect above ?  
Ye must be heaven s that make us sure  
Of heavenly love !  
And in your harmony sublime  
I read the doom of distant time—  
That man s regenerate soul from crime  
Shall yet be drawn  
And reason on his mortal clime  
Immortal dawn 90  
What s hallowed ground ? Tis what gives birth  
To sacred thoughts in souls of worth !—  
Peace ! Independence ! Truth ! go forth  
Earth s compass round  
And your high priesthood shall make earth  
All hallowed ground

## FIELD FLOWERS

(Written in 1826)

YE field flowers ' the gardens eclipse you tis true  
Yet wildings of nature ' I dote upon you  
For ye waft me to summers of old  
When the earth teemed around me with fairy delight  
And when daisies and buttercups gladdened my sight  
Like treasures of silver and gold  
I love you for lulling me back into dreams  
Of the blue Highland mountains and echoing streams  
And of birchen glades breathing their balm  
While the deer was seen glancing in sunshine remote 10  
And the deep mellow crush of the wood pigeon s note  
Made music that sweetened the calm



Not a pastoral song has a pleasanter tune  
 Than ye speak to my heart, little wildings of June !  
     Of old ruinous castles ye tell,  
 Where I thought it delightful you beauties to find,  
 When the magic of Nature first breathed on my mind,  
     And your blossoms were part of her spell  
 Even now what affections the violet awakes !  
 What loved little islands, twice seen in their lakes, 20  
     Can the wild water-lily restore !  
 What landscapes I read in the primrose's looks,  
 And what pictures of pebbled and minnowy brooks  
     In the vetches that tangled their shore !  
 Earth's cultureless buds ! to my heart ye were dear  
 Ere the fever of passion, or ague of fear,  
     Had scathed my existence's bloom ,  
 Once I welcome you more, in life's passionless stage,  
 With the visions of youth to revisit my age ,  
     And I wish you to grow on my tomb 30

## NOTE TO LAST LINE

[Campbell was buried with a bunch of wild flowers in his hand ]

## CORA LINN, OR THE FALLS OF CLYDE

WRITTEN ON REVISITING IT IN 1837

THE time I saw thee, Cora, last,  
 'Twas with congenial friends ,  
 And calmer hours of pleasure past  
 My memory seldom sends.

It was as sweet an Autumn day  
 As ever shone on Clyde,  
 And Lanark's orchards all the way  
 Put forth their golden pride ,

Even hedges busked in bravery  
Looked rich that sunny morn 10  
The scarlet hip and blackberry  
So pranked September's thorn  
In Cora's glen the calm how deep !  
That trees on loftiest hill  
Like statues stood or things asleep  
All motionless and still  
The torrent spoke as if his noise  
Bade earth be quiet round  
And give his loud and lonely voice  
A more commanding sound 20  
His foam beneath the yellow light  
Of noon came down like one  
Continuous sheet of jaspers bright  
Broad rolling in the sun  
Dear Linn ! let loftier falling floods  
Have prouder names than thine  
And king of all enthroned in woods  
Let Niagara shine  
Barbarian ! let him shake his coasts  
With reeking thunders far 30  
Extended like the array of hosts  
In broad embattled war !  
His voice appals the wilderness  
Approaching thine we feel  
A solemn deep melodiousness  
That needs no louder peal  
More fury would but disenchant  
Thy dream inspiring din  
Be thou the Scottish Muse's haunt  
Romantic Cora Linn ! 40

[These lines were written for *The Scenic Annual* of December 1837 ]

## THE PARROT

(Written in 1840)

The following incident, so strongly illustrating the power of memory and association in the lower animals, is not a fiction I heard it many years ago in the Island of Mull, from the family to whom the bird belonged —T C

THE deep affections of the breast  
That Heaven to living things imparts  
Are not exclusively possess'd  
By human hearts

A parrot from the Spanish Main,  
Full young and early caged, came o'er  
With bright wings to the bleak domain  
Of Mulla's shore

To spicy groves where he had won  
His plumage of resplendent hue, 10  
His native fruits and skies and sun,  
He bade adieu

For these he changed the smoke of turf,  
A heathery land and misty sky,  
And turn'd on rocks and raging surf  
His golden eye

But, petted, in our climate cold  
He lived and chatter'd many a day,  
Until with age from green and gold  
His wings grew gray 20

At last, when blind and seeming dumb,  
He scolded, laughed, and spoke no more,  
A Spanish stranger chanced to come  
To Mulla's shore,

He hailed the bird in Spanish speech  
 The bird in Spanish speech replied  
 Flapped round his cage with joyous screech  
 Dropt down and died

## THE HARPER

On the green banks of Shannon when Sheelah was  
 nigh  
 No blithe Irish lad was so happy as I  
 No harp like my own could so cheerily play  
 And wherever I went was my poor dog Tray  
 When at last I was forced from my Sheelah to part  
 She said (while the sorrow was big at her heart)  
 Oh ! remember your Sheelah when far far away  
 And be kind my dear Pat to our poor dog Tray  
 Poor dog ! he was faithful and kind to be sure  
 And he constantly loved me although I was poor 10  
 When the sour looking folk sent me heartless away  
 I had always a friend in my poor dog Tray  
 When the road was so dark and the night was so cold  
 And Pat and his dog were grown weary and old  
 How snugly we slept in my old coat of gray  
 And he licked me for kindness—my poor dog Tray  
 Though my wallet was scant I remembered his case  
 Nor refused my last crust to his pitiful face  
 But he died at my feet on a cold winter day  
 And I played a sad lament for my poor dog Tray 20  
 Where now shall I go forsaken and blind ?  
 Can I find one to guide me so faithful and kind ?  
 To my sweet native village so far far away  
 I can never more return with my poor dog Tray

## LOVE AND MADNESS

## AN ELEGY

*(Written in 1795)*

HARK ! from the battlements of yonder tower  
The solemn bell has tolled the midnight hour !  
Roused from drear visions of distempered sleep,  
Poor Broderick wakes—in solitude to weep !

‘ Cease, Memory, cease,’ the friendless mourner  
cried,

‘ To probe the bosom too severely tried !  
Oh ! ever cease, my pensive thoughts, to stray  
Through the bright fields of Fortune’s better day  
When youthful HOPE, the music of the mind,  
Tuned all its charms, and Errington was kind !    10

‘ Yet can I cease, while glows this trembling frame,  
In sighs to speak thy melancholy name ?  
I hear thy spirit wail in every storm !  
In midnight shades I view thy passing form !  
Pale as in that sad hour when doomed to feel,  
Deep in thy perjured heart, the bloody steel !

‘ Demons of Vengeance ! ye at whose command  
I grasped the sword with more than woman’s hand—  
Say ye, did pity’s trembling voice control,  
Or horror damp, the purpose of my soul ?    20  
No ! my wild heart sat smiling o’er the plan,  
Till hate fulfilled what baffled love began !

‘ Yes , let the clay-cold breast that never knew  
One tender pang to generous Nature true,  
Half-mingling pity with the gall of scorn,  
Condemn this heart that bled in love forlorn !

And ye proud fair whose souls no gladness warms  
 Save rapture's homage to your conscious charms !  
 Delighted idols of a gaudy train  
 Ill can your blunter feelings guess the pain 30  
 When the fond faithful heart inspired to prove  
 Friendship refined the calm delight of love  
 Feels all its tender strings with anguish torn  
 And bleeds at perjured pride's inhuman scorn !

Say then did pitying Heaven condemn the deed  
 When vengeance bade thee faithless lover ! bleed !  
 Long had I watched thy dark foreboding brow  
 What time thy bosom scorned its dearest vow !  
 Sad though I wept the friend the lover changed  
 Still thy cold look was scornful and estranged 40  
 Till from thy pity love and shelter thrown  
 I wandered hopeless friendless and alone !

Oh ! righteous Heaven ! 'twas then my tortured soul  
 First gave to wrath unlimited control !  
 Adieu the silent look ! the streaming eye !  
 The murmured plaint ! the deep heart-heaving sigh !  
 Long slumbering vengeance wakes to better deeds  
 He shrieks he falls the perjured lover bleeds !  
 Now the last laugh of agony is o'er  
 And pale in blood he sleeps to wake no more 50

'Tis done ! the flame of hate no longer burns  
 Nature relents but ah ! too late returns !  
 Why does my soul this gush of fondness feel !  
 Trembling and faint I drop the guilty steel !  
 Cold on my heart the hand of terror lies  
 And shades of horror close my languid eyes !

Oh ! 'twas a deed of murder's deepest grain !  
 Could Broderick's soul so true to wrath remain !  
 A friend long true a once fond lover fell !—  
 Where love was fostered could not pity dwell ! 60

‘Unhappy youth ’ while yon pale crescent glows  
 To watch on silent nature’s deep repose,  
 Thy sleepless spirit, breathing from the tomb,  
 Foretells my fate, and summons me to come ’  
 Once more I see thy sheeted specter stand,  
 Roll the dim eye, and wave the paly hand ’

‘Soon may this fluttering spark of vital flame  
 Forsake its languid melancholy frame ’  
 Soon may these eyes their trembling lustre close ’  
 Welcome the dreamless night of long repose ’ 70  
 Soon may this woe-worn spirit seek the bourne  
 Where, lulled to slumber, grief forgets to mourn ! ’

## NOTES

NOTE TO LINE 1 [The tower is Warwick Castle ]

NOTE TO LINE 4 [Miss Broderick had murdered her lover, Errington — ‘ From the moment I heard Broderick’s story I could not refrain from admiring her, even amid the horror of the rash deed she committed Errington was an inhuman villain to forsake her ’ (CAMPBELL, writing from Downie to his friend James Thomson, on September 15, 1796) — The poem was first published along with a few other short pieces in the volume which contained the first edition of ‘The Pleasures of Hope’ (1799), and a note informed the public that it had been written in 1795 It is here printed as it first appeared Dr Beattie, who professes to have seen the original MS, gives some variations, e g at line 2 he gives ‘ hollow ’ for ‘ solemn,’ at line 3 ‘ waked ’ for ‘ roused,’ at line 8 ‘ scenes ’ for ‘ fields,’ at line 18 ‘ the gleaming steel with nervous hand ’ for ‘ the sword with more than woman’s hand,’ at line 27 ‘ rapture ’ for ‘ gladness,’ at line 28 ‘ beauty’s ’ for ‘ rapture’s,’ &c — See his *Life of Campbell*, vol 1, pp 166-8 ]

## THE 'NAME UNKNOWN'

IN IMITATION OF KLOPSTOCK

(Written in 1800)

PROPHETIC pencil ' wilt thou trace  
 A faithful image of the face  
 Or wilt thou write the Name Unknown  
 Ordained to bless my charmed soul  
 And all my future fate control  
 Unrivalled and alone '

Delicious idol of my thought '  
 Though sylph or spirit hath not taught  
 My boding heart thy precious name  
 Yet musing on my distant fate 10  
 To charms unseen I consecrate  
 A visionary flame

Thy rosy blush thy meaning eye  
 Thy virgin voice of melody  
 Are ever present to my heart  
 Thy murmured vows shall yet be mine  
 My thrilling hand shall meet with thine  
 And never never part '

Then fly my days on rapid wing  
 Till Love the viewless treasure bring 20  
 While I like conscious Athens own  
 A power in mystic silence sealed  
 A guardian angel unrevealed  
 And bless the Name Unknown '



## LINES

## ON THE GRAVE OF A SUICIDE

(Written in 1800)

By strangers left upon a lonely shore,  
Unknown, unhonoured, was the friendless dead ,  
For child to weep, or widow to deplore,  
There never came to his unburied head  
All from his dreary habitation fled  
Nor will the lanterned fisherman at eve  
Launch on that water by the witches' tower  
Where hellebore and hemlock seem to weave  
Round its dark vaults a melancholy bower  
For spirits of the dead at night's enchanted hour 10

They dread to meet thee, poor unfortunate '  
Whose crime it was, on life's unfinished road  
To feel the stepdame buffetings of fate,  
And render back thy being's heavy load  
Ah ' once, perhaps, the social passions glowed  
In thy devoted bosom—and the hand  
That smote its kindred heart might yet be prone  
To deeds of mercy Who may understand  
Thy many woes, poor suicide, unknown '  
He who thy being gave shall judge of thee alone 20

[The original title was ' Lines written on seeing the unclaimed corpse of a suicide exposed on the banks of a river ']

## THE QUEEN OF THE NORTH

## A FRAGMENT

(Written in 1800)

YET ere oblivion shade each fair scene  
 Ere capes and cliffs and waters intervene  
 Ere distant walks my pilgrim feet explore  
 By Elbe's slow wanderings and the Danish shore  
 Still to my country turns my partial view  
 That seems the dearest at the last adieu

Ye lawns and grottos of the clustered plain  
 Ye mountain walks Edina's green domain  
 Haunts of my youth! where oft by fancy drawn  
 At vermeil eve still noon or shady dawn                   o  
 My soul secluded from the deafening throng  
 Has wooed the bosom prompted power of song  
 And thou my loved abode romantic ground!  
 With ancient towers and spiry summits crown'd  
 Home of the polished art and liberal mind  
 By truth and taste enlightened and refined  
 Thou scene of Scotland's glory! now decay'd  
 Where once her senate and her sceptre sway'd—  
 As round thy mouldered monuments of fame  
 Tradition points an emblem and a name                   o  
 Lo! what a group imagination brings  
 Of starred barons and of throned kings!  
 Departed days in bright succession start  
 And all the patriot kindles in my heart

Even musing here beside the Druid stone  
 Where British Arthur built his airy throne  
 Far as my sight can travel o'er the scene  
 From Lomond's height to Roslin's lovely green

On every moor, wild wood, and mountain side,  
From Forth's fair windings to the ocean tide, 30  
On each the legendary loves to tell  
Where chiefs encountered and the mighty fell ,  
Each war-worn turret on the distant shore  
Speaks like a herald of the feats of yore ,  
And, though the shades of dark oblivion frown  
On sacred scenes and deeds of high renown,  
Yet still some oral tale, some chanted rhyme,  
Shall mark the spot, and teach succeeding time  
How oft our fathers, to their country true,  
The glorious sword of independence drew , 40  
How well their plaided clans, in battle tried,  
Impenetrably stood, or greatly died .  
How long the genius of their rights delayed,  
How sternly guarded, and how late betrayed

Fair fields of Roslin memorable name !  
Attest my words, and speak my country's fame !  
Soft, as yon mantling haze of distance broods  
Around thy waterfalls and agèd woods,  
The south sun chequers all thy birchen glade  
With glimmering lights and deep-retiring shade 50  
Fresh coverts of the dale, so dear to tread  
When morn's wild blackbird carols overhead,  
Or when the sunflower shuts her bosom fair,  
And scented berries breathe delicious air  
Dear is thy pastoral haunt to him that woos  
Romantic nature, silence, and the Muse ,  
But dearer still when that returning time  
Of fruits and flowers, the year's Elysian prime,  
Invites—one simple festival to crown  
Young social wanderers from the sultry town 60  
Ah me ! no sumptuous revelry to share  
The cheerful bosom asks or envies there ,

Nor sighs for gorgeous splendours such as wait  
 On feasts of wealth and riots of the great  
 Far sweeter seems the livelong summer day  
 With loved companions on these walks to stray  
 And lost in joys of more enchanting flow  
 Than tasteless art or luxury bestow  
 Here in auspicious moments to impart  
 The first fond breathings of a proffered heart 10  
 Shall favoured love repair and smiling youth  
 To gentle beauty vow the vows of truth

Fair morn ascends and sunny June has shed  
 Ambrosial odours o'er the garden bed  
 And wild bees seek the cherry's sweet perfume  
 Or cluster round the full blown apple bloom

## GENERAL NOTE

[Campbell abandoned the idea of an epic poem on Edinburgh on his return from Germany in 1801. The fragments given above were intended to have been part of the poem. It is interesting to compare Scott's description of Roslin Glen in the ballad of *The Cray Brother* with that of Campbell in the third fragment. The reference in the third fragment beginning  
 But dearer still &c  
 is to the King's birthday held June 4 and fully described by the Scottish poet Fergusson q.v.]

## STANZAS TO PAINTING

(Published in the seventh edition 4to of *The Pleasures of Hope* in 1803)

O THOU by whose expressive art  
 Her perfect image nature sees  
 In union with the graces start  
 And sweeter by reflection please —

In whose creative hand the hues  
 Fresh from yon orient rainbow shine,  
 I bless thee, Promethéan muse !  
 And call thee brightest of the Nine,  
 Possessing more than vocal power,  
 Persuasive more than poet's tongue, 10  
 Whose lineage in a raptured hour  
 From love, the sire of nature, sprung  
 Does hope her high possession meet ?  
 Is joy triumphant, sorrow flown ?  
 Sweet is the trance, the tremor sweet,  
 When all we love is all our own  
 But oh ! thou pulse of pleasure dear,  
 Slow throbbing, cold, I feel thee part ;  
 Lone absence plants a pang severe,  
 Or death inflicts a keener dart 20  
 Then for a beam of joy ! to light  
 In memory's sad and wakeful eye,  
 Or banish from the noon of night  
 Her dreams of deeper agony  
 Shall song its witching cadence roll ?  
 Yea, even the tenderest air repeat  
 That breathed when soul was knit to soul,  
 And heart to heart responsive beat ?  
 What visions rise <sup>1</sup> to charm, to melt !  
 The lost, the loved, the dead are near ! 30  
 Oh, hush that strain too deeply felt !  
 And cease that solace too severe !  
 But thou, serenely silent art !  
 By heaven and love wast taught to lend  
 A milder solace to the heart,  
 The sacred image of a friend

<sup>1</sup> ' Wake ' (1803)

All is not lost if yet possessed  
 To me that sweet memorial shine  
 If close and closer to my breast  
 I hold that idol all divine 40

Or gazing through luxurious tears  
 Melt o'er the loved departed form  
 Till death's cold bosom half appears  
 With life and speech and spirit warm

She looks ! she lives ! this tranced hour  
 Her bright eye seems a purer gem  
 Than sparkles on the throne of power  
 Or glory's wealthy diadem

Yes Genius yes ! thy mimic aid  
 A treasure to my soul has given 50  
 Where beauty's canonized shade  
 Smiles in the sainted hues of heaven

No spectre forms of pleasure fled  
 Thy softening sweetening tints restore  
 For thou canst give us back the dead  
 Even in the loveliest looks they wore

Then blest be nature's guardian muse !  
 Whose hand her perished grace redeems  
 Whose tablet of a thousand hues  
 The mirror of creation seems 60

From love began thy high descent  
 And lovers charmed by gifts of thine  
 Shall bless thee mutely eloquent  
 And call thee brightest of the Nine !

## NOTE

The allusion in the third stanza is to the well known tradition respecting the origin of painting—that it arose from a young Corinthian female tracing the shadow of her lover's profile on the wall as he lay asleep

## IMPROMPTU

TO MRS ALLSOP, ON HER EXQUISITE SINGING

(Written in 1813)

A MONTH in summer we rejoice  
To hear the nightingale's sweet song,  
But thou, a more enchanting voice,  
Shalt dwell with us the live year long  
Angel of Song ' still with us stay '  
Nor, when succeeding years have shone,  
Let us thy mansion pass and say  
' The voice of melody is gone '

## ODE

TO THE MEMORY OF BURNS

(Written in 1815)

SOUL of the poet ' wheresoe'er,  
Reclaimed from earth, thy genius plume  
Her wings of immortality,  
Suspend thy harp in happier sphere,  
And with thine influence illumine  
The gladness of our jubilee

And fly like fiends from secret spell,  
Discord and strife, at Burns's name,  
Exorcized by his memory,  
For he was chief of bards that swell  
The heart with songs of social flame  
And high delicious revelry

And love's own strain to him was given  
 To warble all its ecstasies  
 With Pythian words unsought unwilling—  
 Love's the surviving gift of Heaven  
 The choicest sweet of Paradise  
 In life's else bitter cup distilled

Who that has melted o'er his lay  
 To Mary's soul in Heaven above 20  
 But pictured sees in fancy strong  
 The landscape and the livelong day  
 That smiled upon their mutual love?  
 Who that has felt forgets the song?

Nor skilled one flame alone to fan  
 His country's high souled peasantry  
 What patriot pride he taught! how much  
 To weigh the inborn worth of man!  
*And rustic life and poverty*  
 Grew beautiful beneath his touch 30

Him in his clay built cot the muse  
 Entranced and showed him all the forms  
 Of fairy light and wizard gloom  
 (That only gifted Poet views)  
 The Genii of the floods and storms  
 And martial shades from glory's tomb

On Bannock field what thoughts arouse  
 The swain whom Burns's song inspires?  
 Beat not his Caledonian veins  
 As o'er the heroic turf he ploughs 40  
 With all the spirit of his sires  
 And all their scorn of death and chains?



And see the Scottish exile, tanned  
By many a far and foreign clime,  
Bend o'er his home-born verse, and weep  
In memory of his native land,  
With love that scorns the lapse of time  
And ties that stretch beyond the deep

Encamped by Indian rivers wild,  
The soldier, resting on his arms, 50  
In Burns's carol sweet recalls  
The scenes that blessed him when a child,  
And glows and gladdens at the charms  
Of Scotia's woods and waterfalls

O deem not,'midst this worldly strife,  
An idle art the Poet brings  
Let high philosophy control  
And sages calm the stream of life,  
'Tis he refines its fountain-springs,  
The nobler passions of the soul 60

It is the muse that consecrates  
The native banner of the brave,  
Unfurling at the trumpet's breath  
Rose, thistle, harp, 'tis she elates  
To sweep the field or ride the wave,  
A sunburst in the storm of death '

And thou, young hero, when thy pall  
Is crossed with mournful sword and plume  
When public grief begins to fade  
And only tears of kindred fall, 70  
Who but the bard shall dress thy tomb,  
And greet with fame thy gallant shade '

Such was the soldier Burns forgive  
That sorrows of mine own intrude  
In strains to thy great memory due  
In verse like thine oh ! could he live  
The friend I mourned—the brave the good—  
Edward that died at Waterloo '

Farewell high chief of Scottish song '  
That couldst alternately impart  
Wisdom and rapture in thy page  
And brand each vice with satire strong—  
Whose lines are mottoes of the heart  
Whose truths electrify the sage

Farewell ' and ne'er may envy dare  
To wring one baleful poison drop  
From the crushed laurels of thy bust '  
But while the lark sings sweet in air  
Still may the grateful pilgrim stop  
To bless the spot that holds thy dust

#### NOTE

The young hero of the twelfth stanza was Major Edward Hodge of the 7th Hussars who fell at the head of his squadron in the attack of the Polish Lancers

## LINES TO A LADY

ON BEING PRESENTED WITH A SPRIG OF ALEXANDRIAN  
LAUREL

(Written in 1816)

THIS classic laurel ' at the sight  
What teeming thoughts suggested rise '  
The patriot's and the poet's right,  
The meed of semi-deities '  
Men who to death have tyrants hurled,  
Or bards who may have swayed at will  
And soothed that little troubled world,  
The human heart, with sweeter skill

Ah, lady ' little it beseems  
My brow to wear these sacred leaves ,                      10  
Yet, like a treasure found in dreams,  
Thy gift most pleasantly deceives  
And where is poet on this earth  
Whose self-love could the meed withstand,  
Even though it far outstript his worth,  
Given by so beautiful a hand ?

## NOTE

[The lady was Miss Eleanor Wigram, afterwards Mrs Unwin Heathcote ]

## TO THE MEMORY OF FRANCIS HORNER

## A FRAGMENT

(Written in 1814.)

YE who have wept, and felt and summed the whole  
 Of virtue's loss in Horner's parted soul  
 I speak to you — though words can ill portray  
 The extinguished light the blessings swept away  
 The soul high graced to plead high skilled to plan  
 For human welfare gone and lost to man'

This weight of truth subdues my power of song  
 And gives a faltering voice to feelings strong  
 But I should ill acquit the debt I feel  
 To private friendship and to public zeal 10  
 Were my heart's tribute not with theirs to blend  
 Who loved most intimate their country's friend  
 Or if the muse to whom his living breath  
 Gave pride and comfort mourned him not in death

## NOTE

[Horner was one of the founders of the *Edinburgh Review*. Born at Edinburgh in 1778 he was called to the Scottish bar at the age of twenty one joined the English bar a few years later became M P for St. Ives in 1806 and—after good service to the Whig party—died at Pisa (February 8 1817) and was buried in the English Cemetery at Leghorn close to the tomb of Smollett. He was Campbell's active friend when the poet settled in London.]

## VALEDICTORY STANZAS

TO JOHN P. KEMBLE, ESQ., COMPOSED FOR A PUBLIC  
MEETING, HELD JUNE 27, 1817

PRIDE of the British stage,  
A long and last adieu !  
Whose image brought the heroic age  
Revived to Fancy's view  
Like fields refreshed with dewy light  
When the sun smiles his last,  
Thy parting presence makes more bright  
Our memory of the past ,  
And memory conjures feelings up  
That wine or music need not swell, 10  
As high we lift the festal cup  
To Kemble—fare thee well !

His was the spell o'er hearts  
Which only Acting lends,  
The youngest of the sister Arts,  
Where all their beauty blends  
For ill can Poetry express  
Full many a tone of thought sublime,  
And Painting, mute and motionless,  
Steals but a glance of time 20  
But, by the mighty actor brought,  
Illusion's perfect triumphs come,  
Verse ceases to be airy thought,  
And Sculpture to be dumb

Time may again revive  
But ne'er eclipse the charm  
When Cato spoke in him alive,  
Or Hotspur kindled warm

What soul was not resigned entire  
To the deep sorrows of the Moor ? 30  
What English heart was not on fire  
With him at Agincourt ?  
And yet a majesty possessed  
His transport's most impetuous tone  
And to each passion of his breast  
The Graces gave their zone

High were the task—too high  
Ye conscious bosoms here !  
In words to paint your memory  
Of Kemble and of Lear 40  
But who forgets that white discrown'd head  
Those bursts of reason's half extinguished glare  
Those tears upon Cordelia's bosom shed  
In doubt more touching than despair  
If 'twas reality he felt ?  
Had Shakespeare's self amidst you been  
Friends he had seen you melt  
And triumphed to have seen !

And there was many an hour  
Of blended kindred fame 50  
When Siddons's auxiliar power  
And sister magic came  
Together at the Muse's side  
The tragic paragons had grown—  
They were the children of her pride  
The columns of her throne  
And undivided favour run  
From heart to heart in their applause  
Save for the gallantry of man  
In lovelier woman's cause 60

Fair as some classic dome,  
Robust and richly graced,  
Your Kemble's spirit was the home  
Of genius and of taste—  
Taste like the silent dial's power,  
That, when supernal light is given,  
Can measure inspiration's hour  
And tell its height in heaven  
At once ennobled and correct,  
His mind surveyed the tragic page, 70  
And what the actor could effect  
The scholar could presage

These were his traits of worth  
And must we lose them now '  
And shall the scene no more show forth  
His sternly pleasing brow ?  
Alas, the moral brings a tear '  
'Tis all a transient hour below ,  
And we that would detain thee here  
Ourselves as fleetly go ' 80  
Yet shall our latest age  
This parting scene review  
Pride of the British stage,  
A long and last adieu '

## NOTE

[When Campbell wrote these stanzas he had already enjoyed the friendship of Kemble and ' the Siddons ' for fifteen years ]

## HINTS

SPOKEN BY MISS BAILEY AT DRURY LANE THEATRE  
ON THE FIRST OPENING OF THE HOUSE AFTER THE  
DEATH OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE NOVEMBER  
1817

BRITONS ! although our task is but to show  
The scenes and passions of fictitious woe  
Think not we come this night without a part  
In that deep sorrow of the public heart  
Which like a shade hath darkened every place  
And moistened with a tear the manliest face  
The bell is scarcely hushed in Windsor's piles  
That tolled a requiem from the solemn aisles  
For her the royal flower low laid in dust  
That was your fairest hope your fondest trust  
Unconscious of the doom we dreamt alas !  
That even these walls ere many months should see  
Which but return sad accents for her now  
Perhaps had witnessed her benignant brow  
Cheered by the voice you would have raised on high  
In bursts of British love and loyalty  
But Britain ! now thy chief thy people mourn  
And Claremont's home of love is left forlorn —  
There where the happiest of the happy dwelt  
The scutcheon glooms and royalty hath felt  
A wound that every bosom feels its own —  
The blessing of a father's heart overthrown —  
The most beloved and most devoted bride  
Torn from an agonized husband's side  
Who long as Memory holds her seat shall view  
That speechless more than spoken last adieu



When the fixed eye long looked connubial faith,  
 And beamed affection in the trance of death  
 Sad was the pomp that yesternight beheld,  
 As with the mourner's heart the anthem swelled , 30  
 While torch succeeding torch illumed each high  
 And bannered arch of England's chivalry  
 The rich plumed canopy, the gorgeous pall,  
 The sacred maich, and sable-vested wall,  
 These were not rites of inexpressive show,  
 But hallowed as the types of real woe '  
 Daughter of England ' for a nation's sighs  
 A nation's heart went with thine obsequies '  
 And oft shall time revert a look of grief  
 On thine existence, beautiful and brief 40  
 Fair spirit ' send thy blessing from above  
 On realms where thou art canonized by love '  
 Give to a father's, husband's bleeding mind,  
 The peace that angels lend to human kind ,  
 To us who in thy loved remembrance feel  
 A sorrowing, but a soul-ennobling, zeal  
 A loyalty that touches all the best  
 And loftiest principles of England's breast '  
 Still may thy name speak concord from the tomb,  
 Still in the Muse's breath thy memory bloom ' 50  
 They shall describe thy life thy form portray ,  
 But all the love that mourns thee, swept away,  
 'Tis not in language or expressive arts  
 To paint ye feel it, Britons, in your hearts '

## NOTE

[These lines were composed at short notice 'I hardly think them worth mentioning for their poetry,' wrote the poet, 'but they sincerely express what a whole kingdom has felt']

## LINES

ON RECEIVING A SEAL WITH THE CAMPBELL CREST FROM  
K M— BEFORE HER MARRIAGE

(Written in 181 )

THIS wax returns not back more fair  
The impression of the gift you send  
Than stamped upon my thoughts I bear  
The image of your worth my friend '

We are not friends of yesterday  
But poet s fancies are a little  
Disposed to heat and cool (they say)  
By turns impressible and brittle

Well ' should its frailty e'er condemn  
My heart to prize or please you less  
Your type is still the sealing gem  
And mine the waxen brittleness

10

What transcripts of my weal and woe  
This little signet yet may lock —  
What utterances to friend or foe  
In reason s calm or passion s shock '

What scenes of life s yet curtailed page  
May own its confidential die  
Whose stamp awaits the unwritten page  
And feelings of futurity '

o

Yet wheresoe'er my pen I lift  
To date the epistolary sheet  
The blest occasion of the gift  
Shall make its recollection sweet —

Sent when the star that rules your fates  
 Hath reached its influence most benign,  
 When every heart congratulates,  
 And none more cordially than mine

So speed my song marked with the crest  
 That erst the adventurous Norman wore 30  
 Who won the Lady of the West,  
 The daughter of Macaillain Mor

Crest of my sires ' whose blood it sealed  
 With glory in the strife of swords,  
 Ne'er may the scroll that bears it yield  
 Degenerate thoughts or faithless words ' 30

Yet little might I prize the stone  
 If it but typed the feudal tree  
 From whence, a scattered leaf, I'm blown  
 In Fortune's mutability 40

No '—but it tells me of a heart  
 Allied by friendship's living tie,  
 A prize beyond the herald's art  
 Our soul-sprung consanguinity ' 40

Katherine ' to many an hour of mine  
 Light wings and sunshine you have lent;  
 And so adieu, and still be thine  
 The all-in-all of life—Content ' 40

#### NOTE TO LINE 30

A Norman leader, Gilliespie le Camile, in the service of the King of Scotland, married the heiress of Lochaw in the twelfth century, and from him the Campbells are sprung

## LINES

INSCRIBED ON THE MONUMENT LATELY FINISHED BY  
MR CHANTREY WHICH HAS BEEN ERECTED BY THE  
WIDOW OF ADMIRAL SIR G CAMPBELL K C B TO  
THE MEMORY OF HER HUSBAND

(First printed in *The New Monthly* 1823)

To him whose loyal brave and gentle heart  
Fulfilled the hero's and the patriot's part  
Whose charity like that which Paul enjoined  
Was warm beneficent and unconfined  
This stone is reared To public duty true  
The seaman's friend the father of his crew  
Mild in reproof sagacious in command  
He spread fraternal zeal throughout his band  
And led each arm to act each heart to feel  
What British valour owes to Britain's weal 10  
These were his public virtues but to trace  
His private life's fair purity and grace  
To paint the traits that drew affection strong  
From friends an ample and an ardent throng  
And more to speak his memory's grateful claim  
On her who mourns him most and bears his name—  
Overcomes the trembling hand of widowed grief  
Overcomes the heart unconscious of relief  
Save in religion's high and holy trust  
Whilst placing their memorial o'er his dust o

## LINES

## ON REVISITING A SCOTTISH RIVER

(Written in 1826)

AND call they this improvement ? to have changed  
 My native Clyde, thy once romantic shore,  
 Where nature's face is banished and estranged,  
 And heaven reflected in thy wave no more,  
 Whose banks, that sweetened May-day's breath  
     before,  
 Lie sere and leafless now in summer's beam,  
 With sooty exhalations covered o'er,  
 And for the daisied greensward, down thy stream  
 Unsightly brick-lanes smoke and clanking engines  
     gleam

Speak not to me of swains the scene sustains,      10  
 One heart free tasting nature's breath and bloom  
 Is worth a thousand slaves to mammon's gains  
 But whither goes that wealth, and gladdening whom ?  
 See, left but life enough and breathing-room  
 The hunger and the hope of life to feel,  
 Yon pale mechanic bending o'er his loom  
 And childhood's self as at Ixion's wheel,  
 From morn till midnight tasked to earn its little meal  
 Is this improvement ?—where the human breed  
 Degenerates as they swarm and overflow      20  
 Till toil grows cheaper than the trodden weed,  
 And man competes with man, like foe with foe  
 Till death, that thins them, scarce seems public woe  
 Improvement !—smiles it in the poor man's eyes  
 Or blooms it on the cheek of labour ? No—  
 To gorge a few with trade's precarious prize  
 We banish rural life, and breathe unwholesome skies

Nor call that evil slight    God has not given  
 This passion to the heart of man in vain  
 For earth's green face the untainted air of heaven    30  
 And all the bliss of Nature's rustic reign  
 For not alone our frame imbibes a stain  
 From foetid skies—the spirit's healthy pride  
 Fades in their gloom    And therefore I complain  
 That thou no more through pastoral scenes shouldst  
     glide  
 My Wallace's own stream and once romantic Clyde '

## LINES

### ON THE DEPARTURE OF EMIGRANTS FOR NEW SOUTH WALES

(Written in 1878)

ON England's shore I saw a pensive band  
 With sails unfurled for earth's remotest strand  
 Like children parting from a mother's shed  
 Tears for the home that could not yield them bread  
 Grief marked each face receding from the view  
 'Twas grief to nature honourably true  
 And long poor wanderers o'er the ecliptic deep  
 The song that names but home shall bid you weep  
 Oft shall ye fold your flocks by stars above  
 In that far world and miss the stars ye love    10  
 Oft when its tuneless birds scream round forlorn  
 Regret the lark that gladdens England's morn  
 And giving England's names to distant scenes  
 Lament that earth's extension intervenes

But cloud not yet too long, industrious train,  
Your solid good with sorrow nursed in vain  
For has the heart no interest yet as bland  
As that which binds us to our native land '  
'The deep-drawn wish, when children crown our  
hearth,

To hear the cherub-chorus of their mirth,                 20  
Undamped by dread that want may e'er unhouse,  
Or servile misery knit those smiling brows ,  
The pride to rear an independent shed,  
And give the lips we love unborrowed bread ,  
To see a world, from shadowy forests won,  
In youthful beauty wedded to the sun ,  
To skirt our home with harvests widely sown,  
And call the blooming landscape all our own,  
Our children's heritage, in prospect long  
These are the hopes, high-minded hopes and strong, 30  
That beckon England's wanderers o'er the brine  
To realms where foreign constellations shine,  
Where streams from undiscovered fountains roll,  
And winds shall fan them from th' Antarctic pole  
And what though doomed to shores so far apart  
From England's home that e'en the home-sick  
heart

Quails, thinking, ere that gulf can be recrossed,  
How large a space of fleeting life is lost ?  
Yet there, by time, their bosoms shall be changed,  
And strangers once shall cease to sigh estranged, 40  
But jocund in the year's long sunshine roam  
That yields their sickle twice its harvest-home

There, marking o'er his farm's expanding ring  
New fleeces whiten and new fruits upspring,  
The grey-haired swain, his grandchild sporting round,  
Shall walk at eve his little empire's bound,

Emblazed with ruby vintage ripening corn  
 And verdant rampart of acacian thorn  
 While mingling with the scent his pipe exhales  
 The orange grove's and fig tree's breath prevails 30  
 Survey with pride beyond a monarch's spoil  
 His honest arm's own subjugated soil  
 And summing all the blessings God has given  
 Put up his patriarchal prayer to Heaven  
 That when his bones shall here repose in peace  
 The scions of his love may still increase  
 And o'er a land where life has ample room  
 In health and plenty innocently bloom  
 Delightful land! in wildness even benign  
 The glorious past is ours the future thine 40  
 As in a cradled Hercules we trace  
 The lines of empire in thine infant face  
 What nations in thy wide horizon's span  
 Shall teem on tracts untrodden yet by man!  
 What spacious cities with their spires shall gleam  
 Where now the panther laps a lonely stream  
 And all but brute or reptile life is dumb!  
 Land of the free! thy kingdom is to come—  
 Of states with laws from Gothic bondage burst  
 And creeds by chartered priesthoods unaccurst 50  
 Of navies hoisting their emblazoned flags  
 Where shipless seas now wash unbeaconed crags  
 Of hosts reviewed in dazzling files and squares  
 Their pennoned trumpets breathing native airs—  
 For minstrels thou shalt have of native fire  
 And maids to sing the songs themselves inspire  
 Our very speech methinks in after time  
 Shall catch th' Ionian blandness of thy clime  
 And whilst the light and luxury of thy skies  
 Give brighter smiles to beauteous woman's eyes 60  
 The arts whose soul is love shall all spontaneous rise



Untracked in deserts lies the marble mine,  
 Undug the ore that 'midst thy roofs shall shine  
 Unborn the hands—but born they are to be—  
 Fair Australasia, that shall give to thee  
 Proud temple-domes, with galleries winding high.  
 So vast in space, so just in symmetry,  
 They widen to the contemplating eye,  
 With colonnaded aisles in long array,  
 And windows that enrich the flood of day      9  
 O'er tessellated pavements, pictures fair,  
 And niched statues breathing golden air  
 Not there, whilst all that 's seen bids fancy swell,  
 Shall music's voice refuse to seal the spell;  
 But choral hymns shall wake enchantment round,  
 And organs yield their tempests of sweet sound

Meanwhile, ere arts triumphant reach their goal,  
 How blest the years of pastoral life shall roll!  
 Even should, some wayward hour, the settler's mind  
 Brood sad on scenes for ever left behind,      100  
 Yet not a pang that England's name imparts  
 Shall touch a fibre of his children's hearts,  
 Bound to that native land by nature's bond,  
 Full little shall their wishes rove beyond  
 Its mountains blue and melon-skirted streams  
 Since childhood loved, and dreamt of in their dreams

How many a name, to us uncouthly wild,  
 Shall thrill that region's patriotic child,  
 And bring as sweet thoughts o'er his bosom's chords  
 As aught that 's named in song to us affords!      110  
 Dear shall that river's margin be to him  
 Where sportive first he bathed his boyish limb,  
 Or petted birds still brighter than their bowers,  
 Or twined his tame young kangaroo with flowers

But more magnetic yet to memory  
 Shall be the sacred spot still blooming nigh  
 The bower of love where first his bosom burned  
 And smiling passion saw its smile returned

Go forth and prosper then comprising band  
 May He who in the hollow of His hand 10  
 The ocean holds and rules the whirlwind's sweep  
 Assuage its wrath and guide you on the deep'

# SONG OF THE COLONISTS DEPARTING FOR NEW ZEALAND

STEER helmsman till you steer our way  
 By stars beyond the line  
 We go to found a realm one day  
 Like England's self to shine

## CHORUS

Cheer up! cheer up! our course we'll keep  
 With dauntless heart and hand  
 And when we've ploughed the stormy deep  
 We'll plough a smiling land —

A land where beauties importune  
 The Briton to its bowers 10  
 To sow but plenteous seeds and prune  
 Luxuriant fruits and flowers  
*Chorus —*Cheer up &c

There tracts uncheered by human words  
 Seclusion's wildest holds  
 Shall hear the lowing of our herds  
 And tinkling of our folds  
*Chorus —*Cheer up &c

Like rubies set in gold shall blush  
 Our vineyards girt with corn ,  
 And wine, and oil, and gladness gush  
 From Amalthéa's horn

20

*Chorus* Cheer up, &c.

Britannia's pride is in our hearts,  
 Her blood is in our veins ,  
 We'll girdle earth with British arts,  
 Like Ariel's magic chains

*Chorus* Cheer up, &c.

## LINES

ON A PICTURE OF A GIRL IN THE ATTITUDE OF PRAYER,  
 BY THE ARTIST GRUSE, IN THE POSSESSION OF LADY  
 STEPNEY

(Written in 1830)

WAS man e'er doomed that beauty made  
 By mimic art should haunt him ?  
 Like Orpheus I adore a shade  
 And dote upon a phantom

Thou maid that in my inmost thought  
 Art fancifully sainted,  
 Why liv'st thou not ? why art thou nought  
 But canvas sweetly painted ?

Whose looks seem lifted to the skies,  
 Too pure for love of mortals  
 As if they drew angelic eyes  
 To greet thee at heaven's portals

10

Yet loveliness has here no grace,  
 Abstracted or ideal,  
 Art ne'er but from a living face  
 Drew looks so seeming real

What wert thou maid thy life thy name  
 Oblivion hides in mystery  
 Though from thy face my heart could frame  
 A long romantic history 0

Transported to thy time I seem  
 Though dust thy coffin covers  
 And hear the songs in fancy's dream  
 Of thy devoted lovers

How witching must have been thy breath '  
 How sweet the living charmer  
 Whose very semblance after death  
 Can make the heart grow warmer '

Adieu the charms that vainly move  
 My soul in their possession— 30  
 That prompt my lips to speak of love  
 Yet rob them of expression '

Yet thee dear picture to have praised  
 Was but a poet's duty  
 And shame to him that ever gazed  
 Impassive on thy beauty

## TO THE INFANT SON OF MY DEAR FRIENDS

MR AND MRS GRAHAME

(Written in 1831)

SWEET bud of life ' thy future doom  
 Is present to my eyes  
 And joyously I see thee bloom  
 In fortune's fairest skies

One day thy breast, scarce conscious now,  
 Shall burn with patriot flame ,  
 And, fraught with love, that little brow  
 Shall wear the wreath of fame

When I am dead, dear boy, thou'lt take  
 These lines to thy regard ,  
 Imprint them on thy heart, and make  
 A prophet of the bard

10

## LINES

ON THE VIEW FROM ST LEONARDS

(Written in 1831)

HAIL to thy face and odours, glorious Sea !  
 'Twere thanklessness in me to bless thee not,  
 Great beauteous Being ! in whose breath and smile  
 My heart beats calmer, and my very mind  
 Inhales salubrious thoughts    How welcomer  
 Thy murmurs than the murmurs of the world !  
 Though like the world thou fluctuat'st, thy din  
 To me is peace, thy restlessness repose  
 Even gladly I exchange yon spring-green lanes  
 With all the darling field-flowers in their prime,    10  
 And gardens haunted by the nightingale's  
 Long trills and gushing ecstasies of song,  
 For these wild headlands and the sea-mew's clang  
 With thee beneath my window, pleasant Sea,  
 I long not to o'erlook earth's fairest glades  
 And green savannahs    Earth has not a plain  
 So boundless or so beautiful as thine ,  
 The eagle's vision cannot take it in  
 The lightning's wing, too weak to sweep its space,

Sinks half way o'er it like a wearied bird      o  
It is the mirror of the stars where all  
Their hosts within the concave firmament  
Gay marching to the music of the spheres  
Can see themselves at once

Nor on the stage  
Of rural landscape are there lights and shades  
Of more harmonious dance and play than thine  
How vividly this moment brightens forth  
Between gray parallel and leaden breadths  
A belt of hues that stripes thee many a league  
Flushed like the rainbow or the ringdove's neck      30  
And giving to the glancing sea bird's wing  
The semblance of a meteor

Mighty Sea '  
Chameleon like thou changest but there's love  
In all thy change and constant sympathy  
With yonder Sky—thy mistress From her brow  
Thou tak'st thy moods and wear'st her colours on  
Thy faithful bosom—mornings milky white  
Noon's sapphire or the saffron glow of eve  
And all thy balmy hours fair Element  
Have such divine complexion—crisp'd smiles      40  
Luxuriant heavings and sweet whisperings  
That little is the wonder Love's own Queen  
From thee of old was fabled to have sprung

Creation's common ' which no human power  
Can parcel or enclose the lordliest floods  
And cataracts that the tiny hands of man  
Can tame conduct or bound are drops of dew  
To thee that couldst subdue the Earth itself  
And brook'st commandment from the Heavens alone  
For marshalling thy waves

Yet, potent sea ! 50  
 How placidly thy moist lips speak even now  
 Along yon sparkling shingles Who can be  
 So fanciless as to feel no gratitude  
 That power and grandeur can be so serene—  
 Soothing the home-bound navy's peaceful way,  
 And rocking even the fisher's little bark  
 As gently as a mother rocks her child '

The inhabitants of the other worlds behold  
 Our orb more lucid for thy spacious share  
 On earth's rotundity , and is he not 60  
 A blind worm in the dust, great Deep, the man  
 Who sees not or who, seeing, has no joy  
 In thy magnificence ? What though thou art  
 Unconscious and material ?—thou canst reach  
 The inmost immaterial mind's recess,  
 And with thy tints and motion stir its chords  
 To music, like the light on Memnon's lyre '

The Spirit of the Universe in thee  
 Is visible , thou hast in thee the life  
 The eternal, graceful, and majestic life— 70  
 Of nature, and the natural human heart  
 Is therefore bound to thee with holy love

Earth has her gorgeous towns , the earth-circling sea  
 Has spires and mansions more amusive still  
 Men's volant homes that measure liquid space  
 On wheel or wing The chariot of the land,  
 With pained and panting steeds, and clouds of dust  
 Has no sight-gladdening motion like these fair  
 Careerers with the foam beneath their bows,  
 Whose streaming ensigns charm the waves by day, so  
 Whose carols and whose watch-bells cheer the night,

Moored as they cast the shadows of their masts  
In long array or hither flit and yond  
Mysteriously with slow and crossing lights  
Like spirits on the darkness of the deep

There is a magnet like attraction in  
These waters to the imaginative power  
That links the viewless with the visible  
And pictures things unseen To realms beyond  
Yon highway of the world my fancy flies 99  
When by her tall and triple mast we know  
Some nobler voyager that has to woo  
The trade winds and to stem the ecliptic surge  
The coral groves the shores of conch and pearl  
Where she will cast her anchor and reflect  
Her cabin window lights on warmer waves  
And under planets brighter than our own  
The nights of palmy isles that she will see  
Lit boundless by the fire fly all the smells  
Of tropic fruits that will regale her all 100  
The pomp of nature and the inspiring  
Varieties of life she has to greet—  
Come swarming o'er the meditative mind

True to the dream of fancy Ocean has  
His darker hints but where's the element  
That chequers not its usefulness to man  
With casual terror? Scathes not Earth sometimes  
Her children with Tartarean fires or shakes  
Their shrieking cities and with one last clang  
Of bells for their own ruin strews them flat 110  
As riddled ashes silent as the grave?  
Walks not contagion on the air itself?  
I should old Ocean's Saturnalian days  
And roaring nights of revelry and sport  
With wreck and human woe be loth to sing



For they are few and all their ills weigh light  
 Against his sacred usefulness, that bids  
 Our pensile globe revolve in purer air  
 Here Morn and Eve with blushing thanks receive  
 Their fresh'ning dews, gay fluttering breezes cool 120  
 Their wings to fan the brow of fevered climes,  
 And here the Spring dips down her emerald urn  
 For showers to glad the earth

Old Ocean was

Infinity of ages ere we breathed  
 Existence, and he will be beautiful  
 When all the living world that sees him now  
 Shall roll unconscious dust around the sun  
 Quelling from age to age the vital throb  
 In human hearts, Death shall not subjugate  
 The pulse that swells in *his* stupendous breast, 130  
 Or interdict his minstrelsy to sound  
 In thundering concert with the quiring winds,  
 But, long as Man to parent Nature owns  
 Instinctive homage, and in times beyond  
 The power of thought to reach, bard after bard  
 Shall sing thy glory, beatific Sea'

#### NOTE

[The penultimate section, more especially the last five lines of it, was latterly considered by the author as among the best poetry he had written. As for the views at St Leonards—'Show me,' he exclaims, such a sea and such a shore'—Letter of April 10, 1832.]

## LINES

WRITTEN IN A BLANK LEAF OF LA PEROUSE'S  
VOYAGES

(in 1831)

LOVED Voyager ' whose pages had a zest  
More sweet than fiction to my wondering breast  
When rapt in fancy many a boyish day  
I tracked his wanderings o'er the watery way  
Roamed round the Aleutian isles in waking dreams  
Or plucked the fleur de lys by Jesso's streams  
Or gladly leaped on that far Tartar strand  
Where Europe's anchor ne'er had bit the sand  
Where scarce a roving wild tribe crossed the plain  
Or human voice broke nature's silent reign — 10  
But vast and grassy deserts feed the bear  
And sweeping deer herds dread no hunter's snare  
Such young delight his real records brought  
His truth so touched romantic springs of thought  
That all my after life his fate and fame  
Entwined romance with La Perouse's name

Fair were his ships expert his gallant crews  
And glorious was the emprise of La Perouse—  
Humanely glorious ' Men will weep for him  
When many a guilty martial fame is dim 20  
He ploughed the deep to bind no captive's chain—  
Pursued no rapine—strewed no wreck with slain  
And save that in the deep themselves lie low  
His heroes plucked no wreath from human woe  
Twas his the earth's remotest bounds to scan  
Conciliating with gifts barbaric man

Enrich the world's contemporaneous mind,  
And amplify the picture of mankind  
Far on the vast Pacific, 'midst those isles  
O'er which the earliest morn of Asia smiles, 30  
He sounded, and gave charts to many a shore  
And gulf of ocean new to nautic lore  
Yet he that led discovery o'er the wave  
Still finds himself an undiscovered grave  
He came not back ! Conjecture's cheek grew pale,  
Year after year , in no propitious gale  
His lily banner held its homeward way,  
And Science saddened at her martyr's stay

An age elapsed no wreck told where or when  
The chief went down with all his gallant men, 40  
Or whether by the storm and wild sea flood  
He perished, or by wilder men of blood  
The shuddering fancy only guess'd his doom,  
And doubt to sorrow gave but deeper gloom

An age elapsed when men were dead or gray,  
Whose hearts had mourned him in their youthful day  
Fame traced on Mannicolo's shore at last  
The boiling surge had mounted o'er his mast  
The islesmen told of some surviving men,  
But Christian eyes beheld them ne'er again 50  
Sad bourne of all his toils—with all his band  
To sleep, wrecked, shroudless, on a savage strand !  
Yet what is all that fires a hero's scorn  
Of death ? the hope to live in hearts unborn  
Life to the brave is not its fleeting breath,  
But worth foretasting fame that follows death  
That worth had La Perouse, that meed he won  
He sleeps—his life's long stormy watch is done  
In the great deep, whose boundaries and space  
He measured, fate ordained his resting-place , 60

But bade his fame like th ocean rolling o'er  
 His relics visit every earthly shore  
 Fair Science on that ocean's azure robe  
 Still writes his name in picturing the globe  
 And paints (what fairer wreath could glory twine ?)  
 His watery course—a world encircling line

## NOTES

[LINE 38 An echo of Thomson's line— And Mecca sadden  
 at the long delay

LINE 47 An English captain (Dillon) proved in 1826 that  
 La Perouse's ships had been wrecked off Vanikoro an island  
 lying north of the New Hebrides

Some echoes of this fine poem may be heard in Andrew Lang's  
 tribute to Gordon The White Pacha ]

## TO SIR FRANCIS BURDETT

ON HIS SPEECH DELIVERED IN PARLIAMENT AUGUST 7  
 1832 RESPECTING THE FOREIGN POLICY OF GREAT  
 BRITAIN

BURDETT enjoy thy justly foremost fame '  
 Through good and ill report—through calm and  
 storm—  
 For forty years the pilot of reform  
 But that which shall afresh entwine thy name  
 With patriot laurels never to be sere  
 Is that thou hast come nobly forth to chide  
 Our slumbering statesmen for their lack of pride—  
 Their flattery of Oppressors and their fear—  
 When Britain's lifted finger and her frown  
 Might call the nations up and cast their tyrants  
 down '

Invoke the scorn—alas ! too few inherit  
The scorn for despots cherished by our sires,  
That baffled Europe's persecuting fires,  
And sheltered helpless states ! Recall that spirit,  
And conjure back Old England's haughty mind  
Convert the men who waver now, and pause  
Between their love of self and humankind ,  
And move, Amphion-like, those hearts of stone  
The hearts that have been deaf to Poland's dying  
groan !

Tell them we hold the Rights of Man too dear, 20  
To bless ourselves with lonely freedom blest ,  
But could we hope with sole and selfish breast  
To breathe untroubled Freedom's atmosphere  
Suppose we wished it ? England could not stand  
A lone oasis in the desert ground  
Of Europe's slavery , from the waste around  
Oppression's fiery blast and whirling sand  
Would reach and scathe us ! No , it may not be  
Britannia and the world conjointly must be free !

Burdett, demand why Britons send abroad 30  
Soft greetings to the infanticidal Czar,  
The Bear on Poland's babes that wages war  
Once, we are told, a mother's shriek o'erawed  
A lion, and he dropped her lifted child  
But Nicholas, whom neither God nor law,  
Nor Poland's shrieking mothers overawe,  
Outholds to us his friendship's gory clutch ,  
Shrink, Britain ! shrink, my king and country, from  
the touch !

He prays to Heaven for England's king, he says  
And dares he to the God of mercy kneel, 40  
Besmeared with massacres from head to heel ?  
No , Moloch is his god—to him he prays ,

And if his weird like prayers had power to bring  
An influence their power would be to curse  
His hate is baleful but his love is worse—  
A serpent's slaver deadlier than its sting '  
Oh feeble statesmen—ignominious times  
That lick the tyrant's feet and smile upon his crimes'

## THE CHERUBS

SUGGESTED BY AN APOLOGUE IN THE WORKS OF  
FRANKLIN

(Written in 1839)

Two spirits reached this world of ours  
The lightning's locomotive powers  
Were slow to their agility  
In broad daylight they moved incog  
Enjoying without mist or fog  
Fntire invisibility

The one a simple cherub lad  
Much interest in our planet had  
Its face was so romantic  
He couldn't persuade himself that man 10  
Was such as heavenly rumours ran  
A being base and frantic

The older spirit wise and cool  
Brought down the youth as to a school  
But strictly on condition  
Whatever they should see or hear  
With mortals not to interfere  
Twas not in their commission

They reached a sovereign city proud,  
 Whose emperor prayed to God aloud,  
     With all his people kneeling,  
 And priests performed religious rites  
 ‘ Come,’ said the younger of the sprites,  
     ‘ This shows a pious feeling  
 ‘ Ar’n’t these a decent godly race ’ ’

## OLD SPIRIT

‘ The dirtiest thieves on Nature’s face ’

## YOUNG SPIRIT

‘ But hark, what cheers they’re giving  
 Their emperor ! And is he a thief ? ’

## OLD SPIRIT

‘ Aye, and a cut-throat too , in brief,  
 The greatest scoundrel living ’

## YOUNG SPIRIT

‘ But say, what were they praying for,  
 This people and their emperor ? ’

## OLD SPIRIT

‘ Why, but for God’s assistance  
 To help their army, late sent out  
 And what that army is about  
     You’ll see at no great distance ’

On wings outspeeding mail or post  
 Our sprites o’ertook the Imperial host,  
     In massacres it wallowed  
 A noble nation met its hordes,  
 But broken fell their cause and swords,  
     Unfortunate though hallowed

They saw a late bombarded town  
Its streets still warm with blood ran down  
Still smoked each burning rafter  
And hideously midst rape and sack  
The murderer's laughter answered back  
His prey's convulsive laughter

They saw the captive eye the dead  
With envy of his gory bed — 50  
Death's quick reward of bravery  
They heard the clank of chains and then  
Saw thirty thousand bleeding men  
Dragged manacled to slavery

Fie! fie! the younger heavenly spark  
Exclaimed — we must have missed our mark  
And entered hell's own portals  
Earth can't be stained with crimes so black  
Nay sure we've got among a pack  
Of fiends and not of mortals 60

No! said the elder no such thing  
Friends are not fools enough to wring  
The necks of one another—  
They know their interests too well  
Men fight but every devil in hell  
Lives friendly with his brother

And I could point you out some fellows  
On this ill fated planet Tellus  
In royal power that revel  
Who at the opening of the book 70  
Of judgement may have cause to look  
With envy at the devil



Name but the devil, and he'll appear  
Old Satan in a trice was near,

With smutty face and figure  
But spotless spirits of the skies,  
Unseen to even his saucer eyes,  
Could watch the fiendish nigget

'Halloo ' ' he cried , ' I smell a trick  
A mortal supersedes Old Nick,

80

The scourge of earth appointed  
He robs me of my trade, outrants  
The blasphemy of Hell, and vaunts  
Himself the Lord's anointed '

'Folks make a fuss about my mischief  
Damned fools ' they tamely suffer this chief  
To play his pranks unbounded '  
The cherubs flew , but saw from high  
At human inhumanity  
The devil himself astounded

90

## THE DEAD EAGLE

(Written at Oran, Algiers, 1835)

FALLEN as he is, this king of birds still seems  
Like royalty in ruins Though his eyes  
Are shut, that look undazzled on the sun,  
He was the sultan of the sky, and earth  
Paid tribute to his cyry It was perched  
Higher than human conqueror ever built  
His bannered fort Where Atlas' top looks o'er  
Zahara's desert to the equator's line  
From thence the winged despot mark'd his prey,  
Above the encampments of the Bedouins, ere

Their watchfires were extinct or camels knelt  
To take their loads or horsemen scoured the plain  
And there he dried his feathers in the dawn  
Whilst yet the unawakened world was dark below

There is such a charm in natural strength and  
power

That human fancy has for ever paid  
Poetic homage to the bird of Jove  
Hence neath his image Rome arrayed her turns  
And cohorts for the conquest of the world  
And figuring his flight the mind is fill'd  
With thoughts that mock the pride of wingless man  
True the carred aeronaut can mount as high  
But what is the triumph of his volant art ?  
A rash intrusion on the realms of air  
His helmless vehicle a silken toy  
A bubble bursting in the thunder cloud—  
His course has no volition and he drifts  
The passive plaything of the winds Not such  
Was this proud bird he clove the adverse storm  
And cuffed it with his wings He stopped his flight  
As easily as the Arab reins his steed  
And stood at pleasure neath heaven's zenith like  
A lamp suspended from its azure dome  
Whilst underneath him the world's mountains lay  
Like molehills and her streams like lucid threads  
Then downward faster than a falling star  
He neared the earth until his shape distinct  
Was blackly shadow'd on the sunny ground  
And deeper terror hushed the wilderness  
To hear his nearer whoop Then up again  
He soared and wheeled There was an air of scorn  
In all his movements whether he threw round  
His crested head to look behind him or

Lay vertical and sportively displayed  
The inside whiteness of his wing declined  
In gyres and undulations full of grace,  
An object beautifying heaven itself.

He—reckless who was victor, and above  
The hearing of their guns—saw fleets engaged  
In flaming combat    It was nought to him                  59  
What carnage, Moor or Christian, strewed their decks  
But, if his intellect had matched his wings,  
Methinks he would have scorn'd man's vaunted power  
To plough the deep    His pinions bore him down  
To Algiers the warlike, or the coral groves  
That blush beneath the green of Bona's waves,  
And traversed in an hour a wider space  
Than yonder gallant ship, with all her sails  
Wooping the winds, can cross from morn till eve  
His bright eyes were his compass, earth his chart,         60  
His talons anchored on the stormiest cliff,  
And on the very lighthouse rock he perch'd  
When winds churned white the waves

## The earthquake's self

Disturbed not him that memorable day  
When o'er yon tableland, where Spain had built  
Cathedrals, cannoned forts, and palaces,  
A palsy-stroke of Nature shook Oran.  
Turning her city to a sepulchre,  
And strewing into rubbish all her homes,  
Amidst whose traceable foundations now,  
Of streets and squares, the hyaena hides himself  
That hour beheld him fly as careless o'er  
The stifled shrieks of thousands buried quick  
As lately when he pounced the speckled snake,  
Coil'd in yon mallows and wide nettle-fields  
That mantle o'er the dead old Spanish town.

Strange is the imagination & dread delight  
 In objects linked with danger death and pain  
 Fresh from the luxuries of polished life  
 The echo of these wilds enchanted me  
 And my heart beat with joy when first I heard  
 A lion's roar come down the Libyan wind  
 Across yon long wide lonely inland lake  
 Where boat ne'er sails from homeless shore to shore

And yet Numidia's landscape has its spots  
 Of pastoral pleasantness—though far between  
 The village planted near the Marabout's  
 Round roof has yet its feathery palm trees  
 Paired for in solitude they bear no fruits  
 Here nature's hues all harmonize—fields white  
 With alabaster or blue with bugloss—banks  
 Of glossy fennel blent with tulips wild  
 And sunflowers like a garment pranked with gold—  
 Acres and miles of opal asphodel  
 Where sports and couches the black eyed gazelle  
 Here too the air's harmonious—deep toned doves  
 Coo to the life like carol of the lark  
 And when they cease the holy nightingale  
 Winds up his long long shakes of ecstasy  
 With notes that seem but the protracted sounds too  
 Of glassy runnels bubbling over rocks

FRAGMENT OF AN ORATORIO, FROM  
THE BOOK OF JOB

(Written at Oran, 1835)

CRUSH'D by misfortune's yoke,  
Job lamentably spoke  
' My boundless curse be on  
The day that I was born,  
Quench'd be the star that shone  
Upon my natal morn  
In the grave I long  
To shroud my breast,  
Where the wicked cease to wrong,  
And the weary are at rest ' 10  
Then Eliphaz rebuked his wild despair  
' What Heaven ordains 'tis meet that man should  
bear  
Lately, at midnight drear,  
A vision shook my bones with fear,  
A spirit passed before my face,  
And yet its form I could not trace,  
It stopped—it stood—it chilled my blood  
The hair upon my flesh uprose  
With freezing dread ' 20  
Deep silence reigned, and, at its close  
I heard a voice that said  
" Shall mortal be more pure and just  
Than God, who made him from the dust ?  
Hast thou not learnt of old how fleet  
Is the triumph of the hypocrite,  
How soon the wreath of joy grows wan  
On the brow of the ungodly man "

By the fire of his conscience he perishes  
 In an unblown flame  
 The Earth demands his death  
 And the Heavens reveal his shame

## JOHN

Is this your consolation ?  
 Is it thus that ye condole  
 With the depth of my desolation  
 And the anguish of my soul ?  
 But I will not cease to wail  
 The bitterness of my bale  
 Man that is born of woman  
 Short and evil is his hour  
 He fleeth like a shadow  
 He fadeth like a flower  
 My days are pass'd my hope and trust  
 Is but to moulder in the dust

## CHORUS

Bow mortal bow before thy God  
 Nor murmur at His chastening rod  
 Fragile being of earthly clay  
 Think on God's eternal way !  
 Hark ! from the whirlwind forth  
 Thy Maker speaks— Thou child of earth  
 Where wert thou when I laid  
 Creation's corner stone ?  
 When the sons of God rejoicing made  
 And the morning stars together sang and shone ?  
 Hadst thou power to bid above  
 Heaven's constellations glow  
 Or shape the forms that live and move  
 On Nature's face below ?  
 Hast thou given the horse his strength and pride ?  
 He paws the valley with nostril wide

He smells far off the battle , 60  
 He neighs at the trumpet's sound  
 And his speed devours the ground  
 As he sweeps to where the quivers rattle  
 And the spear and shield shine bright,  
 'Midst the shouting of the captains  
 And the thunder of the fight

Having met my illustrious friend the composer Neukomm, at Algiers, several years ago, I commenced this intended Oratorio at his desire, but he left the place before I proceeded farther in the poem , and it has been thus left unfinished —T C

## BEN LOMOND

(Written in 1836)

HADST thou a genius on thy peak,  
 What tales, white-headed Ben,  
 Couldst thou of ancient ages speak,  
 That mock th' historian's pen '  
 Thy long duration makes our lives  
 Seem but so many hours ,  
 And likens to the bees' frail hives  
 Our most stupendous towers  
 Temples and towers thou'st seen begun,  
 New creeds, new conquerors sway, 10  
 And, like their shadows in the sun,  
 Hast seen them swept away  
 Thy stedfast summit, heaven-allied  
 (Unlike life's little span),  
 Looks down, a Mentor, on the pride  
 Of perishable man

### NOTES

LINE 1 Originally—' If There 's a Genius haunts thy peak '

LINE 12 Originally—' Thou'st seen them pass away ' ,

This little poem was first published in *The Scenic Annua*l, 1837

## CHAUCLER AND WINDSOR

LONG shalt thou flourish Windsor! bodv'ing forth  
 Chivalric times and long shall live around  
 Thy Castle the old oaks of British birth  
 Whose gnarled roots tenacious and profound  
 As with a lion's talons grasp the ground  
 But should thy towers in ivied ruin rot  
 There's one thine inmate once whose strain renowned  
 Would interdict thy name to be forgot  
 For Chaucer loved thy bowers and trod this very spot  
 Chaucer! our Helicon's first fountain stream      10  
 Our morning star of song—that led the way  
 To welcome the long after coming beam  
 Of Spenser's light and Shakespeare's perfect day  
 Old England's fathers live in Chaucer's lay  
 As if they ne'er had died—He grouped and drew  
 Their likeness with a spirit of life so gay  
 That still they live and breathe in Laney's view  
 Fresh beings fraught with truth's imperishable hue

 A THOUGHT SUGGESTED BY THE  
 NEW YEAR

THE more we live more brief appear  
 Our life's succeeding stages  
 A day to childhood seems a year  
 And years like passing ages  
 The gladsome current of our youth  
 Its passion yet disorders  
 Steals lingering like a river smooth  
 Along its grassy borders



But as the care-worn cheek grows wan,  
 And sorrow's shafts fly thicker, 10  
 Ye stars, that measure life to man,  
 Why seem your courses quicker ?  
 When joys have lost their bloom and breath,  
 And life itself is vapid,  
 Why, as we reach the Falls of death,  
 Feel we its tide more rapid ?  
 It may be strange, yet who would change  
 Time's course to slower speeding  
 When one by one our friends have gone,  
 And left our bosoms bleeding ? 20  
 Heaven gives our years of fading strength  
 Indemnifying fleetness,  
 And those of youth a seeming length,  
 Proportion'd to their sweetness

# MOONLIGHT

(Written in 1840)

THE kiss that would make a maid's cheek flush  
 Wroth, as if kissing were a sin,  
 Amidst the Argus eyes and din  
 And tell-tale glare of noon,  
 Brings but a murmur and a blush  
 Beneath the modest moon  
 Ye days, gone never to come back  
 When love returned entranced me so  
 That still its pictures move and glow  
 In the dark chamber of my heart 10  
 Leave not my memory's future track,  
 I will not let you part

'Twas moonlight when my earliest love  
 First on my bosom dropped her head  
 A moment then concentrated  
 The bliss of years as if the spheres  
 Their course had faster driven  
 And carried Fnoch like above  
 A living man to Heaven

'Tis by the rolling moon we measure o  
 The date between our nuptial night  
 And that blest hour which brings to light  
 The pledge of faith—the fruit of bliss  
 When we impress upon the treasure  
 A father's earliest kiss

The Moon is the Earth's enamoured bride  
 True to him in her very changes  
 No other stars she never ranges  
 Though crossed by him sometimes she dips  
 Her light in short offended pride 30  
 And faints to an eclipse

The fairies revel by her sheen  
 'Tis only when the Moon is above  
 The fire fly kindles into love  
 And flashes light to show it  
 The nightingale salutes her Queen  
 Of Heaven her heavenly poet

Then ye that love' by moonlight gloom  
 Meet at my grave and plight regard 40  
 Oh! could I be the Orphéan bard  
 Of whom it is reported  
 That nightingales sung o'er his tomb  
 Whilst lovers came and courted

ON GETTING HOME THE PORTRAIT OF A  
FEMALE CHILD, SIX YEARS OLD

PAINTED BY EUGENIO LATILLA

(Written probably in 1840)

TYPE of the Cherubim above,  
Come, live with me, and be my love !  
Smile from my wall, dear roguish sprite,  
By sunshine and by candlelight ,  
For both look sweetly on thy traits  
Or, were the Lady Moon to gaze,  
She'd welcome thee with lustre bland,  
Like some young fay from Fairyland  
Cast in simplicity's own mould,  
How canst thou be so manifold 10  
In sportively distracting charms ?  
Thy lips thine eyes thy little arms  
That wrap thy shoulders and thy head  
In homeliest shawl of netted thread,  
Brown woollen net-work , yet it seeks  
Accordance with thy lovely cheeks,  
And more becomes thy beauty's bloom  
Than any shawl from Cashmere's loom

Thou hast not, to adorn thee, girl,  
Flower, link of gold, or gem or pearl 20  
I would not let a ruby speck  
The peeping whiteness of thy neck  
Thou need'st no casket, witching elf,  
No gawd thy toilet is thyself ,  
Not ev'n a rose-bud from the bower,  
Thyself a magnet gem and flower

My arch and playful little creature  
 Thou hast a mind in every feature  
 Thy brow with its disparted locks  
 Speaks language that translation mocks 30  
 Thy lucid eyes so beam with soul  
 They on the canvas seem to roll  
 Instructing both my head and heart  
 To idolize the painter's art

He marshals minds to Beauty's feast—  
 He is Humanity's high priest  
 Who proves by heavenly forms on earth  
 How much this world of ours is worth  
 Inspire me child with visions fair!  
 For children in Creation are 4  
 The only things that could be given  
 Back and alive—unchanged—to Heaven

#### NOTE

[Campbell had seen the portrait in Colnaghi's window for several mornings on his way from 6 Lincoln's Inn Fields to the Literary Union and it fascinated him and seemed to haunt him. At last he bought it—for thirty guineas! But the temptation to buy was irresistible. This was probably in 1840.]

#### LINES

TO THE COUNTESS AMERICA VESPUCCI

(Written in 1840)

DESCENDANT of the chief who stamped his name  
 On Earth's hesperian hemisphere I greet  
 Not only thy hereditary fame  
 But beauty wit and spirit bold and sweet  
 That captivate alike where'er thou art  
 The British and the Transatlantic heart

Ameriga Vespucci, thou art fair

As classic Venus, but the poets gave  
Her not thy noble, more than classic, air

Of courage Homer's Venus was not brave.  
She shrieked, and fled the fight You never fled,  
But in the cause of freedom fought and bled

#### NOTE

In the closing lines the allusion is to the part taken by this heroic lady in the previous commotions in Italy

### TO MY NIECE, MARY CAMPBELL

(Written in 1841)

OUR friendship's not a stream to dry,

Or stop with angry jar,  
A life-long planet in our sky  
No meteor-shooting star

Thy playfulness and pleasant ways  
Shall cheer my wintry track,  
And give my old declining days  
A second summer back !

Proud honesty protects our lot  
No dun infests our bowers,  
Wealth's golden lamps illumine not  
Brows more content than ours

To think, too, thy remembrance fond  
May love me after death,  
Gives fancied happiness beyond  
My lease of living breath

Meanwhile thine intellects presage  
A lifetime rich in truth,  
And make me feel the advance of age  
Retarded by thy youth !

10

20

Good night ' propitious dreams betide  
 Thy sleep '—awaken gay  
 And we will make to morrow glide  
 As cheerful as to day '

## LINES ON MY NEW CHILD SWEETHEART

(Written in 1841)

I HOLD it a religious duty  
 To love and worship children's beauty  
 They've least the taint of earthly clod  
 They're freshest from the land of God  
 With heavenly looks they make us sure  
 The heaven that made them must be pure  
 We love them not in earthly fashion  
 But with a beatific passion

I chanced to yesterday behold  
 A maiden child of beauty's mould 10  
 'Twas near more sacred was the scene  
 The palace of our patriot Queen  
 The little charmer to my view  
 Was sculpture brought to life anew  
 Her eyes had a poetic glow  
 Her pouting mouth was Cupid's bow  
 And through her frock I could descry  
 Her neck and shoulders symmetry  
 'Twas obvious from her walk and gait  
 Her limbs were beautifully straight 10  
 I stopped the enchantress and was told  
 Though tall she was but four years old  
 Her guide so grave an aspect wore  
 I could not ask a question more  
 But followed her The little one  
 Threw backward ever and anon

Her lovely neck, as if to say,  
 ' I know you love me, Mister Gray ,'  
 For by its instinct childhood's eye  
 Is shrewd in physiognomy , 30  
 They well distinguish fawning art  
 From sterling fondness of the heart.

And so she flirted, like a true  
 Good woman, till we bade adieu  
 'Twas then I with regret grew wild  
 Oh, beauteous, interesting child '  
 Why asked I not thy home and name ?  
 My courage failed me—more 's the shame  
 But where abides this jewel rare ?  
 Oh, ye that own her, tell me where ' 40  
 For sad it makes my heart and sore  
 To think I ne'er may meet her more.

## THE CHILD AND HIND

(Written in 1841)

COME, maids and matrons, to caress  
 Wiesbaden's gentle hind ,  
 And smiling, deck its glossy neck  
 With forest flowers entwined

Your forest flowers are fain to show,  
 And landscapes to enjoy ,  
 But fairer is your friendly doe  
 That watched the sleeping boy

'Twas after church on Ascension day  
 When organs ceased to sound, 10  
 Wiesbaden's people crowded gay  
 The deer-park's pleasant ground

There where Elysian meadows smile  
And noble trees upshoot  
The wild thyme and the camomile  
Smell sweetly at their root

The aspen quivers nervously  
The oak stands stilly bold  
And climbing bindweed hangs on high  
His bells of beaten gold

o

Nor stops the eye till mountains shune  
That bound a spacious view  
Beyond the lordly lovely Rhine  
In visionary blue

There monuments of ages dark  
Awaken thoughts sublime  
Till swifter than the steaming bark  
We mount the stream of time

The ivy there old castles shades  
That speak traditions high  
Of minstrels tournaments crusades  
And mail clad chivalry

30

Here came a twelve years married pair—  
And with them wander'd free  
Seven sons and daughters blooming fair  
A gladsome sight to see

Their Wilhelm little innocent  
The youngest of the seven  
Was beautiful as painters paint  
The cherubim of Heaven

40

By turns he gave his hand so dear  
To parent sister brother  
And each that he was safe and near  
Confided in the other



But Wilhelm loved the field-flowers bright,  
With love beyond all measure  
And culled them with as keen delight  
As misers gather treasure

Unnoticed, he contrived to glide  
Adown a greenwood alley, 50  
By lilies lured that grew beside  
A streamlet in the valley ;

And there, where under beech and birch  
The rivulet meandered,  
He strayed, till neither shout nor search  
Could track where he had wandered

Still louder, with increasing dread,  
They called his darling name ,  
But 'twas like speaking to the dead  
An echo only came 60

Hours passed till evening's beetle roams  
And blackbirds' songs begin ,  
Then all went back to happy homes,  
Save Wilhelm's kith and kin

The night came on all others slept  
Then cares away till morn ,  
But, sleepless, all night watched and wept  
That family forlorn

Betimes the town-crier had been sent  
With loud bell up and down , 70  
And told the afflicting accident  
Throughout Wiesbaden's town

The father, too, ere morning smiled,  
Had all his wealth uncoffered ,  
And to the wight would bring his child  
A thousand crowns had offered

Dear friends who would have blushed to take  
That guerdon from his hand  
Soon joined in groups—for pity's sake  
The child exploring band

The news reached Nassau's Duke ere earth  
Was gladdened by the lark  
He sent a hundred soldiers forth  
To ransack all his park

Their side arms glittered through the wood  
With bugle horns to sound  
Would that on errand half so good  
The soldier oft were found !

But though they roused up beast and bird  
From many a nest and den  
No signal of success was heard  
From all the hundred men

A second morning's light expands  
Unfound the infant fair  
And Wilhelm's household wring their hands  
Abandoned to despair

But happily a poor artisan  
Searched ceaselessly till he  
Found safe asleep the little one  
Beneath a beechen tree

His hand still grasped a bunch of flowers  
And (true though wondrous) near  
To sentry his reposing hours  
There stood a female deer—

Who dipped her horns at all that passed  
The spot where Wilhelm lay  
Till force was had to hold her fast  
And bear the boy away

Hail ' sacred love of childhood—hail '  
 How sweet it is to trace  
 Thine instinct in Creation's scale,  
 Even 'neath the human race

110

To this poor wanderer of the wild  
 Speech, reason were unknown—  
 And yet she watched a sleeping child  
 As if it were her own ,

And thou, Wiesbaden's artisan  
 Restorer of the boy,  
 Was ever welcomed mortal man  
 With such a burst of joy "

120

The father's ecstasy the mother's  
 Hysteric bosom's swell  
 The sisters' sobs—the shout of brothers,  
 I have not power to tell

The working man, with shoulders broad,  
 Took blithely to his wife  
 The thousand crowns—a pleasant load,  
 That made him rich for life

And Nassau's Duke the favourite took  
 Into his deer-park's centre,  
 To share a field with other pets  
 Where deer-slayer cannot enter

130

There, whilst thou cropp'st thy flowery food,  
 Each hand shall pat thee kind ,  
 And man shall never spill thy blood  
 Wiesbaden's gentle hind

## NOTES

I wish I had preserved a copy of the Wiesbaden newspaper in which this anecdote of the ' Child and Hind ' is recorded , but I

have unfortunately lost it. The story however is matter of fact. It took place in 1838 every circumstance mentioned in the preceding ballad literally happened. I was in Wiesbaden eight months ago and was shown the very tree under which the boy was found sleeping with a bunch of flowers in his little hand. I could not ascertain whether the Hind that watched my Hero

Wilhelm suckled him or not but it was generally believed that she had no milk to give him and that the boy must have been for two days and a half entirely without food unless it might be grass or leaves.—T. C.

LINE 20 There is only one kind of bindweed that is yellow and that is the flower here mentioned the *Paniculatus Convolvulus*.

LINE 100 The female deer has no such antlers as the male and sometimes no horns at all but I have observed many with short ones suckling their fawns.

## LETTER FROM ALGIERS TO HORACE SMITH

(Written in 1830)

DEAR HORACE ' be melted to tears

For I'm melting with heat as I rime  
Though the name of the place is Algiers  
Tis no joke to fall in with its clime

With a shaver from France who came o'er  
To an African inn I ascend  
I am cast on a barbarous shore  
Where a barber alone is my friend

Do you ask me the sights and the news  
Of this wonderful city to sing ?

10

Alas ! my hotel has its news  
But no muse of the Helicon's spring

My windows afford me the sight  
Of a people all diverse in hue  
They are black yellow olive and white  
Whilst I in my sorrow look blue

Here are groups for the painter to take,  
Whose figures jocosely combine,  
The Arab disguised in his haik,  
And the Frenchman disguised in his wine 20

In his breeches of petticoat size  
You may say, as the Mussulman goes,  
That his garb is a fair compromise  
'Twixt a kilt and a pair of small-clothes

The Mooresses, shrouded in white,  
Save two holes for their eyes to give room,  
Seem like corpses in sport or in spite  
That have shily whipped out of their tomb

The old Jewish dames make me sick  
If I were the devil I declare 30  
Such hags should not mount a broom-stick  
In my service to ride through the air

But hipped and undined as I am,  
My hippogriff's course I must rein  
For the pain of my thirst is no sham,  
Though I'm bawling aloud for Champagne

Dinner's brought, but their wines have no pith—  
They are flat as the statutes at law,  
And for all that they bring me, dear Smith '  
Would a glass of brown stout they could draw ' 40

O'er each French trashy dish as I bend,  
My heart feels a patriot's grief '  
And the round tears, O England ' descend  
When I think on a round of thy beef

Yes, my soul sentimentally craves  
British beer Hail, Britannia, hail '  
To thy flag on the foam of the waves,  
And the foam on thy flagons of ale

Yet I own in this hour of my drought  
 A dessert has most welcomely come 50  
 Here are peaches that melt in the mouth  
 And grapes blue and big as a plum

There are melons too luscious and great  
 But the slices I eat shall be few  
 For from melons incautiously eat  
 Melancholic effects may ensue

Horrid pun ' you'll exclaim but be calm  
 Though my letter bears date as you view  
 From the land of the date bearing palm  
 I will palm no more puns upon you 60

## NOTES

LINE 6 On board the vessel from Marseilles to Algiers I met with a fellow passenger whom I supposed to be a physician from his dress and manners and the attentions which he paid me to alleviate the sufferings of my sea-sickness. He turned out to be a perruquier and barber in Algeria—but his vocation did not lower him in my estimation—for he continued his attentions until he passed my baggage through the customs and helped me when half dead with exhaustion to the best hotel.

LINE 19 A haik is a mantle worn by the natives

[In a humorous and punning letter to Horace Smith (1837) Campbell refers to these lines as a composition which will remain in the English language until it is forgotten!]

2

1

EXTRACTS  
FROM THE MOBLADE  
AN UNFINISHED MOCK-HEROIC POEM  
(Written in Edinburgh winter of 1801-2)

Monopoly's Briarean hands  
Had dragged her harrow o'er a hundred lands,  
But, chief, the terrors of her Gorgon frown  
Had scared Edina's faint and famished town  
Then Want, the griffin, champed with iron jaws  
Our shuddering hearts and agonizing maws,  
Chased from our plundered boards each glad regale  
Of vermeil ham, brown beef, and buxom ale  
Ah me ! no strepent goose at Christmas-tide  
Hissed in the stranger's hand, and kicked and died !  
No trembling jellies nor ambrosial pie 11  
Regaled the liquorish mouth and longing eye  
Red sunk December's last dishonoured sun,  
And the young Year's-Day passed without a bun !

Then sprung each patriot from his lowly den,  
Even tailors would avenge the rights of men !  
Huzzaing barbers swell the marching line,  
Whose nice hands trim the human face divine,  
Sweeps, in their panoply of soot revealed,  
The glorious besom of destruction wield, 20  
Their leathern aprons Cuspidan heroes stock  
With tingling brick, huge tile, and massy rock !

March on, ye champions of the public weal !  
Revenge or ruin ! death or cheaper meal !

Fair salutary spot ' where health inhales  
 Her freshest fountains and her purest gales  
 I love thy homely name s familiar sound  
 Thou green Parnassus of my native ground '  
 Haunt of my youth ' while yet the poet s head  
 Peeped from yon high and heaven aspiring shed 30  
 O erlooking far Edina s gilded vanes  
 And all her dusky wilderness of lanes  
 What time sublimely lodged he mounted higher  
 Than Attic station with his Scotian lyre  
 And warm in Fancy s castle building hour  
 Sung to the shelter of his skylight bower  
 Twas then sweet hill ' imagination drew  
 Thy winding walk some paradise in view  
 Each white robed nymph that sailed thy terrace  
 round

Seemed like a goddess on Elysian ground 40  
 Then spread Illusion with her pencil warm  
 Unearthly hues on every meaner form  
 Wings on the grazing horse appeared to grow  
 And Delphian woods to wave and Helicon to flow '

Nor ceased my day dream till the waning hours  
 Had shook fair fancy from her throne of flowers  
 And o er my heart emotions less divine  
 Imperious warned the esurient bard to dine  
 Yet when my bell its awful summons rung  
 And menial Mary heard its iron tongue 50  
 Not in plebeian prose I spoke aloud  
 When mortal wants the immortal spirit bowed

Bring me the beef the dulcet pudding bring  
 Or fry the mudlark s odoriferous wing  
 Or simmering greens with soft rotation turn  
 Champed in the luscious treasure of the churn '



Then pour the brown ale, rich as ever ran  
 From Balder's horn or Odin's creamy can '  
 Blest in that honeyed draught, let none repine  
 For nectarous noyeau or ambrosial wine ' 60  
 But, lest my waning wealth refuse to raise  
 So fair a feast in these degenerate days,  
 Take from this Splendid Shilling what may find  
 Some sweet refection for a sober mind  
 The earth-born apple, vegetable grace  
 Of Erin's sons, a blunder-loving race ' &c

## NOTES

[ ' During the summer (of 1801) the dearth of provisions had so much increased that several riots—particularly at the New Year—took place in Edinburgh which it required military interference to suppress These riots were called "meal-mobs" Of these turbulent meetings and collisions between the rioters and the police Campbell was no unconcerned spectator '—Beattie's *Life of Campbell*, vol 1, page 375

The 'sweet hill' and 'green Parnassus' of the text refer to the Calton Hill, near which, on the High-terrace, Leith Walk (now Leith Street), he lodged in 1799 He was a frequenter of the Calton Hill, the view northward from which suggested to him the opening lines of *The Pleasures of Hope* ]

# SONGS, CHIEFLY AMATORY

## CAROLINE

### PART I TO THE SOUTH WIND

(Written in Mull 1805)

I LL bid the hyacinth to blow

I ll teach my grotto green to be

And sing my true love all below

The holly bower and myrtle tree

There all his wild wood sweets to bring

The sweet South wind shall wander by

And with the music of his wing

Delight my rustling canopy

Come to my close and clustering bower

Thou spirit of a milder clime

10

Fresh with the dews of fruit and flower

Of mountain heath and moory thyme

With all thy rural echoes come

Sweet comrade of the rosy day

Wafting the wild bee s gentle hum

Or cuckoo s plaintive roundelay

Where er thy morning breath has played

Whatever isles of ocean fanned

Come to my blossom woven shade

Thou wandering wind of fairy land

o

For sure from some enchanted isle

Where Heaven and Love their sabbath hold

Where pure and happy spirits smile

Of beauty s fairest brightest mould

From some green Eden of the deep,  
 Where Pleasure's sigh alone is heaved,  
 Where tears of rapture lovers weep,  
 Endear'd, undoubting, undeceived ,

From some sweet paradise afar,  
 Thy music wanders, distant, lost 30  
 Where Nature lights her leading star  
 And love is never, never crossed

Oh, gentle gale of Eden bowers,  
 If back thy rosy feet should roam  
 To revel with the cloudless Hours  
 In Nature's more propitious home

Name to thy loved Elysian groves,  
 That o'er enchanted spirits twine,  
 A fairer form than cherub loves,  
 And let the name be Caroline 40

## PART II TO THE EVENING STAR

(Written at Downie in 1796)

GEM of the crimson-coloured Even,  
 Companion of retiring day,  
 Why at the closing gates of Heaven,  
 Belovèd star, dost thou delay ?

So fair thy pensile beauty burns  
 When soft the tear of twilight flows ,  
 So due thy plighted love returns  
 To chambers brighter than the rose ;

To Peace, to Pleasure, and to Love,  
 So kind a star thou seem'st to be, 50  
 Sure some enamoured orb above  
 Descends and burns to meet with thee

Thine is the breathing blushing hour  
 When all unheavenly passions fly  
 Chased by the soul subduing power  
 Of Love's delicious witchery

Oh ! *sacred to the fall of day*  
 Queen of propitious stars appear  
 And early rise and long delay  
 When Caroline herself is here !

60

Shine on her chosen green resort  
 Whose trees the sunward summit crown  
 And wanton flowers that well may court  
 An angel's feet to tread them down

Shine on her sweetly scented road  
 Thou star of evening's purple dome  
 That lead'st the nightingale abroad  
 And guid'st the weary pilgrim home

Shine where my charmer's sweeter breath  
 Embalms the soft exhaling dew  
 Where dying winds a sigh bequeath  
 To kiss the cheek of rosy hue

70

Where winnowed by the gentle air  
 Her silken tresses darkly flow  
 And fall upon her brow so fair  
 Like shadows on the mountain snow

Thus ever thus at day's decline  
 In converse sweet to wander far  
 Oh bring with thee my Caroline  
 And thou shalt be my ruling star !

80

## NOTES

[The Caroline of these verses is said to have been the daughter of a late Rev Dr F—— of Inverary. She was on a summer visit to her aunt Mrs Campbell of Sunipol in Mull when the

young poet, then resident at Sunipol as tutor to Mrs Campbell's boys, made her acquaintance. She was then (1795) in her seventeenth, the poet in his eighteenth, year and both (says Dr Beattie) were 'remarkable for their personal and intellectual accomplishments']

NOTE TO LINE 61, PART II [Inverary is meant, the home of Caroline. Here the poet was a frequent visitor, while resident at Downie in 1796.]

## ODE TO CONTENT

(Written in December, 1800)

O CHERUB Content ' at thy moss-covered shrine  
I would all the gay hopes of my bosom resign,  
I would part with ambition thy votary to be,  
And would breathe not a sigh but to friendship and  
thee

But thy presence appears from my homage to fly  
Like the gold-coloured cloud on the verge of the sky,  
No dewdrop that hangs on the green willow-tree  
Is so short as the smile of thy favour to me

In the pulse of my heart I have nourished a care  
Which forbids me thy sweet inspiration to share, 10  
The noon of my youth slow departing I see,  
But its years, as they roll, bring no tidings of thee

O cherub Content ' at thy moss-covered shrine  
I would pay all my vows if Matilda were mine,  
If Matilda were mine, whom enraptured I see,  
I would breathe not a vow but to friendship and thee '

### NOTE

[The Matilda of this lyric was Matilda Sinclair, his cousin, who a few years later became his wife.]

## TO JUDITH

(Written at Altona 1800)

OH Judith ! had our lot been cast  
 In that remote and simple time  
 When shepherd swains thy fathers past  
 From dreary wilds and deserts vast  
 To Judah's happy clime —

My song upon the mountain rocks  
 Had echoed of thy rural charms  
 And I had fed thy father's flocks  
 O Judith of the raven locks !  
 To win thee to my arms

10

Our tent beside the murmur calm  
 Of Jordan's grassy vested shore  
 Had sought the shadow of the palm  
 And blessed with Gilead's holy balm  
 Our hospitable door

But oh my love ! thy father's land  
 Presents no more a spicy bloom  
 Nor fills with fruit the reaper's hand —  
 But wide its silent wilds expand  
 A desert and a tomb !

0

## DRINKING SONG OF MUNICH

(Written in 1800)

SWEET Iser ! were thy sunny realm  
 And flowery gardens mine  
 Thy waters I would shade with elm  
 To prop the tender vine

My golden flagons I would fill  
 With rosy draughts from every hll ,  
 And under every myrtle bower  
 My gay companions should prolong  
 The laugh, the revel, and the song.  
 To many an idle hour

10

Like rivers crimsoned with the beam  
 Of yonder planet bright  
 Our balmy cups should ever stream  
 Profusion of delight ,  
 No care should touch the mellow heart,  
 And sad or sober none depart ,  
 For wine can triumph over woe,  
 And Love and Bacchus, brother powers,  
 Could build in Iser's sunny bowers  
 A paradise below

20

## NOTE

[The original title was—' A Song translated from the German ']

## ABSENCE

(Printed in *The New Monthly*, 1821)

'Tis not the loss of love's assurance,  
 It is not doubting what thou art,  
 But 'tis the too, too long endurance  
 Of absence that afflicts my heart

The fondest thoughts two hearts can cherish,  
 When each is lonely doomed to weep,  
 Are fruits on desert isles that perish,  
 Or riches buried in the deep

What though untouched by jealous madness  
 Our bosom's peace may fall to wreck ? 10  
 The undoubting heart that breaks with sadness  
 Is but more slowly doomed to break

Absence ! is not the soul torn by it  
 From more than light or life or breath ?  
 'Tis Lethe's gloom but not its quiet —  
 The pain without the peace of death !

## THE LOVER TO HIS MISTRESS

### ON HER BIRTHDAY

(First appeared in *The New Monthly* in 1821)

If any white winged power above  
 My joys and griefs survey  
 The day when thou wert born my love—  
 He surely blessed that day

I laughed (till taught by thee) when told  
 Of Beauty's magic powers  
 That ripened life's dull ore to gold  
 And changed its weeds to flowers

My mind had lovely shapes portrayed  
 But thought I earth had one 10  
 Could make even Fancy's visions fade  
 Like stars before the sun ?

I gazed and felt upon my lips  
 The unfinished accents hung  
 One moment's bliss one burning kiss  
 To rapture changed each pang



And, though as swift as lightning's flash  
 Those tranced moments flew,  
 Not all the waves of time shall wash  
 Their memory from my view,

20

But duly shall my raptured song,  
 And gladly shall my eyes,  
 Still bless this day's return as long  
 As thou shalt see it rise

## NOTE

[This lyric appeared along with the 'Lines to the Rainbow' in the magazine of which Campbell had just assumed the Editorship He gave it there as a translation from the Bohemian ]

## SONG

(Printed in *The New Monthly* in 1822)

DRINK ye to her that each loves best,  
 And, if you nurse a flame  
 That's told but to her mutual breast,  
 We will not ask her name

Enough, while memory tranced and glad  
 Paints silently the fair,  
 That each should dream of joys he's had,  
 Or yet may hope to share

Yet far, far hence be jest or boast  
 From hallowed thoughts so dear,  
 But drink to her that each loves most  
 As she would love to hear

10

## THE MAID'S REMONSTRANCE

(Printed in *The New Monthly* 18<sup>00</sup>)

NEVER wedding ever wooing  
 Still a love lorn heart pursuing  
 Read you not the wrong you're doing  
     In my cheeks pale hue?  
 All my life with sorrow strewing—  
     Wed or cease to woo  
 Pivals banished bosoms plighted  
 Still our days are disunited  
 Now the lamp of hope is lighted  
     Now half quenched appears                   10  
 Damped and wavering and benighted  
     Midst my sighs and tears  
 Charms you call your dearest blessing  
 Lips that thrill at your caressing  
 Eyes a mutual soul confessing —  
     Soon you'll make them grow  
 Dim and worthless your possessing  
     Not with age but woe!

## SONG

TO THE EVENING STAR

(Printed in *The New Monthly* 18<sup>21</sup>)

STAR that bringest home the bee  
 And sett'st the weary labourer free!  
 If any star shed peace 'tis thou  
     That send'st it from above  
 Appearing when Heaven's breath and brow  
     Are sweet as hers we love

Come to the luxuriant skies  
 Whilst the landscape's odours rise,  
 Whilst far-off lowing herds are heard,  
     And songs, when toil is done,      10  
 From cottages whose smoke unstirred  
     Curls yellow in the sun

Star of love's soft interviews,  
 Parted lovers on thee muse,  
 Their remembrance in heaven  
     Of thrilling vows thou art,  
 Too delicious to be riven  
     By absence from the heart.

## SONG

(Appeared first in *The New Monthly*, 1823)

OH, how hard it is to find  
 The one just suited to our mind !  
     And if that one should be  
 False, unkind, or found too late,  
 What can we do but sigh at fate,  
     And sing ' Woe's me—Woe's me ' '

Love's a boundless burning waste,  
 Where bliss's stream we seldom taste,  
     And still more seldom flee  
 Suspense's thorns, suspicion's stings ,      10  
 Yet somehow love a something brings  
     That's sweet even when we sigh ' Woe's me ' '

## NOTE

[This song has only a 'C' under it for identification in the magazine It may not be Campbell's]

## SONG

(Written in 1809)

ALL mortal joys I could forsake  
 Bid home and friends adieu  
 Of life itself a parting take  
 But never of you my love  
 Never of you !

For sure of all that know thy worth  
 Thus bosom beats most true  
 And where could I behold on earth  
 Another form like you my love  
 Another like you ?

10

## SONG

(First published in *The New Monthly* 1823)

WITHDRAW not yet those lips and fingers  
 Whose touch to mine is rapture's spell  
 Life's joy for us a moment lingers  
 And death seems in the word—farewell  
 The hour that bids us part and go  
 It sounds not yet—oh ! no no no !

Time whilst I gaze upon thy sweetness  
 Flies like a courser nigh the goal  
 To morrow where shall be his fleetness  
 When thou art parted from my soul ?  
 Our hearts shall beat our tears shall flow  
 But not together—no no no !

10

## LINES TO JULIA M—

SENT WITH A COPY OF THE AUTHOR'S POEMS

(Written in 1829)

SINCE there is magic in your look,  
 And in your voice a witching charm,  
 As all our hearts consenting tell,  
 Enchantress, smile upon my book,  
 And guard its lays from hate and harm  
 By beauty's most resistless spell

The sunny dewdrop of thy praise,  
 Young day-star of the rising time,  
 Shall with its odoriferous morn  
 Refresh my sear and withered bays                    10  
 Smile, and I will believe my rime  
 Shall please the beautiful unborn

Go forth, my pictured thoughts, and rise  
 In traits and tints of sweeter tone.  
 When Julia's glance is o'er ye flung,  
 Glow, gladden, linger in her eyes,  
 And catch a magic not your own,  
 Read by the music of her tongue

## SONG

' WHEN LOVE CAME FIRST '

(Written in 1829)

WHEN Love came first to Earth, the Spring  
 Spread rosebeds to receive him ;  
 And back he vowed his flight he'd wing  
 To Heaven, if she should leave him.

But Spring departing saw his faith  
 Pledged to the next new comer—  
 He revelled in the warmer breath  
 And richer bowers of Summer

Then sportive Autumn claimed by rights  
 An Archer for her lover 10  
 And even in Winter's dark cold nights  
 A charm he could discover 4

Her routs and balls and fireside joy  
 For this time were his reasons  
 In short Young Love's a gallant boy  
 That likes all times and seasons

## FAREWELL TO LOVE

(Written in 1830)

I HAD a heart that doted once in passion's boundless  
 pain  
 And though the tyrant I abjured I could not break  
 his chain  
 But now that Fancy's fire is quenched and ne'er can  
 burn anew  
 I've bid to Love for all my life adieu ' adieu ' adieu '  
 I've known if ever mortal knew the spells of Beauty's  
 thrall  
 And if my song has told them not my soul has felt  
 them all  
 But Passion robs my peace no more and Beauty's  
 witching sway  
 Is now to me a star that's fallen—a dream that's  
 passed away

Hail ' welcome tide of life, when no tumultuous  
 billows roll ,  
 How wondrous to myself appears this halcyon calm  
 of soul ' 10  
 The wearied bird blown o'er the deep would sooner  
 quit its shore  
 Than I would cross the gulf again that time has  
 brought me o'er

Why say the Angels feel the flame ? O spirits of the  
 skies '  
 Can love like ours, that dotes on dust, in heavenly  
 bosoms rise ?  
 Ah, no , the hearts that best have felt its power  
 the best can tell  
 That peace on earth itself begins when Love has bid  
 farewell

## FLORINE

(Written in 1830)

COULD I bring back lost youth again  
 And be what I have been,  
 I'd court you in a gallant strain,  
 My young and fair Florine

But mine's the chilling age that chides  
 Devoted rapture's glow,  
 And Love that conquers all besides  
 Finds Time a conquering foe

Farewell ' we re severed by our fate  
 As far as night from noon 10  
 You came into the world too late  
 And I depart so soon

## NOTE

[Florine who was seventeen when this was written was the beautiful Miss O Bryen She married the poet's attached friend Mr George Huntly Gordon who had been till 1826 Scott's amanuensis for the MSS of the Waverley Novels and died in Paris soon after her wedding in her twenty second year]

## MARGARET AND DORA

(Written in 1836)

MARGARET'S beauteous Grecian arts  
 Ne'er drew form completer  
 Yet why in my heart of hearts  
 Hold I Dora's sweeter ?  
 Dora's eyes of heavenly blue  
 Pass all paintings reach  
 Ringdoves notes are discord to  
 The music of her speech  
 Artists' Margaret's smile receive  
 And on canvas show it 10  
 But for perfect worship leave  
 Dora to her poet

## NOTE

[The beauteous Margaret was a table-maid in the house of the poet's cousin Mr Gray of Blairbeth, near Glasgow When Nature turns out beauty in Scotland she takes pride and pains in making that beauty a paragon—even in the lowest classes it is in these words that Campbell introduces a long and interesting account of Margaret, the servant-maid in a letter of date June 22 1836 See Beattie's *Life and Letters of Campbell* vol iii pp 202 17



## TO A YOUNG LADY

WHO ASKED ME TO WRITE SOMETHING ORIGINAL  
FOR HER ALBUM (1840)

AN original something, fair maid, you would win me  
To write but how shall I begin ?  
For I fear I have nothing original in me  
Excepting Original Sin

## EPIGRAM

TO THE UNITED STATES OF NORTH AMERICA  
(Written in 1838)

UNITED STATES, your banner wears  
Two emblems—one of fame ,  
Alas ! the other that it bears  
Reminds us of your shame  
*Your banner's constellation types*  
White freedom with its stars ,  
But what's the meaning of the stripes ?  
They mean your negroes' scars

## VERSES ON THE QUEEN

(Written in 1838)

VICTORIA's sceptre o'er the deep  
Has touch'd and broken slavery's chain ;  
Yet, strange magician ! she enslaves  
Our hearts within her own domain  
Her spirit is devout, and burns  
With thoughts adverse to bigotry ,  
Yet she herself, the idol, turns  
Our thoughts into idolatry

## SONG

IN PRAISE OF MISS ISABELLA JOHNSTON AFTERWARDS  
MRS LAWS OF SPRINGWELL THE POET'S COUSIN

(Written in 1839)

I GAVE my love a chain of gold  
Around her neck to bind  
She keeps me in a faster hold  
And captivates my mind

Methinks that mine's the harder part  
Whilst neath her lovely chin  
She carries links outside her heart  
My fetters are within

## SONG

To Love in my heart I exclaim'd to other morning  
Thou hast dwelt here too long little lodger take  
warning

Thou shalt tempt me no more from my life's sober  
duty

To go gadding bewitch'd by the young eyes of beauty  
For weary's the wooing ah! weary

When an old man will have a young dearie

The god left my heart at its surly reflections  
But came back on pretext of some sweet recollections  
And he made me forget what I ought to remember  
That the rosebud of June cannot bloom in November

Ah! Tom 'tis all o'er with thy gay days— 11  
Write psalms and not songs for the ladies

But time's been so far from my wisdom enriching  
 That, the longer I live, beauty seems more bewitching,  
 And the only new lore my experience traces  
 Is to find fresh enchantment in magical faces

How weary is wisdom, how weary,  
 When one sits by a smiling young dearie !

And, should she be wroth that my homage pursues  
 her,

I will turn and retort on my lovely accuser      20  
 Who's to blame that my heart by your image is  
 haunted ?

It is you, the enchantress not I, the enchanted  
 Would you have me behave more discreetly,  
 Beauty, look not so killingly sweetly

### SENEX'S SOLILOQUY ON HIS YOUTHFUL IDOL

PLATONIC friendship, at your years,  
 Says Conscience, should content ye  
 Nay, name not fondness to her ears—  
 The darling's scarcely twenty

Yes, and she'll loathe me, unforgiven,  
 To dote thus out of season ;  
 But beauty is a beam from heaven  
 That dazzles blind our reason.

I'll challenge Plato from the skies,  
 Yes, from his spheres harmonic,  
 To look in Mary Campbell's eyes  
 And try to be Platonic

## SONG

How delicious is the winning  
 Of a kiss at Love's beginning  
 When two mutual hearts are sighing  
 For the knot there's no untying '

Yet remember midst your wooing  
 Love has bliss but Love has ruing  
 Other smiles may make you fickle  
 Tears for other charms may trickle

Love he comes and Love he carries  
 Just as fate or fancy carries 10  
 Longest stays when sorest chidden  
 Laughs and flies when pressed and bidden

Bind the sea to slumber still  
 Bind its odour to the lily  
 Bind the aspen never to quiver  
 Then bind Love to last for ever '

Love's a fire that needs renewal  
 Of fresh beauty for its fuel  
 Love's wing moults when caged and captured  
 Only free he soars enraptured o

Can you keep the bee from ranging  
 Or the ringdove's neck from changing '  
 No ! nor fettered Love from dying  
 In the knot there's no untying

## THE JILTED NYMPH

A SONG, TO THE SCOTCH TUNE OF ' WOO'D AND  
MARRIED AND A' '

I'm jilted, forsaken, outwitted ,  
 Yet think not I'll whimper or brawl  
 The lass is alone to be pitied  
 Who ne'er has been courted at all ,  
 Never by great or small  
 Wooed or jilted at all ,  
 Oh, how unhappy 's the lass  
 Who has never been courted at all '

My brother called out the dear faithless;  
 In fits I was ready to fall  
 Till I found a policeman who, scatheless,  
 Swore them both to the peace at Guildhall  
 Seized them, seconds and all—  
 Pistols, powder, and ball ,  
 I wished him to die my devoted,  
 But not in a duel to sprawl

10

What though at my heart he has tilted,  
 What though I have met with a fall ?  
 Better be courted and jilted  
 Than never be courted at all  
 Wooed and jilted and all,  
 Still I will dance at the ball ,  
 And waltz and quadrille  
 With light heart and heel  
 With proper young men and tall

20

But lately I've met with a suitor  
 Whose heart I have gotten in thrall  
 And I hope soon to tell you in future  
 That I'm wooed and married and all  
 Wooed and married and all  
 What greater bliss can befall?  
 And you all shall partake  
 Of my bridal cake  
 When I'm wooed and married, and all

30

## JEMIMA ROSE AND ELEANORE

## THREE CELEBRATED SCOTTISH BEAUTIES

ADIEU Romance's heroines—  
 Give me the nymphs who this good hour  
 May charm me not in Fiction's scenes  
 But teach me Beauty's living power  
 My harp that has been mute too long  
 Shall sleep at Beauty's name no more  
 So but your smiles reward my song  
 Jemima Rose and Eleanore —

In whose benignant eyes are beaming  
 The rays of purity and truth  
 Such as we fancy woman's seeming  
 In creation's golden youth  
 The more I look upon thy grace  
 Rosina I could look the more  
 But for Jemima's witching face  
 And the sweet smile of Eleanore

10

Had I been Lawrence, kings had wanted  
Their portraits till I painted yours ,  
And these had future hearts enchanted  
When this poor verse no more endures 20  
I would have left the Congress faces,  
A dull-eyed diplomatic corps,  
Till I had grouped you as the Graces  
Jemima, Rose, and Eleanore

The Catholic bids fair saints befriend him  
Your poet's heart is Catholic too  
His rosary shall be flowers ye send him,  
His saints' days when he visits you  
And my sere laurels for my duty  
Miraculous at your touch would rise, 30  
Could I give verse one trait of beauty  
Like that which glads me from your eyes

Unsealed by you these lips have spoken,  
Disused to song for many a day ,  
Ye've tuned a harp whose strings were broken,  
And warmed a heart of callous clay ;  
So, when my fancy next refuses  
To twine for you a garland more,  
Come back again and be my Muses—  
Jemima, Rose, and Eleanore 40

# TRANSLATIONS CHIEFLY FROM THE GREEK

## SPECIMENS OF TRANSLATION FROM MEDEA

(Written in 1841)

Σκότης δὲ λέγων κείτ' σοφούς

Τὺς προσθε βροτοὺς οὐκ ἄμαρτοισι

*Medea* v 104 p 33 Glasg edit.

TELL me ye bards whose skill sublime  
 First charmed the ear of youthful Time  
 With numbers wrapt in heavenly fire  
 Who bade delighted echo swell  
 The trembling transports of the lyre  
 The murmur of the shell—  
 Why to the burst of Jov alone  
 Accords sweet Music's soothing tone?  
 Why can no bard with magic strain  
 In slumbers steep the heart of pain? 10  
 While varied tones obey your sweep  
 The mild the plaintive and the deep  
 Bends not despairing Grief to hear  
 Your golden lute with ravished ear?  
 Has all your art no power to bind  
 The fiercer pangs that shake the mind  
 And lull the wrath at whose command  
 Murder bares her gory hand?  
 When flushed with joy the rosy throng  
 Weave the light dance ye swell the song 0



Cease, ye vain warblers ' cease to charm  
 The breast with other raptures warm '  
 Cease ' till your hand with magic strain  
 In slumbers steep the heart in pain '

[NOTE TO LINE 15 Originally—' Oh ' has your sweetest shell  
 no power to bind '']

## SPEECH OF THE CHORUS

IN THE SAME TRAGEDY, TO DISSUADE MEDEA FROM  
 HER PURPOSE OF PUTTING HER CHILDREN TO DEATH  
 AND FLYING FOR PROTECTION TO ATHENS

(Written in 1794)

O HAGGARD queen ' to Athens dost thou guide  
 Thy glowing chariot, steeped in kindred gore ,  
 Or seek to hide thy foul infanticide  
 Where Peace and Mercy dwell for evermore ?  
 The land where Truth, pure, precious, and sublime,  
 Woos the deep silence of sequestered bowers,  
 And warriors, matchless since the first of time,  
 Rear their bright banners o'er unconquered towers '  
 Where joyous youth to Music's mellow strain  
 Twines in the dance with nymphs for ever fan, 10  
 While Spring eternal on the lilyd plain  
 Waves amber radiance through the fields of air '  
 The tuneful Nine (so sacred legends tell)  
 First waked their heavenly lyre these scenes among ;  
 Still in your greenwood bowers they love to dwell,  
 Still in your vales they swell the choral song '

3 In the first and many subsequent editions, ' damned parricide '

I or there the tuneful chaste Pierian fair  
 The guardian nymphs of green Parnassus now  
 Sprung from Harmonia while her graceful hair  
 Waved in bright auburn o'er her polished brow ' 20

## ANTISTROPHE I

Where silent vales and glades of green array  
 The murmuring wreaths of cool Cephissus lave  
 There as the muse hath sung at noon of day  
 The Queen of Beauty bowed to taste the wave  
 And blest the stream and breathed across the land  
 The soft sweet gale that fans yon summer bowers  
 And there the sister Loves a smiling band  
 Crowned with the fragrant wreaths of rosy flowers ' 30  
 And go she cries in yonder valleys rove  
 With Beauty's torch the solemn scenes illumine 30  
 Wake in each eye the radiant light of Love  
 Breathe on each cheek young Passion's tender  
 bloom ' 40  
 'Entwine with myrtle chains your soft control  
 To sway the hearts of Freedom's darling kind ' 50  
 With glowing charms enrapture Wisdom's soul  
 And mould to grace ethereal Virtue's mind

## STROPHE II

The land where Heaven's own hallowed waters play  
 Where friendship binds the generous and the good  
 Say shall it hail thee from thy frantic way  
 Unholy woman ' with thy hands embued 40  
 In thine own children's gore ? Oh ! ere they bleed  
 Let Nature's voice thy ruthless heart appal ' 50  
 Praise at the bold irrevocable deed—  
 The mother strikes—the guiltless babes shall fall ' 60

Think what remorse thy maddening thoughts shall  
sting

When dying pangs then gentle bosoms tear '  
Where shalt thou sink, when lingering echoes ring  
The screams of horror in thy tortured ear !

No ! let thy bosom melt to Pity's cry

In dust we kneel by sacred Heaven implore— 50

O ! stop thy lifted arm ere yet they die,

Nor dip thy horrid hands in infant gore !

#### ANTISTROPHIL II

Say, how shalt thou that barbarous soul assume,

Undamped by horror at the daring plan '  
Hast thou a heart to work thy children's doom '  
Or hands to finish what thy wiath began '

When o'er each babe you look a last adieu,

And gaze on Innocence that smiles asleep,

Shall no fond feeling beat to Nature true,

Charm thee to pensive thought—and bid thee weep '

When the young suppliants clasp their parent dear,

Heave the deep sob, and pour the artless prayer

Ay ! thou shall melt , and many a heart-shed tear

Gush o'er the hardened features of despair !

Nature shall throb in every tender sting,

Thy trembling heart the ruffian's task deny ,

Thy horror-smitten hands afar shall fling

The blade, undrenched in blood's eternal dye

#### CHORUS

Hallowed Earth ! with indignation

Mark, oh mark, the murderous deed ' 70

Radiant eye of wide creation,

Watch the accurst infanticide !

72 Accurst infanticide] damned parricide in first edition

Yet ere Colchias rugged daughter  
 Perpetrate the dire design  
 And consign to kindred slaughter  
 Children of thy golden line —  
 Shall the hand with murder gory  
 Cause immortal blood to flow ?  
 Sun of Heaven arrayed in glory  
 Rise ' forbid avert the blow ' 80  
 In the vales of placid gladness  
 Let no rueful maniac range  
 Chase afar the fiend of Madness  
 Wrest the dagger from Revenge  
 Say hast thou with kind protection  
 Reared thy smiling race in vain —  
 Fostering Nature's fond affection  
 Tender cares and pleasing pain ?  
 Hast thou on the troubled ocean  
 Braved the tempest loud and strong 90  
 Where the waves in wild commotion  
 Roar Cyanean rocks among ?  
 Didst thou roam the paths of danger  
 Hymenean joys to prove ?  
 Spare O sanguinary stranger  
 Pledges of thy sacred love !  
 Shall not Heaven with indignation  
 Watch thee o'er the barbarous deed ?  
 Shalt thou cleanse with expiation  
 Monstrous murderous parricide ? 100

„ So in the first edition altered later to Shall mortal hand  
 with murder gory

97 The stanza beginning here was afterwards altered as  
 follows —

A k not Heavens commiseration  
 After thou hast done the deed  
 Mercy pardon expiation  
 Perish when thy victims bleed

## FRAGMENT

FROM THE GREEK OF ALCEIAN

THE mountain summits sleep   glens, cliffs, and caves  
 Are silent   all the black earth's reptile brood,  
 The bees, the wild beasts of the mountain wood  
 In depths beneath the dark red ocean's waves  
 Its monsters rest, whilst, wrapt in bower and spray,  
 Each bird is hushed that stretched its pinions to the  
 day

## SONG OF HYBRIAS THE CRETAN

(Written in 1821)

My wealth's a burly spear and brand,  
 And a right good shield of hides untanned  
     Which on my arm I buckle  
 With these I plough, I reap, I sow,  
 With these I make the sweet vintage flow,  
     And all around me truckle

But your wights that take no pride to wield  
 A massy spear and well-made shield,  
     Nor joy to draw the sword  
 Oh, I bring those heartless, hapless drones,   10  
 Down in a trice on their marrow-bones  
     To call me King and Lord

## NOTE

[The translation of 'this brave song' was made in order to illustrate one of his lectures on poetry It was printed in *The New Monthly* in 1821 ]

## MARTIAL ELEGY

FROM THE GREEK OF TYRTAEUS

How glorious fall the valiant sword in hand  
 In front of battle for their native land '  
 But oh ! what ills await the wretch that yields  
 A recreant outcast from his country's fields '  
 The mother whom he loves shall quit her home  
 An aged father at his side shall roam  
 His little ones shall weeping with him go  
 And a young wife participate his woe  
 While scorned and scowled upon by every face  
 They pine for food and beg from place to place 10

Stain of his breed ' dishonouring manhood's form  
 All ills shall cleave to him Affliction's storm  
 Shall blind him wandering in the vale of years  
 Till lost to all but ignominious fears  
 He shall not blush to leave a recreant's name  
 And children like himself inured to shame

But we will combat for our father's land  
 And we will drain the life blood where we stand  
 To save our children fight ye side by side  
 And serried close ye men of youthful pride 20  
 Disdaining fear and deeming light the cost  
 Of life itself in glorious battle lost

Leave not our sires to stem the unequal fight  
 Whose limbs are nerved no more with buoyant  
 might  
 Nor lagging backward let the younger breast  
 Permit the man of age (a sight unblessed)  
 To welter in the combat's foremost thrust  
 His hoary head dishevelled in the dust  
 And venerable bosom bleeding bare

354      TRANSLATION FROM TYRTAEUS

But youth's fair form, though fallen, is ever fair, 30  
And beautiful in death the boy appears,  
The hero boy, that dies in blooming years  
In man's regret he lives, and woman's tears,  
More sacred than in life, and lovelier far  
For having perished in the front of war

# JUVENILIA

## FROM ANACREON

### I

(Written in 1889 the author being then 10 years of age)

In sooth I'd with pleasure rehearse  
The Atridae and Cadmus's fame  
If my lute would accord to my verse  
And sound aught but Venus's name

'Twas in vain that I changed each string  
To alter its amorous tone  
And began of Alcides to sing  
My lute warbled Venus alone

I therefore my strains must renew  
And accord to the lays of my lute 10  
So ye Heroes for ever adieu !  
Love alone is the theme that can suit

### II

(Written in 1890)

Anacreon the ladies say  
Your pate is bald your beard is gray !  
Take you a looking glass—forsooth  
You'll find that what they say is truth  
But whether it be truth or not  
As little do I care as wot  
But this I know—'tis best to rime  
Thus o'er my jokes while suits the time



## LINES ON HIS SISTER MARY

(Written 1790, act 12)

LIVES there not now in Scotia's land  
 'The fairest of the female band :  
 A maid adorned with every grace  
 E'er known among the female race '  
 Use all my aid, if that can tell  
 Her praise and virtues that excel ,  
 No fiction here you will require  
 'The swelling note of praise to fire ,  
 But ah ! her virtues to rehearse  
 Is sure unequal for thy verse 10  
 Then, cease , but let resounding fame  
 Tell that Maria is her name

## LINES ON SUMMER

(Written in October, 1790, when the author was 13 years old)

A STRAIN sublime that now my breast inspires,  
 Ye nymphs of Sicily ! your aid requires  
 The iron age of winter, stern and dread,  
 At length has hid his grisly baneful head ,  
 The golden age appears that Virgil sung,  
 An age that well might claim his tuneful tongue  
 Unbidden flowers with bloom spontaneous grow,  
 Wide spread the ivy for the poet's brow,  
 The modest lily and the full-blown rose  
 And grander tulip all their sweets disclose , 10  
 The feathered choir, that tune the song of love,  
 Invite the muse's fancy forth to rove  
 Now, now, ye bards ! let every lyre be strung,  
 Nor let a flower its sweets disclose unsung

Tis true some poets that unguarded sing  
 The Golden Age would fain ascribe to spring  
 For me I see not how wits e'er so starch  
 Could prove the beauties of the bleak-eyed March  
 Nor February clad in horrid snow  
 Nor April when the winds relentless blow

DESCRIPTION OF PRIZE DAY (MAY 1st)  
 IN GLASGOW COLLEGE

(Written in 193 act. 1.)

*PROEBS* has risen and many a glittering ray  
 Diffuses splendour o'er the auspicious day  
 This is the day—sure Nature well may smile—  
 When present glory crowns forgotten toil  
 When honour lifts aloft the happy few  
 And laurelled worth attracts the wondering view

The appointed hour that warns to meet is near  
 A mixed assemblage on the Green appear  
 Some in gay clubs and some in pairs advance  
 An hundred busy tongues are heard at once

At last the doors unfold fast fast within  
 Compacted numbers rush with bustling din  
 Now up the stairs ascend the jarring crew  
 And the long hall is opened to the view  
 There on the left the pulpit clad in green  
 And there the bench of dignity is seen  
 Where wisdom sits with equitable sway  
 To judge the important merits of the day

The doors are fastened silence reigns within  
 Now memorable day thy joys begin

[After a competition the prize for Elocution is awarded ]

See yon bright store of volumes in a row  
 Where gold and Turkey's gayest colours glow !  
 The first, the brightest, volume 's reared on high ,  
*Probando*, prince of youths, is bid draw nigh ,  
 The youth draws nigh, and, hailed with loud applause ,  
 Receives the boon, and modestly withdraws  
*Tomillus* next is summoned from the throng ,  
 His head light tosses as he moves along  
 No mean reward is his, —but why so vain ?  
 What means that strutting gait, that crested mane ?  
 Away with all thy light affected airs ! 3  
 For honour vanishes when pride appears  
 The third gay glittering volume high is reared—  
 Mysterious Jove ! *Plumbano's* name is heard !  
 With lazy step the loiterer quits his place  
 (While wonder gazes in each length of face),  
 Accepts the gift with stunted scrape and nod  
 And slow returns with an unworthy load  
 Merit is brought to light, before unknown—  
 Ah ! merit truly, had it been his own ! 30

Thick pass the honoured victors of the day,—  
*Ingenio* shrewd, and *Alacer* the gay,  
*Durando* grave, *Accerrimo* the wit,  
*Profundo* serious with his eyebrows knit  
 Countless they pass, applauded, each returns,  
 While o'er his cheek the conscious pleasure burns  
 Meanwhile I see each one a joy impart  
 To some glad father's, friend's, or brother's heart

# LINES ON THE GLASGOW VOLUNTEERS

DAILY EXERCISING IN FULL UNIFORM ON THE  
COLLEGE GREEN

(Written in 1793 act. 15)

HARK ' hark ' the fife s shrill notes arise  
And ardour beats the martial drum  
And broad the silken banner flies  
Where Clutha s native squadrons come

Where spreads the green extended plain  
By music s solemn marches trod  
Fluck glancing bayonets mark the train  
That beat the meadow s grassy sod

These are no hireling sons of war  
No jealous tyrant s grimly band 10  
The wish of freedom to debar  
Or scourge a despot s injured land '

Nought but the patriotic view  
Of free born valour ever fired  
To baffle Gallia s boastful crew  
The soul of Northern breast inspired  
Twas thus on Tiber s sunny banks  
What time the Volscian ravaged nigh  
To mark afar her glittering ranks  
Rome s towering eagles shone on high 20

There toil athletic on the field  
In mock array portrayed alarm  
And taught the massy sword to wield  
And braced the nerve of Roman arm

## NOTES

LINE 4 [Clutha the Clyde]

LINE 21 [The field Campus Martius]

## VERSES ON MARIE ANTOINETTE

THE QUEEN OF FRANCE

(Written in 1793)

BEHOLD where Gallia's captive queen  
With steady eye and look serene  
In life's last awful awful scene  
Slow leaves her sad captivity

Hark ! the shrill horn that rends the sky  
Bespeaks the ready murder nigh !  
The long parade of death I spy,  
And leave my lone captivity

Farewell, ye mansions of despair,  
Scenes of my sad sequestered care , 10  
The balm of bleeding woe is near,  
Adieu, my lone captivity !

To purer mansions in the sky  
Fair Hope directs my grief-worn eye,  
Where sorrow's child no more shall sigh  
Amid her lone captivity

Adieu, ye babes, whose infant bloom  
Beneath oppression's lawless doom  
Pines in the solitary gloom  
Of undeserved captivity ! 20

O Power benign that rul'st on high,  
Cast down, cast down a pitying eye ,  
Shed consolation from the sky  
To soothe their sad captivity !

Now virtue's sure reward to prove  
 I seek empyreal realms above  
 To meet my long departed love  
 Adieu my lone captivity !

NOTE

[ This juvenile effort inspired by the most atrocious event of the time was composed in the end of 1793 when the poet was in his seventeenth year It is notable as Campbell's first attempt in a measure which The Battle of Hohenlinden has made immortal

ON THE ORIGIN OF EVIL

(PRIZE POEM MAY 1794)

PART I

WHILE Nature's gifts appear a jarring strife  
 And evil balances the good in life  
 While varied scenes in man's estate disclose  
 Delusive pleasure mixed with surer woes  
 Bewildered reason in the dubious maze  
 Of human lot a feeble wanderer strays  
 Sees destined ills on virtue vent their force  
 Dash all her bliss and wonders whence the source

Sure Heaven is good no farther proof we need—  
 In nature's page the doubtless text we read 10  
 Lo ! at thy feet earth's verdant carpet spread  
 Heaven's azure vault o'ercanopies thy head  
 For thee the varied seasons grace the plain  
 The vernal floweret and the golden grain  
 For thee all wise Beneficence on high  
 Bade day's bright monarch lighten in the sky  
 And night's pale chariot o'er the vault of blue  
 With silver wheels its silent path pursue

Yes, Heaven is good, the source of ample bliss  
In spite of ills, creation teaches this 20  
The simple, yet important, truth to spy  
We need no Plato's soul, no sage's eye,  
A native faith each distant clime pervades,  
And sentiment the voice of reason aids  
The shuddering tenant of the Arctic Pole  
Adores revolving suns that round him roll,  
No sceptic bosom doubts the hand of heaven,  
And, though misplaced, still adoration's given  
Search distant climates at the thirsty line  
There still devotion thanks a power divine, 30  
Still, though no Science treads on Libyan plains,  
The inborn gratitude to God remains,  
And shall the Soul, by Science taught to view  
Truth more refined, call inborn faith untrue?  
No, should misfortune cloud thy latest days  
Still view this truth through life's perplexing maze,  
While Nature teaches let not doubt intrude,  
But own with gratitude that God is good

Yet whence, methinks, repining mortal cries,  
If Heaven be good, can human ill arise? 40  
Man's feeble race what countless ills await!  
Ills self-created, ills ordained by fate!  
While yet warm youth the breast with passion fires  
Hope whispers joy, and promised bliss inspires,  
In dazzling colours future life arrays,  
And many a fond ideal scene displays  
The sanguine zealot promised good pursues,  
Nor finds that wish but still the chase renews  
Still lured by hope he wheels the giddy round  
And grasps a phantom never to be found 50  
Too soon the partial bliss of youth is flown,  
Nor future bliss nor hope itself is known

No more ideal prospects charm the breast  
 Life stands in dread reality confessed—  
 A mingled scene of aggravated woes  
 Where pride and passion every curse disclose '

Cease erring man ' nor arrogant presume  
 To blame thy lot or Heaven's unerring doom '  
 He who thy being gave in skill divine  
 Saw what was best and bade that best be thine 60  
 But count thy wants and all thine evils name—  
 Still He that bade them be is free from blame  
 Tell all the imperfections of thy state—  
 The wrongs of man to man—the wrongs of fate  
 Still reason's voice shall justify them all  
 And bid complaint to resignation fall

If Heaven be blamed that imperfection's thine  
 As just to blame that man is not divine  
 Of all the tribes that fill this earthly scheme  
 Thy sphere is highest and thy gifts supreme 70  
 Of mental gifts intelligence is given  
 Conscience is thine to point the will of Heaven  
 The spur of action passions are assigned  
 And fancy—parent of the soul refined  
 'Tis true thy reason's progress is but slow  
 And passion if misguided tends to woe  
 'Tis true thy gifts are finite in extent—  
 What then ? can nought that's finite give content ?  
 Leave then proud man this scene of earthly chance  
 Aspire to spheres supreme and be a god at once ' 80

No ' you reply superior powers I claim  
 Though not perfection or a sphere supreme  
 In reason more exalted let me shine  
 The lion's strength the fox's art be mine



The bull's firm chest, the steed's superior grace,  
 The stag's transcendent swiftness in the chase  
 Say, why were these denied if Heaven be kind  
 And full content to human lot assigned ?

The reason's simple in the breast of man  
 To soar still upward dwells the eternal plan, 90  
 A wish innate, and kindly placed by Heaven,  
 That man may rise through means already given  
 Aspiring thus to mend the ills of fate,  
 To find new bliss and cure the human state,  
 In varied souls its varied shapes appear  
 Here fans desire of wealth, of honour there,  
 Here urges Newton nature to explore,  
 And promises delight by knowing more,  
 And there in Caesar lightens up the flame  
 To mount the pinnacle of human fame 100  
 In spite of fate it fires the active mind,  
 Keeps man alive, and serves the use assigned,  
 Without it none would urge a favourite bent  
 And man were useless but for discontent !

Seek not perfection, then, of higher kind,  
 Since man is perfect in the state assigned,  
 Nor, perfect as probation can allow,  
 Accuse thy lot although imperfect now

## PART II

But grant that man is justly frail below,  
 Still imperfection is not all our woe 110  
 If final good be God's eternal plan,  
 Why is the power of ill bestowed on man ?  
 Why is revenge an inborn passion found ?  
 And why the means to spread that passion round ?  
 Whence in man's breast the constant wish we find  
 That tends to work the ruin of his kind ?

Whence flows the ambition of a Caesar's soul  
 Or Sylla's wish to ravage and control ?  
 Whence monster vice ' originates thy course ?  
 Art thou from God ? is purity thy source ? 10  
 No ' let not blasphemy that cause pursue '  
 A simpler source in man himself we view  
 If man endowed with freedom basely act  
 Can such from blameless purity detract ?  
 An ample liberty of choice is given  
 Man chooses ill —and where the fault of Heaven ?  
 Say not the human heart is prone to sin—  
 Virtue by nature reigns as strong within  
 The passions if perverted tend to woe—  
 What then ? did God perversion too bestow ? 130  
 No ' blame thyself if guilt distract thy lot  
 Man may be virtuous—Heaven forbids it not  
 Blind as thou art in this imperfect state  
 Still conscious virtue might support thy fate  
 Give reason strength thy passions to control—  
 Vice is not inborn drive it from thy soul '  
 Yet you reply—Though ample freedom's mine  
 The fault of evil still is half divine  
 If Heaven foresaw that from the scope of choice  
 Perversion vice and misery should rise 140  
 Why then on man if prone to good bestow  
 The possibility of working woe ?  
 Ask not—tis answered arrogantly blind  
 To scan the secrets of the eternal Mind —  
 If Heaven be just then reason tells us this  
 That man by merit must secure his bliss  
 Cease then with evil to upbraid the skies  
 That to the vice of mortals owes its rise  
 Is God to blame if man's inhuman heart  
 Deny the boon that pity should impart ? 150

If patriots to brutality should change  
 And grasp the lawless dagger of revenge ?  
 If frantic murderers mingle from afar  
 To palliate carnage by the name of war ?  
 If pampered pride disdain a sufferer's fate  
 And spurn imploring misery from her gate ?  
 No ! Heaven hath placed compassion in the breast ,  
 The means are given, and ours is all the rest

But what, to ease thy sorrow, shall avail  
 For human lot the misanthropic wail ? 160  
 Since all complain, and all are vicious, too,  
 Each hates the vile pursuit, but all pursue,  
 Let actions then, and not complaints, prevail !  
 Let each his part withdraw the whole shall fail

### PART III

Yet, grant that error must result from choice,  
 Still man has ills besides the ills of vice  
 Griefs unforeseen, disease's pallid train,  
 And death, sad refuge from a world of pain !  
 Disastrous ills each element attend,  
 And certain woes with every blessing blend 170  
 Lo ! where the stream in quivering silver plays !  
 There slippery fate upon its verge betrays  
 Yon sun, that feebly gilds the western sky,  
 In warmer climes bids and nature die  
 Disgusted virtue quits her injured reign,  
 Vice comes apace, and folly leads her train  
 But not alone, if blissful all thy lot,  
 Were vice pursued and gratitude forgot  
 Defects still further in the scheme we view,  
 Since virtue willing, scarce could men pursue 180  
 Say, if each mortal were completely blest,  
 Where could the power of aiding woe exist ?

If at the gate no suppliant sufferer stand  
 Could e'er compassion stretch her liberal hand ?  
 Did never winter chill the freezing waste  
 Could kindness e'er invite the shuddering guest ?  
 Which boots if good the changeless lot of man  
 The philanthropic wish the patriot's plan ?  
 Or what could goodness do ? Nought else 'tis plain  
 But rage to bridle passion to restrain— 190  
 A virtue negative scarce worth the name  
 Far from the due reward that generous actions claim !  
 Still less the scope of fortitude we find  
 Were pain dismissed and fortune ever kind  
 The path of merit then let ills be viewed  
 And own their power if virtue be thy good  
 Nor on that scheme let lawless wishes run  
 Where vice had all her scope and virtue none  
 But rest contented with thy Maker's plan  
 Who ills ordained as means of good to man 200  
 Nor midst complaints of hardship be forgot  
 The mingled pleasures of thy daily lot

What though the transient gusts of sorrow come  
 Though passion vex or penury benumb ?  
 Still bliss sufficient to thy hope is given  
 To warm thy heart with gratitude to Heaven  
 Still mortal reason darts sufficient day  
 To guide thy steps through life's perplexing way  
 Still conscience tells—'tis all we need to know—  
 Virtue to seek and vice to shun below 10  
 Hear then the warnings of her solemn voice  
 And seek the plaudit of a virtuous choice

## NOTE

[Campbell was within a few months of completing his seven-  
 teenth year when he composed this Essay on the Origin of Evil.  
 It was given in as an exercise in the Moral Philosophy class

(taught by Prof Arthur), April 25, 1794' It shows, with a few phrases from Goldsmith, greater indebtedness to Pope, and, indeed, it was mainly this essay that procured for him the honour of being called 'the Pope of Glasgow' 'It gave me,' he says, 'a local celebrity throughout all Glasgow, from the High Church down to the bottom of the Saltmarket It was even talked of, as I am credibly informed, by the students over their oysters at Luckie MacAlpine's in the Trongate '']

## ODE TO MUSIC

(Written in 1794, act 16)

ALL-POWERFUL chainer of the soul,  
 Each mood of fancy formed to please,  
 To bid the wave of passion roll,  
 Or tune the languid breast to ease,  
 Come, in thy native garb arrayed,  
 And pour the sweetly simple song,  
 And all the poet's breast pervade  
 And guide the fluent verse along

What time the moon with silver beam  
 Shall sparkle on the light-blue lake,  
 And hope with sympathetic gleam  
 And silent pleasure shall awake,  
 Then, as thy quivering notes resound  
 From lively pipe and mellow horn,  
 And quick-paced marches breathe around,  
 Shrill thro' the ringing valleys borne,  
 Then, swelled with every winding tone,  
 Tumultuous shall my heart rebound,  
 And ardour o'er my bosom thrown  
 Shall kindle at the rising sound '

10

20

Or oft at evening's closing hour  
 When deeper purple dyes the cloud  
 When fancy haunts the silent bower  
 And pensive thoughts the bosom crowd —  
 What time the softening zephyr flies  
 My notes shall aid the gentle theme  
 That lonely meditation tries  
 And grateful soothe her placid dream  
 Then let the mellow warbling flute  
 In slow sad numbers pour the song—

30

## FIFTH

(Written in Mull Jun 19)

THE tempest blackens on the dusky moor  
 And billows lash the long resounding shore  
 In pensive mood I roam the desert ground  
 And vainly sigh for scenes no longer found  
 Oh whither fled the pleasurable hours  
 That chased each care and fired the muse's powers  
 The classic haunts of youth for ever gay  
 Where mirth and friendship cheered the close of day  
 The well known valleys where I wont to roam  
 The native sports the nameless joys of home

10

Far different scenes allure my wondering eye—  
 The white wave foaming to the distant sky  
 The cloudy heavens unblest by summer's smile  
 The sounding storm that sweeps the rugged isle

The chill bleak summit of eternal snow,  
 The wide wild glen, the pathless plains below,  
 The dark blue rocks in barren grandeur piled,  
 The cuckoo sighing to the pensive wild '  
 ' Far different these from all that charmed before '  
 The grassy banks of Clutha's winding shore, 20  
 Her sloping vales with waving forests lined,  
 Her smooth blue lakes unruffled by the wind  
 Hail, happy Clutha ! glad shall I survey  
 Thy gilded turrets from the distant way ,  
 Thy sight shall cheer the weary traveller's toil,  
 And joy shall hail me to my native soil

## NOTE

LINE 19 The quoted line is from *The Deserted Village*

## PART OF CHORUS FROM BUCHANAN'S TRAGEDY OF *JEPHTHES*

(Translated from the Latin in 1796)

GLASSY Jordan, smooth meandering  
 Jacob's flowery meads between,  
 Lo ! thy waters, gently wandering,  
 Lave the valleys rich and green  
 When the winter, keenly showering,  
 Strips fair Salem's holy shade,  
 There thy current, broader pouring,  
 Lingers in the leafless glade .  
 When shall freedom, holy charmer,  
 Cheer my long-benighted soul ?  
 When shall Israel, fierce in armour,  
 Burst the tyrant's base control ? . .

Gallant nation ' nought appalled you  
 Bold in Heaven's propitious hour  
 When the voice of freedom called you  
 From a tyrant's haughty power

When their chariots clad in thunder  
 Swept the ground in long array  
 When the ocean burst asunder  
 Hovered o'er your sandy way

20

Whither fled O altered nation '  
 Whither fled that generous soul '  
 Dead to freedom's inspiration  
 Slaves of Ammon's base control '

God of heaven ' whose voice commanding  
 Bids the whirlwind scour the deep—  
 Or the waters smooth expanding  
 Robed in glassy radiance sleep—

Grasp O God ' thy flaming thunder  
 Launch thy stormy wrath around '  
 Cleave their battlements asunder  
 Shake their cities to the ground '

30

Hast thou dared in mad resistance  
 Tyrant to contend with God '  
 Shall not Heaven's supreme assistance  
 Snatch us from thy mortal rod '

Mark the battle mark the ruin '  
 Havoc loads the groaning plain '  
 Ruthless vengeance keen pursuing  
 Grasps thee in her iron chain '

40



## A FAREWELL TO EDINBURGH

(Written 1797)

FAREWELL Edina, pleasing name,  
 Congenial to my heart '  
 A joyous guest to thee I came,  
 And mournful I depart  
 And fare thee well whose blessings seem  
 Heaven's blessing to portend—  
 Endear'd by nature and esteem,  
 My sister and my friend

## LINES

ON LEAVING THE RIVER CART

(Written 1798)

O SCENES of my childhood, and dear to my heart,  
 Ye green-waving woods on the banks of the Cart '  
 How oft in the morning of life I have strayed  
 By the stream of the vale and the grass-covered glade '  
 Then, then, every rapture was young and sincere  
 Ere the sunshine of life had been dimmed by a tear  
 And a sweeter delight every scene seemed to lend—  
 That the mansion of peace was the home of a friend  
 Now the scenes of my childhood, and dear to my heart,  
 All pensive I visit, and sigh to depart , 10  
 Their flowers seem to languish, their beauty to cease,  
 For a stranger inhabits the mansion of peace '  
 But hushed be the sigh that untimely complains  
 While friendship with all its enchantment remains—  
 While it blooms like the flower of a winterless clime,  
 Untainted by change, unabated by time '

3, oft] blest in later editions

6, life had been dimmed] bliss was bedimmed in later editions\*

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